



3 1761 08110096 8



IN AND OUT
OF
PARLIAMENT
—
FARQUHARSON




J. h. Stanger



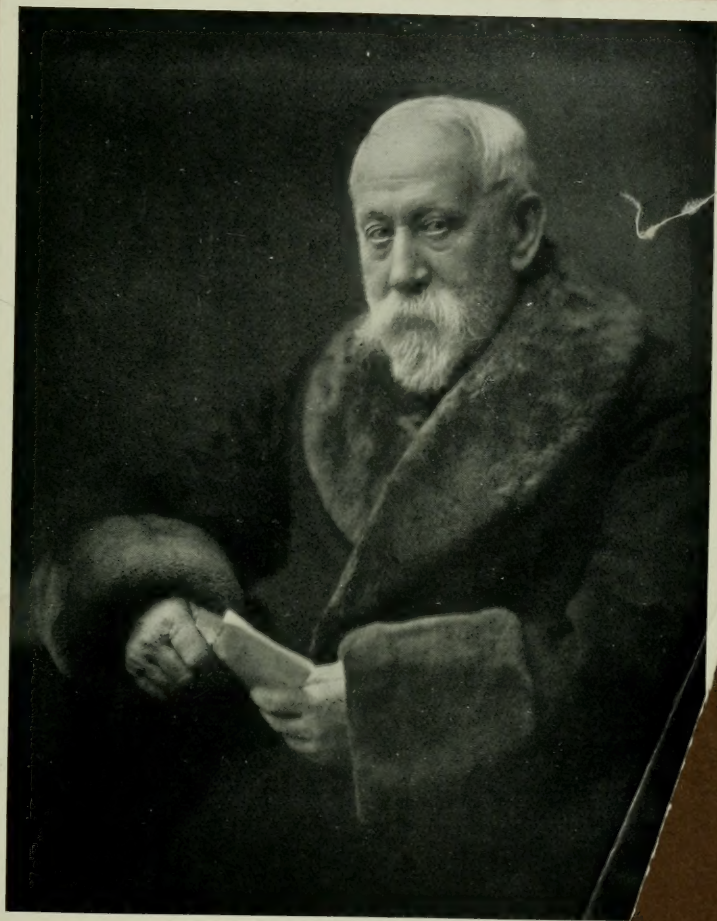
Presented to the
LIBRARY *of the*
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
by

Mr. Sturgis

IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Toronto



THE AUTHOR TO-DAY

IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT

REMINISCENCES OF A VARIED LIFE

BY

RIGHT HON. ROBERT FARQUHARSON

P.C., M.D., LL.D.

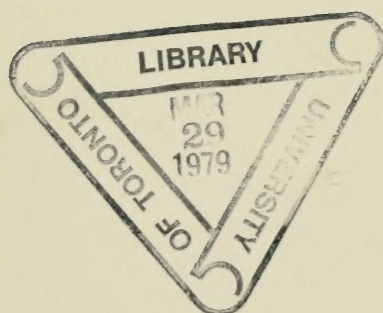
LONDON

WILLIAMS & NORGATE

14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

1911

DA
565
F3A3



TO
MY OLD FRIEND AND SCHOOLFELLOW
"BILL" BLACKWOOD
WHO WORTHILY MAINTAINS THE PRESTIGE OF
THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE WHICH
BEARS HIS NAME
AND
WHO HAS NOURISHED MY LITERARY TASTES BY
ALLOWING ME TO ENJOY THE HOSPITALITY
OF THE COLUMNS OF
"MAGA"

PREFACE

A PREFACE to a book seems to be *de rigueur*, although, to use Talleyrand's useful phrase, *je n'en vois pas la nécessité* ; but I promise not to offend by undue prolixity. Therein my pleasant task is to thank various people who have helped me, directly and indirectly, in my labour, which has been, literally, to me one of love. First and foremost I must place my old friend and publisher, Home Gordon, whose friendly and practical hints have been of great service, and William Blackwood, who has allowed me to dip into the articles with which he has enabled me from time to time to seek the hospitality of "Maga's" coveted columns. Next must come "Toby," my tried and trusted political comrade, sparkling with inexhaustible wit and fancy, and keen insight into men and things. Read, dear reader, more especially *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*, but also everything he has written, and never omit to pay strict attention to *Punch* and "T. P." and Robertson Nicoll, who are always interesting and suggestive. George Russell has a quaint, knowledgable pen, all his own. The lately published Life of that delightful person Sir Wilfrid Lawson is full of good stuff ; and, of course, you must carefully go through John Morley's *Gladstone* and *Cobden*, and Winston Churchill's Life of his father, and the biographies of Lord Herbert and Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham, and others too numerous to mention. Having mastered these, you will want to write a book of your own, and will scorn mine ;

but before this consummation, not devoutly to be wished by me at least, is reached, I pray you, reader, gentle or the reverse, to direct your attentive perusal to the following pages. When you have had your dose, don't complain, but, like the Indian and the mustard, commend it to your neighbour, and tell him to go and do likewise. Do not lend this volume to anyone ; but bid him to harden his heart and buy it for himself or order from his subscription library, and the result will, I hope, be satisfactory to us all.

ROBERT FARQUHARSON.

FINZEAN, *April* 1911.

CONTENTS

PART I.—OUT OF PARLIAMENT

CHAP.	PAGE
1. THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THIS BOOK . . .	3
2. CHILDHOOD AND THE EDINBURGH ACADEMY . . .	8
3. CELEBRITIES AND SOCIABILITY OF EDINBURGH . . .	28
4. IMPRESSIONS OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY . . .	45
5. DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, AND PARISIAN MEMORIES . . .	63
6. MY LIFE IN THE GUARDS	84
7. AT RUGBY, ABROAD, AND IN LONDON	101
8. MORE FOREIGN IMPRESSIONS	128
9. ON FINZEAN AND ON SHOOTING	140
10. ON ABERDEENSHIRE PEOPLE AND ON THE FREE CHURCH .	160

PART II —IN PARLIAMENT

11. ON MY FIRST ELECTION, AND ON ELECTIONEERING . .	177
12. IN AND ABOUT THE HOUSE	193
13. BEFORE AND BEHIND PARLIAMENTARY SCENES . . .	218
14. PARLIAMENTARY PERSONALITIES	236
15. SOME OF MY CONTEMPORARIES	259
16. HEALTH AND TEETOTALISM IN THE HOUSE . . .	290
17. PERSONAL ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE HOUSE . . .	299
18. GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS	315

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Author to-day	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACE PAGE
Facsimile of Burns Letter	32
The Author as seen in an early caricature by Mr Harry Furniss	96
Mr Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., in his studio	128
Finzean	144
The Laird in his garden	160
"West Aberdeenshire," by Mr Leslie Ward. (Reproduced by permission of the Editor of <i>Vanity Fair</i>)	188
The Doctor speaking at Finzean	192
The Author, from a special caricature by Mr E. T. Reed	200
The Doctor as an interested listener. Portrayed by Mr Harry Furniss	208
G.O.M., by Phil May	224
The Laird on his mountain. Caricature by Mr E. T. Reed	272

PART I
OUT OF PARLIAMENT

CHAPTER I

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THIS BOOK

SOME people have thought it necessary to apologise for entering into what has been prettily called "the pleasant habit of existence, the sweet fable of life." George Bernard Shaw has not taken this line, but has pointed out, truly, I think, that the world would have been poorer without him, and that the gaiety of nations would have been partially eclipsed if he had not flopped in among us to disturb settled convictions and set the dove-cotes fluttering generally.

The great Cardinal Newman has written a long and, to my mind, overrated book to explain the workings of a tortuous and Jesuitical existence, and to justify the entrance into the world of a man who used exceptional abilities to unsettle honest beliefs and do a great deal of harm, in the conviction, let us hope, that good would come out of it. But a great deal must be pardoned to the author of "Lead, kindly Light."

Mr Edmund Gosse, in his most ingenious and suggestive book, *Father and Son*, gives a subtle and microscopic analysis of the minds and motives and characters of two interesting people, so may therefore be said to have furnished an apology for their existence ; and in their case Talleyrand could not have made the famous repartee to an insignificant person who helplessly excused himself by saying, "Il faut vivre" : "Mais je n'en vois pas la nécessité."

Self-made men have relieved Providence of a very serious responsibility, and I presume we may all be said to be self-made on the principle of the little girl who was asked, "Who made you?" and who replied, "God made me so long"—measuring with her hands—"and I growed the rest mysel'."

There is a certain modicum of truth in this, for although the laws of nature, constructed by Divine Providence and thereafter worked according to their formulated scheme, continue our bodily growth after what I may call the parasitic stage is over, we must be held largely responsible for our physical integrity as well as for our characters and our potentialities for good or for evil. Is it not arguable that our parents ought to apologise to us for bringing us into a world which may not receive us with open arms, but with contemptuous indifference, and with a machinery coldly calculated to make our lives miserable and useless and perhaps vicious? Ask one of General Booth's submerged tenth, or one of those battered waifs and strays shivering out a cold night on a cheerless bench, whether he is very grateful to his parents for giving him birth, and there can be little doubt as to what the reply must be. The weak point of making an apology is that, if it is not accepted, we are morally bound to furnish some reparation to those who have been injured by our action. And if it be the general opinion that we are intruders in the world, the logical conclusion naturally is that we should get out of it as soon as we can.

The Japanese *hari-kari* would be a very convenient way of ridding ourselves and others of ourselves, and Queen Eleanor's alternative methods of removing poor, too attractive Rosamund might be recommended to county councils, or other bodies which may be entrusted with that class of business.

Speaking for myself, however, I am quite contented to

have been born—to have made, I think, as much out of life as moderate capacity permits ; and when the dread archer appears to fit his arrows and take his aim, I hope I shall view the future with equanimity.

The idea of taking up the scattered threads of memory and weaving them into some more or less connected form has often occurred to me, but would not have assumed definite shape had it not been for a visit to Finzean from my old friend, Sir Home Gordon. I have the greatest respect for publishers and have every reason to speak well of them ; but they make mistakes sometimes, and epoch-making works have, before now, been rejected by their readers. This is evidently going to be a book of some importance—at least to the author,—but that might not save it from the dreary necessity of hawking itself from door to door, with a cold douche of critical discouragement in one sanctum, the damnation of faint praise in the other, and the eventual necessity of groping in my breeches' pocket for the wherewithal to enable a discerning public to be taken into my confidence. The partner in Messrs Williams & Norgate saved me all this trouble, and made me such practical and encouraging proposals that I immediately bought pens and ink and paper, and shook up the grey matter of my brain and set to work ; and if after the parturition of the mountain the most insignificant of mammalia creeps timidly forth, and “gangs agley” after the occasional manner of his kind, I shall have had infinite pleasure in thinking over past days, recalling old associations, stumbling and rambling along the smooth and rugged paths which have landed me into a happy and I think not unprosperous antiquity.

“Look in my face,” said Rossetti. “My name is Might Have Been.”

I have often wondered whether I have made all that

I ought out of my life ; whether I have seized opportunities as they arose, and whether, with my deficient bump of locality, I have not sometimes taken the wrong turning instead of the right. Such speculations are extremely unprofitable, and may be depressing, because it is too late for me at all events to mend my ways ; so my readers can form an opinion as to whether my career has been a success or a failure, and we may carry this to heart :—

Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can ;
But if you fall, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

Someone once said : “*Le meilleur ami à avoir, c'est le passé.*”

I much doubt this. Thinking over the past is not always exhilarating, for there may be griefs and failures and dull shades obscuring the occasional purple patches. Young folk with a future may look forward ; we who are old or getting old must make the most of the present, and, if we have not abused the past, we may keep young at heart, more especially if we have looked well—but not with too ostentatious care—after our physical condition. The first requisite for success in life is to be a good animal. Thus wrote Herbert Spencer. And the actress was equally on the spot when she said : “Next to personal appearance, health is the thing most to be looked for.”

This is not a medical book, and it would naturally be out of place to go into any laboured examination of the best way to keep the complicated machinery of life in good order. But perhaps I will be pardoned if I venture on a few aphorisms.

Don't hurry or worry. Keep your friendships in good repair, and take short views of life. Sleep as much as you can, eat and drink moderately and of the best attainable,

regulate your dietetic scheme in accordance with your own experience and liking and without too much leaning towards doctors' advice. Neither drink nor smoke until you are eighteen, and if you partake of stimulants, take them only once a day, at dinner. Read solid books occasionally, but don't neglect novels; work hard, but not too hard, and don't despise amusements, music, the drama, dancing, and any kind of sport that your purse or inclination prescribes. Cultivate young people; try to walk on the sunny side of life's pavement, to think well of your fellow-creatures and therefore to get the best out of them. Cultivate good manners, and be courteous and genial to those above and below unless they try to boss you, and then re-boss, and show that you are secure of your own position and are determined to maintain your place in it. In this way you will live useful and happy lives, and will leave a fragrant memory and keen regrets when you are called away.

Let us remember the old song: "Do they miss me at home; do they miss me?" It would be an assurance most dear to know that some loved ones were saying, "I wish he were here." Above all things, don't be a "causeway saint and a house de'il." In other words, don't make yourself bright and sparkling in society, and dull and snappish and tyrannical at home. How many of that class of people have we not known!

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD AND THE EDINBURGH ACADEMY

I WAS very nearly born on the longest day. As my readers know, there used to be controversy, like that between Ben Nevis and Ben Macdhui, as to whether the 21st or the 22nd of June should be entitled to the proud pre-eminence. Just as, in the disputed case of the Scotch mountain, Inverness-shire is now crowned with the distinction of containing the loftiest peak, so the 21st has ousted the 22nd, and I have been deprived of the patent of longevity which might otherwise have been conferred upon me. Since I first opened my eyes upon this wonderful world, with all its moving dramas of tragedy and comedy, just a little over seventy-four years ago, and have trod its stage to much or little purpose, as my readers may determine, but greatly to my own enjoyment, one of my favourite speculations always has been “anent” (to use a good, useful Scotch word) the conditions of the intermediate state—what we are doing in the period that elapses between death and judgment. I have read everything I can find on the subject, but with little edification, for the writers know and can know no more than I do, and when they clear themselves from the mists of theological speculation, have really nothing to offer in the way of fact. The mystery can only be cleared up by the visit to that great unknown land beyond the grave, which I am not yet willing to explore, even to satisfy myself. So we can only set our minds rambling about in

the imaginative realms of poetry and romance, and settle matters for ourselves in the way most suitable to that quality which we may be pleased to call our minds.

There are two other suggestive points worthy of consideration. The first is, how soon does anyone become fully and personally responsible for his or her existence? A cant and current phrase, sometimes considered amusing by those whose sense of humour seems imperfectly developed, is that we cannot be considered to be in that relation to our lives, seeing that we were not consulted as to whether or not we would like to be born. So as long as we remain in what I may call the "parasite state of life," we must just drift along the stream steered by others. If we had been fully taken into the confidence of Divine Providence when He made up His mind to launch our little boat, we might have made certain conditions. First, that our mother should not be younger than twenty-five—for, according to my old teacher, Matthews Duncan, that is the proper physiological age for matrimony; next, that she should be of good constitution, not neurotic or the transmitter of any morbid physical tendencies; that the father should be sound and strong, and sufficiently well off to keep a comfortable home for his family, with an equable temper and no disposition to fret or fume, remembering the excellent saying that "a great deal of your time is occupied in worrying over evils that never come to pass."

We should thus make a good start. My own answer to my question is that the personal conduct of life's tour begins with the formation of character, so soon as two at least of the three "R's" are instilled into us, *i.e.* when we know Right from wrong, and are enabled, largely by the force of example, to begin to lay the foundations of a Reliable nature.

And then, to jump suddenly to the other end of life, when

do we begin, or should be pardoned for beginning, to be proud of our age? Not like the old woman who, in answer to inquiries, replied: "I don't know justly how old I am, but I feel like a hundred"; but more according to the fashion of an old tenant of mine who said one day when I called upon him: "Dr Farquharson, I am a very old man. I think I must be about a hundred and ten." Yet when he died, a few months later, the plate on his coffin did not record more than a little over ninety.

The period between birth and death, be it long or short, can no doubt be extended or curtailed by circumstances over which we have at least partial control. Of course, if we were to live too rigidly by rule, physiological or social or both, by the advice of well-meaning cranks or earnest disciples and missionaries of special codes of diet or regimen, we should inevitably join the too numerous ranks of prigs who do so much to embitter the existence of straightforward, commonplace folk. Up to a certain point, our parents regulate our diet, and we are then turned loose to browse on the occasionally arid pastures of the public schools, where the scale of nourishment does not seem to bear an adequate relation to the quarterly bill. After that, with fuller freedom, and perhaps more sufficient command of revenue, we may run riot into excesses against which our stomach and our general constitution revolt. Some drink too much; others are said to dig their graves with their teeth.

I was reading an interview with my old friend Orchardson the other day, who seemed to be in some perplexity about his birthday.

"I really do not know how old I am," said the painter in answer to a birthday greeting. "You say I am seventy-five, so I will call it that"; and the artist went back to his easel, to forget all about birthdays once again. Was it not characteristic?

We all remember Mark Twain's historic declaration : "Report of death much exaggerated." Bernard Shaw, however, went one better when he replied, in answer to a wire asking after his health when convalescent from pneumonia : "Better announce death, it will save a deal of trouble."

As far as parentage went, I may consider myself to have drawn a prize in life's lottery. My father, the second of a generation of doctors of whom I am the third, was a man of good physique and of exceptionally powerful mental capacity, indicated by the fact that he had the second largest head in Edinburgh, the late Duncan M'Laren, long the respected M.P. for that city, carrying the biggest on his not very ample shoulders. My father's real hobby was Art, to which he showed his predilection by assiduous devotion during his leisure hours, and by spending every pound he could save from the profits of a not specially lucrative practice in the purchase of "bits," many of which are now worth a great deal more than the trifling sums he gave for them. I have also reason to know that he gave a helping hand to several young and struggling artists by buying their pictures at the outset of their careers. He was most anxious to take up painting professionally, but the brush practitioners were held in low esteem socially at that time ; and his father drew such a graphic picture of the precarious living he would probably have to scrape up as a drawing-master, and the supercilious way in which the butler of the purse-proud patron would keep him standing in the hall until he condescended to usher him upstairs, that it threw effectual cold water on his ambitions. So he retreated behind the calm security of a brass plate, and succeeded his father in practice. He attained to some eminence as an oculist, became physician to the Eye Dispensary, and included among his list of pupils no less a person than Sir Charles Tupper, as

that distinguished man reminded me on more than one occasion.

My mother was a celebrated beauty in her day, and her father, who was destined to figure largely in the correspondence of Robert Burns, was Mr Robert Ainslie (my grandfather), afterwards well known as a respectable Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and as an amateur in the literary walk. Ainslie was serving his apprenticeship in Carruthers' Close, in the office of Mr Samuel Mitchelson—a person, by the way, who is otherwise connected with Scottish literature; for the haggis scene in *Humphrey Clinker* is understood to be depicted from an actual occurrence in his house, when Smollett was one of his guests. Ainslie was as strong and light-hearted as a writer's apprentice could well be, and as yet scarcely twenty; thought clever and intelligent. Most likely his perfect bonhomie and insouciance were what chiefly recommended him to Burns. Robert Chambers often conversed with him about the bard, when age, business cares, and the gravity befitting his duty as an elder of the kirk, also the compilation of at least one well-known religious book, had given somewhat of a different cast to his character; and never did he once admit, or seem capable of admitting, that the Ayrshire poet was anything but the "finest fellow" that ever breathed. His love for Burns as a friend and companion remained ardent to the last. Doubtless he knew of many follies amongst the acts of the bard. No matter: his warm feeling and eloquent genius sanctified and excused all. That the poet fully reciprocated these friendly feelings is shown by a letter from him to Robert Ainslie, dated Edinburgh, 23rd November 1787, in which he says:—

"You will think it romantic when I tell you that I find the idea of your friendship almost necessary to my existence. You assume a proper length of face in my bitter hours of blue devildom, and you laugh fully up to my highest wishes

at my good things. I doubt, upon the whole, if you are one of the first fellows in God's world, but you are so to me. I tell you this just now in the conviction that some inequalities in my temper and manner may perhaps sometimes make you suspect that I am not so warmly as I ought to be your friend."

Burns and his young friend Ainslie set out on a tour on Saturday the 5th of May. They travelled on horseback, and arrived on the first evening at Berrywell, near Duns, the residence of Mr Ainslie's father, who acted as factor or land steward on the Berwickshire estates of Lord Douglas. He thus describes his host and the family :—

"Old Mr Ainslie an uncommon character, his hobbies, agriculture, natural philosophy, and politics. In the first he is unquestionably the clearest headed, best informed man I ever met, in the other two very intelligent; as a man of business he has uncommon merit, and by fairly deserving it, has made a very decent independence. Mrs Ainslie, an excellent sensible, cheerful, amiable old woman. Miss Ainslie, her person a little *embonpoint*, but handsome; her face, particularly her eyes, full of sweetness and good humour. She unites three qualities rarely to be found together, keen solid penetration, sly witty observations and remarks; and the gentlest, most unaffected female modesty. Douglas a clever, fine, promising young fellow.

"*Sunday, May 6th.*—Went to church at Dunse. Dr Bowmaker, a man of strong lungs, and pretty judicious remark, but ill skilled in propriety and altogether unconscious of his want of it."

During the discourse Burns produced a neat impromptu, conveying an elegant compliment to Miss Ainslie. Dr Bowmaker had selected a text of Scripture that contained a heavy denunciation against obstinate sinners. In the course of the sermon Burns observed the young lady turning over

the leaves of her Bible with much earnestness in search of the text. He took out a slip of paper, and with a pencil wrote the following lines on it, which he immediately presented to her :—

Fair maid, you need not take the hint or idle text pursue ;
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant, not angels such as you.

The poet was evidently much smitten with my grand-aunt, for he writes in his diary : “ Found Miss Ainslie all alone at Berrywell. Heavenly powers who know the weakness of human hearts support mine—What happiness must I see, only to remind me that I cannot enjoy it ” ; and again : “ How well looking, how frank, how good she is !—Charming Rachel, may thy bosom never be wrung by the evils of this life of sorrows, or the villainy of this world’s sons.” From this it would seem that Burns meditated matrimonial suggestions, if the fates had been propitious ; and what a prestige this book would have attained, had it been written by his grand-nephew !

In a footnote to vol. ii. of his *Life of Burns*, page 92, Robert Chambers writes : “ Miss Ainslie died unmarried. I remember meeting her about forty years after her acquaintance with Burns, a good-looking elderly lady, of very agreeable manners.”

When he was writing this biography, Chambers drew largely on my grandfather’s store of recollections ; and when he had extracted all he could, he wound up in this characteristic fashion : “ I think I’ve about sooket ye dry now.”

Out of the darkness of infancy there comes only one flash of memory. I am seated alone in my baby-chair at a dinner-table set for several people. Somebody brings in a leg of mutton, puts it down close to me, and goes out. I am looking at two low windows, wide open upon a garden.

Suddenly, noiselessly a large long animal (obviously a greyhound) appears at one window-sill, slips into the room, seizes the leg of mutton, and slips out again. When this happened I could not yet talk. The accomplishment of speech came to me very late, doubtless because I never heard young voices.

It is not my intention to worry my readers with a *catalogue raisonné* of the various ailments to which my flesh became the heir. Except, although the tale may not be specially ornamental, I may try to let it wag to point a moral. First, I caught scarlet fever at the Infirmary, and the first symptom was the curious weight of my legs, which seemed so heavy that I could hardly drag them along on my homeward journey. Second, the very bad attack I had of chicken-pox—so severe, in fact, that, joined to some very decisive evidence I obtained at the Belgrave Hospital for children many years afterwards, I became convinced that the lesser disease may, under certain understood conditions, become developed into the greater. If this theory should ever be adopted, I have unhappily lost the honours of priority, for the Clinical Society, before which sapient body I read a paper on the subject, adopted the unusual and, I think, unprecedented course of refusing to insert it in their transactions, and the medical paper to which I then sent it also declined to give it any hospitality in its columns.

If the progress of science or, not to put it so highly, the suggestion of novelty, is to be impeded lest smug middle-class medical mediocrity be alarmed and disturbed by being turned out of its arm-chair complacency, decadence is not far off now, and we had better continue sitting with folded hands until some catastrophe compels us to take oar and steer with and not against the stream.

I never got whooping-cough, and I only mention this because, although I have been actively concerned in treating

hundreds of cases, I never caught the disease. The inference is that I have no susceptibility for it, on the well-known principle that some individuals and families seem to be born immune from certain infective processes, and that others succumb to the most casual dose. The roll must be completed by a terrible catastrophe, when the serenity of a joyously festive juvenile gathering in my father's house was rudely disturbed by the sudden flight of a bodily framework imitating some of the crude efforts at aviation, and smashing down on the floor, "with heavy thump, a lifeless lump." Such a getting downstairs was seldom seen, in its lightning rapidity; for, following the fascinating amusement of slipping along the banisters, I overbalanced myself and suddenly appeared in that aerial fashion among the affrighted guests. I was picked up in a very shattered condition, put to bed, and spent a most agonising night with my right arm soaked in hot water. Next morning Mr Duncan came, with his broad, kindly face and shrewd eyes and encouraging smile, and after a moment or two of supreme torture when he was setting it into shape, he put my arm up in splints, from which, after a long and appreciated holiday, it emerged as good as, and perhaps even better than new.

I suppose I must have been rather a delicate boy, for Ross, a very clever artist up to a certain point, who drew most graphic chalk heads and shoulders for a guinea, portrayed me with a big black handkerchief round my neck; and a more ambitious work in oil represented a sentimental and rather washed-out looking youngster clad in a kind of red Norfolk jacket, and leaning over a damp and conventionally arranged bank. I have vivid recollections of periodical dosings with cod-liver oil floating on essence of coffee, partially disguising the fishy taste, which seemed to me the *ne plus ultra* of everything nauseating; and a much more agreeable association with Bow's liniment, a delectable

oleaginous fluid, heavily charged with laudanum, which soothed my savage breast and beckoned rosy sleep and pleasant dreams towards me. I have never heard of it since, not even as advertised in a provincial newspaper, but I hope it still exists to give comfort and solace to the rising generation. And another blissful recollection is of sago freely dashed with port wine, and an occasional dose of morphia which brought heavenly peace and contentment when "seediness" had claimed me for its own. My father was too sensible a man to go in for indiscriminate dosing, and I used to pity some cousins who, under the direct inspiration of their mother, were compelled to swallow frequent libations of that most detestable of all compounds, "Gregory's mixture." I once had the satisfaction of shaking my fist at the author of this horrid compound of rhubarb, as he was hung (unfortunately not by the neck) on the walls of Fyvie Castle, complacently placed in a comfortable arm-chair by the magic brush of Raeburn.

My formal education began at the Circus Place School. I don't recollect that I emulated the precocity of Dr Guthrie's brother, who could read the New Testament when he was three years old, or of John Stuart Mill, who construed Greek at four; nor have I any distinct recollections of anything specially interesting at least at my first seminary. "Cemetery," I should call some of the old-fashioned places of learning, where the unhappy students had to subsist on the half-mumbled dry bones of classics, which Lord Byron said he "hated so." The permanent impression made on my mind, and on my hand, was the frequent application of the "taws" by our master, Musgrave, popularly called "Mussy," a little red-faced, ginger-haired man, who, although an excellent teacher, had a temper as fiery as his cheeks, and worked himself up into a veritable storm of fury when plying his outward and visible form of authority. For the

information of Southern readers, I may explain that the "taws" is a bit of leather shaped something like the strap of a railway carriage window, and which, when vigorously applied, left stinging smacks only partially mitigated by the rosin with which experienced recipients hardened their cuticle. My only schoolfellow of note at this stage was Batty Tuke, now Sir John, who, if he will excuse me for saying so, gave no indication of the ability which has made him such a notable and successful personage in professional and political life.

Next came the Edinburgh Academy, which, under the name of the New Academy, had been founded by Sir Walter Scott, Mr Horner, and Lord Cockburn in competition with the High School. This well-known place, where so many useful citizens were mentally reared, had become too bourgeois for the aristocratic inhabitants of the New Town, and its rival was started under very influential auspices, and soon "caught on." The building itself was commodious enough, and somewhat Grecian in architecture; but gravelled courts were all its playgrounds, and the larger cricket pitch, such as it was, being monopolised by the school eleven, we smaller boys had to console ourselves in a somewhat domestic fashion with wickets chalked up against the wall, occasionally venturing even as Gites (members of the first class) to join our seniors in a game of hails, a kind of scientific shinty played with "clachans," a species of flat racket very skilfully used by experts. Our staple athletic diet, however, was prisoners' base, a game in which I excelled, because it involved no skill, but only good running; and I was always fleet of foot. At stated intervals we were let out for a quarter of an hour, and this was extended to half an hour for lunch. Refreshments were served at a narrow window in the lodge, inhabited by the janitor, or "Jenny," as he was familiarly called, furnished with a

cleek à la Captain Cuttle, who opened the iron gates, maintained discipline, and was regarded half as a serious and awe-inspiring official, and half as a beadle *pour rire*, who might be tormented with the prankish ingenuity of early youth. In those days plain living was the rule, so far as I was concerned. I am not quite so sure about the high thinking, but it was always a subject of anxious consideration to decide how to spend the daily penny—for that was all I received—to the best advantage. On the one hand, bulk being a necessity of successful alimentation, it was necessary to get something stodgy to fill the stomach, and cookies (buns) best fulfilled that purpose. But, on the other, Prince Alberts, delectable cakes made of a kind of plum-pudding material, well sugared over, but costing, alas! the entire sum allotted for my midday sustenance, were irresistible in their attraction; so I generally did what far more notable people so often usefully do at times of emergency, cut the Gordian knot of difficulty by a compromise, and solaced my craving stomach with the biggest cookie I could find, whilst the palate of the gourmet revelled in half a Prince Albert, an "exiguous" portion, calculated to rouse up the Oliver Twist instinct in a hungry and growing boy. I always remember the admiration and envy with which we watched the proceedings of what we may call the smart set, who rode in from the country on ponies, and stood apart in a corner of the playground consuming sandwiches with ostentatious deliberation.

There was a determined fight over the appointment of the first head master, and the post was gained by Mr, afterwards Archdeacon, Williams, a friend and protégé of Sir Walter Scott. Years afterwards he assisted at the mournful ceremony when the beloved partner of the Wizard of the North was consigned to the grave. I was never under him, for he left at the end of my first year,

and his place was taken by Mr Hannah, afterwards Vicar of Brighton, a red-faced, hook-nosed man, with a "high Englishy accent," which he produced with a curious breathing catch due to an asthmatic tendency.

My own master was "Trotter," a born teacher if there ever was one, suspected of a somewhat casual acquaintance with the classics, but able to ram into our thick skulls what he knew with wonderful effect, and keep us all mentally brisk and active. For, from the dux to the booby, no one knew when his turn would come to construe and translate, and I left him at the end of four years thoroughly grounded in the essential elements of Latin and Greek.

The only master of outstanding character with whom I was brought in contact was Gloag, who was supposed to teach arithmetic and mathematics, and possibly did so to those who were disposed to learn. But to those like myself, who were precluded by the arrangements of nature from receiving this branch of culture with anything but weariness of the flesh, the hours spent under this preceptor were absolutely wasted, for he directed his attention exclusively to the sharp and clever boys; but unhappily would not leave the others severely alone, for our want of the faculty to comprehend his, to us, unintelligible teaching was rewarded by the frequent command to "copy doon" complicated labyrinths of figures from the blackboard and bring them up to him, as a penalty, and our languid interest in the proceedings was stimulated by sharp raps on the point of the shoulder with a short, stout, pointed stick, which produced an excruciatingly painful, stinging sensation, the like of which I have never felt before or since. This worthy pedagogue—for such, I am told by those who knew him better, he really was—always opened the proceedings with prayer, and it used to be our constant amusement to hear the invariable formula with which

he wound up his exhortations to Divine Providence :
"Tak slats—Amen."

I had a few schoolfellows who rose to distinction in various ways, and who may be tersely cited. Luke, our dux, son, it was believed, of an Edinburgh baker, was a real classical genius, and was beginning to make his mark at Oxford, when he was accidentally drowned. The Rt. Hon. Sir John Macdonald, Lord Justice Clerk in Edinburgh, and far famed as a criminal judge, only remained one year. Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, whose brilliant work in connection with Egyptian irrigation has made him perhaps the chief benefactor of that now fertile land, went through the usual course. So did Talbot, who achieved some distinction as a tragedian of the Macready strut-and-growl school ; John Cowan, formerly Crown Agent for Scotland, and one of the most respected members of the legal profession ; and William, known to his friends as "Bill," Blackwood, who successfully and ably carries on the honourable traditions of his great publishing house, and continues to keep "Maga" in the forefront of our magazines. To crown all, he has accepted the dedication of these pages.

There was not much bullying at the Academy, for the big boys generally let the little ones alone ; and the sacred institution of fagging, so dear to the educational mind of the Southerner, could, of course, have no place in a day-school. I only remember one exception : a big, "shauchlin," lubberly-looking fellow with a pimply face, who subsequently developed into a most distinguished scientist, used to delight in throwing stones at us, and one of these well-directed missiles caught me on the knee with stinging effect. I hated him for it then, and I deeply regret to say that even now I cannot revere his memory, much as I admire his talents and appreciate the splendid work that he has done. Of course, it is an absolute platitude to say that boys, and indeed all

young people, keenly appreciate a kindness, like to be noticed, and equally resent slights or injuries.

Thackeray, who never could see a schoolboy without wanting to tip him, must have had many devoted friends among them, and not long ago a leading and successful K.C. was gratefully reminding me of a little outing I had given him and his sister somewhere about the middle 'seventies.

I suppose we must all have noticed how the heroes of our early life sometimes shrink into comparative insignificance as time goes on. The champion athlete seems meek and mild to our grown-up eyes, and the scholastic prodigy from whom much was expected perhaps falls behind us in the race.

A very solemn and awe-inspiring ceremony took place once a year, when we were all formed up in the big hall, with one of the Trustees in the chair, a dense array of parents and guardians filling up every available inch of space, and we boys ready to receive our prizes and cheer those who won them. The head of the whole school received a special gold medal, and was looked up to with reverential admiration. One specially distinguished recipient of this honour was expected to do great things in the world, but instead of becoming Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury, I found him in later days filling with success, and even distinction, the presidentship of one of those numerous public boards with which Edinburgh is now fortified, and sitting down placidly behind a brass plate instead of in the House of Lords.

At the end of the fourth year, as I showed no special aptitude for the classics, and certainly had no liking for them, I was taken away from the Academy and educated at home by classes and tutors. But before we broke up we made a raid on Trotter's desk, took out the "taws" which he used with such stinging effect, cut it up, and distributed

the fragments among his appreciative flock. For although a rigid disciplinarian and of somewhat harsh and stern aspect, he was both liked and respected, and at least I myself gratefully remember his patient and successful endeavours to teach the young idea how to shoot. I don't know whether he found it a delightful task or not. He, like some of the other masters, took boarders, and was, I believe, much beloved by his guests. For some years we commemorated his bodily presence, and subsequently his memory, by an annual dinner. I well remember the first of these symposia, when he was among us. We were all touched by his kindly and affectionate reception of his old boys. There was no trace of the dominie, the awe-inspiring atmosphere had vanished, and we breathed the same air as familiar friends. He made a charming speech, touching off the main characteristics of the leading members of his first class, and I especially recollect a happy phrase in which he referred to MacGill as having an "elegant mind."

Educational competition in Scotland as elsewhere now runs high, and the early training-ground of many distinguished men, including Archbishop Tait and Professor Tait, Lord Haldane and Sir R. Finlay, and others too numerous to mention, has gone with the times in very effective fashion. Now remodelled on progressive up-to-date principles, it has houses and admirable playing-fields, and facilities for having something better at lunch-time than the penny piece of my green if not salad days. It must be satisfactory to all Academicals to know that, being now so well equipped in every way, it is able to stand up against its rivals and hold its own.

About forty years ago Mr Fettes, a rich and benevolent Edinburgh citizen, left a very large sum of money for educational purposes; and Bryce, the renowned architect, being given a free hand, produced a building which for brilliant

artistic merit and admirable internal arrangements has no modern superiors. My friend Potts from Rugby was the first head master, and was ably seconded by Cotterill, a man of great personal charm and adequate scholarship, who helped the distinguished Second Classic to build up a reputation which is a grateful memory and a proud possession to a long line of Fettesians.

I often stayed there, and one night a little incident happened which gave me what is vulgarly but expressively called a "turn." I was put up in a dormitory at the end of a long passage, and half way down I met a big dog, a St Bernard, I think, which was patrolling around to see that all was in good order. I had not been formally introduced to him, and I had to make up my mind on the spur of the moment what line to take. "The man who hesitates is lost": to fly would have been destruction, so, recollecting the alleged power of the human eye to quell even the lion in his desert, I put the best face on it, and, looking steadily at the animal, passed on without mishap. And here my long practice in dealing with collies served me in good stead. These noxious creatures, hanging about farms and high-roads, are often bullies, and therefore cowards; and when they come growling round and sniffing at your calves, the only plan is either to ignore them altogether or to order them off with a loud and resolute tone and undaunted demeanour. In this case the big beast gave me a sagacious look, and we parted good friends.

Another friend of mine, Darnell, followed Potts and started the well-known preparatory school, Cargilfield, which has obtained and retained an excellent record for liberality and good teaching, and a high manly tone popular alike among parents and boys. Loretto has always been noted for its proficiency in all games; and Glenalmond appeals to the ecclesiastically minded. To me it is tinged with sad

memories, for my younger brother John, a bright and promising boy, was killed there under peculiarly distressing circumstances. He was sitting with his friend Hannah, now a Canon and Vicar of Brighton, on the top of a steep grassy slope, when he slipped and fell down, breaking his neck, death being instantaneous. He was always his mother's favourite, and I don't think that she ever fully recovered from the shock.

Soon after leaving the Academy I had for a tutor the well-known author, Walter Smith, whose *Olrig Grange* and other poems have placed him high on the list of sweet singers. We used to wander through the "melancholy gloom of woods and wilds," near the sparkle of rippling streams and the song of birds, reading Tennyson and speaking of high ideals ; and if I had only taken full advantage of my opportunities, I might have been a different, possibly a better man, perchance a prig—who knows ? But this is only one of several good chances I have lost. My grand-uncle, Douglas Ainslie, with whom we used to stay every year, had known Burns, and could have told me something about him. Robert Chambers could have described Scott ; and that charming man and good poet, Moultrie, whom I knew and attended at Rugby, had been an intimate friend of Keats. Dr Sam Bucknill of Rugby was the doctor who was dropping out the laudanum when Arnold died, and I could have had a talk with him, as I knew him well, about the greatest of all head masters, whose life might have been spared if Lauder Brunton's brilliant discovery of an antidote to angina pectoris had then been made.

Among our intimate friends and neighbours were the Ross family, who took the neighbouring property of Balfour, and were most friendly and pleasant. Of course we looked up to them with enormous respect, for he was the greatest rifle and pistol shot of his day, and she was said to be nearly as

good. They were as handsome a pair as you could wish to see, and their children were fully up to the sample. Unhappily, there were no daughters, for if there had been, the havoc among the susceptible hearts of the Southerners might have avenged Flodden. But the sons were fine fellows, especially the three eldest—Herky, alias Hercules, who like Horatius kept the pass in the brave days of old by holding a gang of sepoys at bay with his deadly rifle; my schoolfellow, Hoddy or Horatio, who had a great talent for drawing; and Edmund, first winner of the Queen's Prize, and who is immortalised by Wells in his clever picture of the National Rifle Association Meeting, now hanging in the diploma gallery of the Royal Academy—where the tall, manly son is examining the sights of his rifle, and the hale and hearty veteran is looking at the champion with a pleased, paternal smile. He was rewarded for a hopeless political fight in Aberdeenshire by a commissionership in lunacy, which dull routine work he no doubt performed efficiently enough until his too early death.

My favourite poem then as now was *The Ancient Mariner*, which I could recite from beginning to end, and I was very pleased when my father bought the original drawings of David Scott's admirable illustrations. This young genius, paying the penalty too early of those who are loved by the gods, entered *con amore* into the weird spirit of the narrative, and was just shaking off the crudities of his earlier work when he was beckoned up into what I hope has turned out to be a higher sphere of usefulness. His brother, W. B. Scott, a much more pretentious person, and a bit of a poetaster, adopted some of the extremes of the lesser lights of Pre-Raphaelitism, and attained more prominence, but he was in no sense up to what I must call the brilliant promise of David. A very favourite book of mine, and one that I recommend to my readers if they can get it, which is doubtful, is *Joe Miller's Jest Book*. Do not be put off with

anything but the first edition, or any spurious versions like the very dull one by Mark Lemon. If you are fortunate enough to get the first edition, your fortune as a raconteur is made, for it is crammed with good things ; and though there are some chestnuts among them, with judicious warming they will come out as good as new, and even if your hearers have heard them before in the dim and distant past, they will open long-disused cells of association and recollections in the brain, just as those old-world smells of pot-pourri or of antiquated scents often bring back such floods of memory.

CHAPTER III

CELEBRITIES AND SOCIABILITY OF EDINBURGH

THE social life of the Scottish capital has been so often and so well described by "chiels" who had better opportunities than I of taking "notes," that my own contribution must be ineffective ; for during the earlier part of my life I was too young to be admitted into the inner circle, and indeed saw little more than the hoofs of the horses. In the 'forties and early 'fifties we dined at five, except on the occasion of what my father used to call "puff parties," when seven was the ceremonial hour, and the imported cook and the transformed greengrocers imparted a specially festive look to a table which, if such a process were ever probable, must have groaned under the circumambient mass of solid nutritious material placed on it. No waiters *à la Russe* dismembered the fowls and sliced the joints in those days. The unhappy host or principal guest, who paid dearly for his social prominence, had to hack and hew away at huge masses of flesh, or the choicest products of the poultry-yard, until the edge was taken off the appetites of the guests and the needs of his own came to be supplied. Our spiritual pastor, Mr Faithful, used to pride himself on being able to serve twenty-eight people from one turkey ; and I have often pitied the unhappy operator on a haunch of venison when the popularity of the dish caused a queue of waiters to stand behind his chair waiting their turn to be helped. That was the era of double entrées, when the choice was

given of champagne or moselle, and Edinburgh ale in long glasses was handed round with the cheese ; and after the cloth was drawn—an operation requiring special skill—and the highly polished mahogany was covered with decanters, the men settled down to their claret. Port was not then in fashion, and what used to be practically the national drink of Scotland was of high quality and higher price, and was greedily consumed. In those days there was no after-dinner smoking ; even now, hosts who are proud of their Margeaux or Lafitte will not allow even so much as the whiff of a cigarette to taint the fragrant *goût* of the contents of the glasses. My only practical connection with these elaborate entertainments was of a predatory kind, when with a kind of Red Indian audacity I used to lie in wait for the fragments of the feast as they appeared in the hall, and, with or without the connivance of the waiters, wolf up such unconsidered trifles as might have survived the attacks of the guests.

The early dinner rendered supper necessary, and these were jolly, informal little feasts, consisting generally of “crappit heads” or mince collops, or finnan or rizzard haddies, or, best of all, oysters, which were cheap in those days, and were served up ready opened in a large “ashet”—porter and whisky, hot and cold, washing down the solids. On Sunday we had a sort of open day, when friends dropped in and discussed a wide variety of topics, and when the entertainment consisted of what my father used to call the three P’s—potatoes in their skins, piety, an occasional read sermon, and porter.

Afternoon tea was then unknown, and callers were regaled with trays liberally spread with glasses of port and sherry and handed round. The modern custom of recruiting exhausted nature with a cup of fragrant bohea was due to the energy and initiative of a prominent personality, Miss

Maughan, who invented what were called "kettle-drums," which became a great feature in the life of the place, and an invitation to which was eagerly sought. She afterwards married Principal Story of Glasgow, where she still lives, moves, and keeps her state in honoured old age.

My father knew a good many people of distinction, and on them it is interesting to comment, even if now and again I may mention some of a younger generation suggested by the train of thought the elders evoke. One of his intimates was Dr Andrew Combe, author of two most useful books on hygiene and the management of children, and whom he attended through a long and wearing illness up to his regretted and premature death. George Combe, the phrenologist, whose ardent disciple he became, and whose principles he worked into every possible relation of life—gauging character, assessing intellect, choosing servants, etc., by the knowledge derived from a study of their bumps ; and although quackery has as usual gone far to shake general credit in the reliability of the system, the wonderful diagnoses made by my father and others have confirmed me in the belief that scientific men have not done justice to the localisation of mind working on the lines of Ferrier's great work on the localisation of function. His wife was daughter of the great Mrs Siddons, and recalled vividly the Reynolds portrait of the great actress as the Tragic Muse.

We also used to meet Fanny Kemble, whose powerful representation of Lady Teazle, more especially in the screen scene, I shall never forget, and whose readings were full of dramatic fire and significance. I remember on one occasion, when my mother was talking about the nuisance to an audience of conscientious prigs who bring the text with them to a reading, and noisily turn over the pages, without ever lifting their eyes to the reader, the deep, earnest tones in which she replied : "I quite agree with you, madam."

One of the most interesting, if not the most professionally distinguished, of the artists who used to come a great deal to my father's, both in town and country, was James Drummond, who painted the well-known picture of the "Porteous Mob," which was bought for the Association for the Promotion of Fine Arts for £300—then considered a large sum. He never made £400 a year in his life. What a sharp contrast to some who wield the brush farther south! He belonged to the old-fashioned school, and devoted minute and loving care to clothes and buttons and swords, and still life of all kinds, somewhat to the loss, perhaps, of broad general effect. He was a very likeable and interesting man, and collected a large number of Scotch portraits with great effect and knowledge.

Then there was Russel of the *Scotsman*, who shared with Delane the distinction of being the greatest editor within the four corners of the United Kingdom. What a pity it is that someone of his numerous friends and admirers has not written a life of this remarkable man, collecting the innumerable stories about him, and making a selection from his wise and witty leaders! There was so much of pure personality in his literary flavour and in his bright, cheery nature that only someone who knew him well could do full justice to his complex and stimulating personality. Yet his contemporaries and friends are passing away one by one. What old controversies his very name conjures up—the celebrated libel action by Dr Duncan M'Laren, his fights *à la* Burns against the "unco guid," his amiable satire and chaff levelled at "prigism" and quackery and unctuous rectitude!

James Hannay, author of *The Green Hand*, a delightful naval novel, then edited the *Courant*, a now defunct rival to the *Scotsman*; and James Payn held the reins of *Chambers's Journal*, subsequently becoming editor of the *Cornhill* and reader to Smith, Elder & Co. I afterwards

knew him well at the Reform Club, where he was the leading spirit of the corner-seat luncheon table, presided over by Wemyss Reid, alongside of whom sat at various times G. A. Sala, William Black, Sir John Robinson, Barrie (but rarely), Lehmann, "Toby" Lucy, J. C. Parkinson. And when the laugh was longest and loudest Payn's contribution reigned supreme. His later days were clouded by the depressing misery of rheumatic arthritis, and when his friends made up his afternoon rubber, he could hardly hold the cards between his twisted fingers. We all remember his affecting little essay, "The Backwater of Life," where he sadly mused over the memories of the past, and the necessities and possibilities of the future.

William Chambers was a dry, uninteresting kind of man, pompously solemn and religious, and deadly in earnest over sanitary reform during his period of office as Lord Provost. Useful though many of his drastic improvements were, picturesque old Edinburgh suffered sorely at his hands.

Robert, on the other hand, was the essence of geniality and had plenty of humour, whilst his weekly essays on the first pages of his journal were full of plain common sense, lighted up with winsome sparks of Lamb-like humour, and often breathing the antiquarian spirit of his delightful *Traditions of Edinburgh*. His special claims to distinction, to my youthful mind, were due to two factors, to wit : first, that he was supposed, and I believe truly, to have been born with six toes ; and second, that he was invested by a sort of sulphurous atmosphere from his reputation, an evil one in those days, of having written the *Vestiges of Creation*. On looking over that able book, with its undoubted anticipation of the Darwinian theory, it is really difficult to see what the fuss was all about ; and what dearth there must have been of good running foxes before the heresy-hunters tried to drive this one out into the open to give them a short run !

I have all along hitherto, in the warfare of life, been bred
 to arms among the Light-horse, the Miquelet-Guards of
 Fancy, a kind of Hussars & Highlanders of the Brain. I
 am firmly resolved to sell out of these giddy Battalions
 who have no ideas of a battle but fighting the foe, or of a
 siege, but storming the town: cost what it will, I am
 determined to rally in among the grave squadrons of
 heavy-arm'd Thought, or the Artillery corps of plodding

I long to hear from you, how you come on. — cost so
 much in Business as in Life. — Are you pretty well
 satisfied with your own exertions & tolerably at ease
 in your internal reflections? So much to be a
 great character as a Lawyer, but beyond comparison
 more to be a great character as a Man. — That
 you may be both the one & the other is the earnest
 wish, & that you will be both is the firm persuasion
 of, My dear Sir, yours
 ROBERT BURNES

FACSIMILE OF BURN'S LETTERS.

You will find a good deal about him and my connection with the family in Lady Priestley's interesting recollections: how I learnt dancing along with the Chambers girls, Lady Priestley and her twin, Janet, who died early, Mrs Lehmann, Mrs Edwards, wife of a very clever young surgeon, Tucky, my particular friend of those days, but whom I have never seen since, and of the interesting people who used to go there. Nothing surprises me more than the vitality of the *Journal*, for, resisting competition and smiling at the on-coming of age, it is widely read and keenly appreciated, and exerts a wholesome and stimulating influence in a great variety of directions. Edinburgh, I think, was more literary then than now. The echoes of the earlier reviewers had hardly passed away, and John Brown and *Blackwood* and Blackie and many others kept the sacred torch burning. I well remember when Dickens was putting out what he used to call his two green leaves, and when Thackeray's yellow covers were greedily commandeered from the library by those who could not afford to buy them. In those days people seemed to live with the characters and discuss what was going to happen to them, following the fortunes of Little Dorrit or Nell with almost personal interest.

An interesting relic of the past was Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Sir Walter Scott's friend. I recall his quaint figure walking along Princes Street, and collectors would do well to annex, if it is getatable, his extraordinarily clever caricature of Queen Elizabeth dancing, which made a great sensation when it came out.

There is an admirable description of the old gentleman in the *Cornhill Magazine*, but what can be the explanation of the bit of crankish pedantry which compelled anonymity in those days? Some of the charm of a book or essay consists in knowing who wrote it, and the authority of a scientific statement is much lessened if the name of its author is

unknown. Surely Thackeray, and Trollope, and Leslie Stephen, and Matthew Arnold, and others had no reason to be ashamed of their offspring ; but we observe that the poets claim the right to shake off anonymity, and they always sing their songs openly, under the divine light of Heaven. Here is what is said about Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in p. 319 of vol. xxv. of the *Cornhill*, 1870 :—

“Not so very many years ago, in walking along the streets of Edinburgh, a stranger would have been struck with the appearance of a figure often to be seen there. It was that of a tall, ruddy complexioned, powerfully built man, clad in a long blue surtout or frock-coat, a good deal faded, and reaching down to his ankles, which were encased in silk thread stockings, his feet being thrust into shoes of the kind known as pumps, about which fluttered a copious supply of silk ribbon. His neckerchief was downy, large, and bulging, rolled round the neck many times, and projecting in wreaths like a great poultice, as complete an anti-Brummellite as ever was worn.

“On his head towered a huge Brutus wig of light brown hair. His linen was ample, and spotlessly white. It was the only thing, according to Hill Burton, about his person which prevented you from supposing that he had been shot and stuffed on his return home from college, and sprinkled with the mouldy frowziness which time imparts to stuffed animals and other things in which resemblance to the freshness of living nature is mainly attempted to be preserved.

“His umbrella was no exception to the rest of his mode. It was of green silk, with a curious-shaped bone handle and long stout brass point—an umbrella eminently companionable, sensible, and large enough to shelter a moderate-sized family from the rain. The stranger addressing him would find his manners as charmingly antiquated as his costume. High-bred and sedately dignified, his manner filled you with

respect, and carried you into a world of old courtesy and genuine pleasantness where you had to be on your guard against undue familiarity."

I strongly recommend my readers to get this excellent article, written with evident authority and knowledge, and giving a most graphic description of a unique and picturesque personality, and to study especially his intimate relations with Sir Walter Scott, who wrote him a most affecting letter when the crash came and the Wizard was obliged to leave his old Edinburgh home.

Another remarkable man whom I was once privileged to meet in my early boyish days was the Rev. Dr Wolff, the celebrated traveller, a big German of Hebraic persuasion, who discoursed in broken and guttural accents, but in a very interesting way, about the countries he had visited, and which had been rarely seen by others. He was father of the still better known Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, a leading member of the Fourth Party, about whom I may have something to say later on.

It would require a better pen than mine, guided by a better brain, to do justice to my dear old friend, Dr John Brown. But he was everybody's friend. All the distinguished men who visited Edinburgh came under his spell; he was the real pivot round which the intellectual life of Edinburgh turned; and, admirable though his writings were, the man was better than them all. I always look upon him as the northern Charles Lamb, in the delicacy and quaint and unexpected humour and pathos of what he wrote. *Rab and His Friends* is fine, but not really better than other things in his two volumes; and specially excellent are his artistic criticisms, mostly contributed to the *Scotsman*. I believe he was quite a good doctor, but many people employed him for his personal charm; and the story was current that sometimes, when the case was not urgent, he

would sit talking to the friends, and go away without referring to the matter in hand. We youngsters were always delighted to see him, for he had always something unexpected to say or do. He would take the watch out of one pocket and gravely refer to it, or direct special attention to some article of dress, whose novelty he commended ; and once, when driving with a friend, he leant out of the carriage as if in search of something. "What are you looking for ?" she asked : "someone you know ?" "No," he said, "I am looking at a dog I don't know."

The two Horns were rather notable people, one long and the other comparatively short, though both of considerable stature, and one of them was a great picture collector, a friend of my father's, who finally became Dean of Faculty.

Old Captain Mackenzie used to stump about on a wooden leg. His son was a distinguished judge, and his grandson the head master to whom the Edinburgh Academy owes so much.

"Jimmie" Simpson was a successful W.S., who went to the field of Waterloo, and wrote the first good account of the battle ; and when he interested himself in hygiene and baths for the people, the wits said that after having been at Waterloo he had to content himself with *loo* (tepid) water.

Fleeming Jenkin, professor of engineering, was first-rate in his speciality, but even greater as an amateur actor and stage manager. He will be principally recognised in the future because his devoted friend, Stevenson, wrote his life. He was a man of a charmingly genial and sociable disposition, and when, on one of his occasional visits to London, I asked him if he often went to the theatre, he replied : "No, I prefer to go and talk nonsense in the smoking-room of the Savile Club."

The chair of music never seemed to catch on much, and in my time it only had a transient and spasmodic period of

popularity, brought about in this way. A certain General Reid left a large sum of money to be administered by the professor on condition that one of his own compositions, a spirited march, called "The Garb of Old Gaul," should be played at an annual concert at which the leading singers and instrumentalists of the day were to perform. Each student of the class got a ticket, and as the chair was endowed, they were issued gratis ; and up to the date of the grand affair in the Music Hall the benches were well filled with an outwardly attentive audience. But when all was over, "oh, what a falling-off was there !" Sir Henry Bishop for a very short time wore the professorial gown, but, for some reason or other, never lectured ; and Professor Donaldson, a respectable but commonplace man, beat John Hullah, whose great organising faculty would have given an impetus to the study which not even the refined and scholarly Oakley was ever able to impart.

Professor James Forbes occupied the chair of natural philosophy, and I used to wonder how such a wasted frame could have borne his indomitable spirit up the glaciers the movements of which he described in his notable researches.

Cosmo Innes, professor of history, wrote some notable books, but he could seldom succeed in getting a class together ; much of his wit is inherited by his clever and popular daughter, the wife of the distinguished M.P. and K.C., Sir Robert Finlay.

I would have liked to have written more than a word or two about an interesting personality who used to be constantly seen in his carriage—for Syme's operation had deprived him of the power of effective locomotion. George Wilson was the first professor of that mysterious subject called technology, and was also director of the Industrial Museum. He was a little, delicate man, apparently trembling on the verge of the hereafter ; but his fragile frame enclosed

a bright, buoyant nature, and a true scientific spirit working against heavy physical odds. He was thus beautifully described by John Brown: "How nobly, how sweetly, how cheerily he bore these long baffling years; how his bright, ardent, unsparing soul lorded it over his frail but willing body, making it do more than seemed possible, and as it were by sheer force of will ordering it to live longer than was in it to do, those who lived with him and witnessed this triumph of spirit over matter will not soon forget. It was a lesson to everyone of what true goodness of nature, elevated and cheered by the highest and happiest of all motives, can make a man endure, achieve, and enjoy.

"Being, from his state of health and his knowledge of medicine, necessarily mindful of death, having the possibility of his dying any day or hour always before him, and that 'undiscovered country' lying full in his view, he must—taking as he did the right notion of the nature of things—have had a peculiar intensity of pleasure in the everyday beauties of the world.

The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him were opening Paradise.

They were to him all the more exquisite."

There has always been a good art tradition in Edinburgh, and many famous men were hatched in the old 'Trustees' Academy, presided over by Robert Scott Lauder. He was no mean painter himself, specially excelling as a colourist, and my family still possess a charming picture of Peveril of the Peak, where the sad, tear-stained maiden is looking mournfully up at the brilliant knight. And his "Glee Maiden" was admirably translated into black-and-white, and may be met with in many old-fashioned houses. Some of his pupils have risen to great distinction. First and foremost I must place Orchardson, perhaps the leading

painter of our time, whose delicate fancy and exquisite technique were the outcome of a refined and cultivated mind ; and the brilliant Pettie, whose works hold their own in the estimation of the connoisseurs of the North.

Tom Graham narrowly escaped being equal to either of them ; and so did his namesake Peter, little in body but great with palette and brush in hand, and who is equally at home beside the gently heaving tide and the screaming sea-mews, or on the heather where the Highland cattle find a congenial home.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that his ambition was to become a figure painter, and his "Fra Angelico," kneeling in rapturous devotion before one of his masterpieces, was bought by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, and successfully engraved by them.

I am proud to think that a visit to Finzean during my father's lifetime showed him his real bent, and he painted his first landscape there, thus beginning a brilliant and successful career. Am I breaking confidences when I say that he had also marked musical ability, sang with a mellow and sympathetic tenor, and used to play the violin quite charmingly ? I fancy he now pleads old age for ceasing to delight his friends with voice or bow, but the allotted Scriptural span has not impaired the brightness of his eye or the sureness of his touch, for he still paints as well as ever.

MacWhirter came on rather later, and with great skill delighted us all with his ladies of the wood, and the skilful reproduction of the sapphire seas of the sunny south.

Sir George Harvey was a pleasant and cultivated man, and some of his work will live in history. He was the worthy and successful head of the Royal Scottish Academy. His immediate predecessor was Sir William Allan, an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, to whom we owe an

admirable portrait of the author of *Waverley*, and whose best known picture is the gigantic "Battle of Waterloo," which hangs at the top of the staircase in my club, the Junior United Service.

Sam Bough, who began life as a scene-painter, was equally skilful and dashing in oil or water colour, and whether in or out of his cups, perhaps preferably in, was always good company; and, although just a "wee thing" precarious socially, was popular and much in request.

Duncan, A.R.A., died young, or else he was bound to have risen to the highest distinction, as his "Entry of Charles Edward" and his "Sleeping Figure" watched by Flora Macdonald abundantly show; and William Simpson was excessively clever in very varied branches of his profession, but he too was early removed by death.

Robert Cooper's little landscapes with beautifully drawn cattle and figures were exquisite in finish; and Miss Nassington, to my thinking, rivalled the Raeburn-like skill of her more famous brother.

And then, to go back a bit, we had Raeburn, who firmly resisted all attempts to lure him from his native town, and whose mouth would water could he see the prices which portraits for which he got from £50 to £100 now bring at the hammer.

Sir John Watson Gordon moulded his style upon him, and his broad, massive touch and intellectual insight into character have perpetuated the features of many worthy "residents" in Auld Reekie.

Graham Gilbert, too, reached great and well-deserved fame as a portrait-painter, and varied the monotony of his habitual work by occasionally turning out very attractive-looking young Italian women, under blue skies and among green trees.

Wilkie was brought up in Edinburgh, but did not

remain there long ; and the Faeds, too, began their artistic career there, and although John, the most distinguished of the family, was sucked into the vortex of London, James, a clever brother, whose "Sir Walter Scott and his Friends" has attained wide notoriety as a successful engraving, remained staunch to his native town. I don't know what the artists of those days would have done without what was familiarly called "The Association." It collected money from subscribers, who paid £1, 1s. a year and obtained the chance of gaining in the lottery a prize in the shape of the picture or pictures which were bought annually at good prices ; and each of them received an engraving which was well worth the money. I am afraid that this once highly appreciated institution is now extinct.

Edinburgh in bygone days, and perhaps in present days, was very "cliquey." The various sets revolved in their own sacred circles and looked askance at intruders. First came the county people, who belonged to the New Club, and drove in from their *Landguts* in ornate carriages, now replaced, I suppose, by motor cars. In my native land the possession of a villa with a short avenue shaded by limes or firs, and a gate painted green, and a wisteria or an *Amphyloxus veitchii* clinging to the walls, entitles you to be called the "of" something, thus differing from the *rentier* of lesser degree, whose quarter of an acre is dubbed "The Laurels" or "The Laburnums."

Next we have the soldiers, who luxuriated complacently in that pestilential barrack at Piershill, and looked up or down their noses at humble civilians because they themselves wore the uniform of a hussar or a lancer and rode high-stepping chargers ; and the bare-kneed Highlanders, or linesmen clad in more orthodox trousers, who mix more freely with the citizens, and do not scorn to appreciate the chicken and champagne of the fathers and the smiles of the daughters.

And then we have the Parliament House young men, full of airs, if not of graces, with all the infallibility of youth, and an occasional dash of the dulness and respectability of middle life.

Grandest of all, the judges in their Olympian majesty sitting among the clouds, gazing down upon the bewigged subalterns who are happily briefed before them, and who now take their pleasures more decorously though not more sadly than in the picturesque days of the "high jinks."

The professors, too, hang pretty closely together, and haunt the University Club, and talk sometimes incomprehensible but often interesting "shop" among themselves in the smoking-room.

And then come in a sort of regiment of nondescripts of varied rank, denomination, and degree, eager to make the best of life, to dance, and eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow they wake up again refreshed and begin *da capo*.

In London all the foregoing kind of thing is impossible. London is too big and varied and cosmopolitan, and one may quite well take a sip out of every cup of pleasure brewed where it likes best, and held out to the thirsty wayfarer along the sands of time ; and this makes the real charm of our vast metropolis, and enables it, like a magnet, to draw within its ample bosom all that is best and wisest, most interesting and fascinating, that the rest of the world can produce. It may be a stony-hearted stepmother, and no one can have read De Quincey's *Confessions* without deep pity for the submerged tenth, or admiration for those who are giving them a helping hand. Nelson is reported to have said : "If there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons." If there were more "Anns," our faith in human nature would be largely justified, and our admiration for a really good though technically a bad woman would go up by leaps and bounds.

But if we are ever really taken into the maternal embrace, and get thoroughly into the swim of London life, can anything be imagined more stimulating and variegated, and full of large and small interests to minds of all sorts and sizes, as well as better value for your money, be it much or little ?

CHAPTER IV

MY IMPRESSIONS OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

THE preliminary stages of what, in the absence of contradiction, I may venture to call general culture being over, it was necessary to choose a profession or calling of some kind. I had not the advantage, or disadvantage, of being born an eldest son ; and as my elder brother joined the Gordon Highlanders, with whom he served in the Crimea, it was necessary for me to find some peaceful occupation, and so I embarked on the attempt, happily successful, of becoming, I am proud to say, the third in a lineal succession of doctors.

In his earlier days my father's income cannot have been very large, for he eked it out by taking boarders ; and a mysterious old lady, my grand-aunt, attired in a prim semi-Quaker dress and an old-fashioned mutch, occupied one drawing-room floor in Northumberland Street, and paid well, I believe, for the privilege. My mother was expected to spend two hours with her every afternoon, and we were introduced at awe-inspiring intervals, mostly on Christmas and birthdays, when the situation was rendered less acute by a present of half-a-crown. My elder brother got five shillings, and I shall never forget my pride and pleasure when I was promoted to the larger amount. The only other excitement connected with the old lady was the wolfish way in which, with keenly strong appetites, we used to watch for the remains of her three-o'clock dinner being

carried downstairs. She was practically a vegetarian, and poached eggs on spinach was a favourite dish ; and as her appetite was evidently precarious, I was often enabled to satisfy the pangs of mine at her expense.

My father had not then succeeded to the property of Finzean, so we were obliged to vary our summer quarters from year to year. We always paid an annual visit to my grand-uncle, Douglas Ainslie, at Cairnbank, near Duns, and close to the classic Berrywell, where Burns visited and made the acquaintance of the fair Rachael.

The University of Edinburgh was then in its prime, and there were indeed giants in those days. They were among the last to adopt the pernicious system of Lord Rectorships, which has completely failed in its laudable theory of inviting men of academic or scientific distinction to inspire the alumni with high ideals, and has degenerated into an unnecessary political battlefield where little boys become too early debauched with party partisanship, and encouraged to learn bad manners, thus seriously injuring the Scotch universities. The sooner this useless system is given up, the better for our *Alma Maters* ; and along with it ought to go the University seats, the last of the fancy franchise, which have completely failed in the object for which they were constructed, and have too often become the refuges for the destitute, as safe back-doors for such members of the Government as cannot find an entrance by the front.

Our sessions were always opened by a prim and formal address from Principal Lee, a picturesque old gentleman of reputed learning, who did not bore us by anything over drawn out in length, or of high-falutin complacency. But the wind-up of the session was a much more formal and interesting affair, when the graduates were capped with a velvet headpiece made of a veritable piece of George Buchanan's

breeches, and an address given by one of the professors who happened to be detailed for the office of promoter. Very stimulating and inspiring bits of advice these addresses often were, and I am proud to say they were listened to with respectful attention, contrasting with the vulgar rowdyism of the aspirants to professional honours who greeted Lord Dufferin, the man of their choice, with derisive cheers and hootings, when the poor old man, broken with ill-health and misfortune, could barely make himself heard, and added to his discomfiture by loud cries of "Speak up!"

In those days the medical degree was not split up, as now, into two parts, and for the M.D. a dissertation had to be written—happily not now, as formerly, in Latin—and defended publicly before a bench of professors, and the best was rewarded with a gold medal, a distinction much prized. Some of these early essays contained the germs of important discoveries and generalisation which brought a rich harvest in later years.

They were not very particular in these days about entrance examinations, nor was any very direct evidence of what people call a "sound preliminary education" needed. If it had been, I fear the ranks of medicine would never have contained me. My knowledge of the classics was neither extensive nor peculiar, nor could I make anything of mathematics: "the rule of three it puzzled me, and fractions drove me mad." But somehow or other I scraped through the very mild tests imposed, and found myself the proud possessor of tickets for anatomy, chemistry, botany, and natural history, the last two of which were held in the summer session.

In anatomy, the great Goodsir, who was already in the early grip of the locomotor ataxy which spoilt and ultimately ended his brilliant career, was abroad for his health, and I

began my introduction to the intricacies of the human frame under "Johnnie" Struthers, a real and most successful teacher, whom I used to admire and respect in that capacity, and who afterwards, when he was professor in Aberdeen, became my intimate personal friend. Nothing could be more inspiring than his demonstrations of complicated bits of structure to a class of over four hundred, keenly interested in what was going on, and maintained in perfect order by his striking personality.

Gregory, who taught, or was supposed to teach, chemistry, was a very different sort of man—big and flabby, with a spacious pasty face, and long loose limbs which bore his bulky frame along under a kind of protest. He stimulated his sluggish brain with copious inhalations of snuff, and our great amusement used to be to watch the little brown rivulets trickling from his nose to his mouth before the arrival of the intercepting bandana. His attempts to perform experiments were inevitably failures, for his feebly prehensile fingers touched nothing which they did not smash; and his remarkably skilful assistant, Kemp, was invariably entrusted with the duty of demonstrating anything of an intricate or special nature.

He always reminded me of a turtle, but it certainly was not *tortue claire*, for anything more hazy or muddled than his lectures could not be imagined, and I am always grateful to him for having plucked me at the exam. and thrown me into the arms of the "grinder" Wilkinson, the saviour of many featherless students, and with an absolute genius for teaching. When superior people begin sneering at these unofficial aids to knowledge, I always retort with an expression of gratitude to my old coach, and the, I think, incontrovertible argument that if the teaching at Edinburgh had been good he would not have been required. But there really was no teaching in those days. The highly paid

professors read over a series of dull lectures to a sleepy class, and there was nothing technical, no kind of demonstration in the modern sense ; so we might just as well have been at home reading the most recent text-book on that particular subject.

Wilkinson, for the first time, gave me a real insight into the principles of chemistry ; his anatomical drawings on the blackboard with red and blue chalk were veritable master-pieces ; and on physiology, medicine, and surgery he was equally good.

Next came summer and botany under "Woody Fibre," alias Professor John Hutton Balfour, an absolute master of his subject, and not to be posed even by the most bogus specimen of plant life brought him by some mischievous student, who gave really stimulating teaching ; and a weekly excursion which twice blossomed out into delightful trips to the Scotch and English Lakes.

We diligently filled our vasculums and pressed a variety of plants most carefully between large sheets of brown paper, with the intention—never, alas ! realised—of studying them carefully at some future time.

And then there was Edward Forbes. What an attractive personality, and what a mass of knowledge and undeveloped possibilities of wide generalisations and philosophic developments of geologic and animal life, were lost by his too early death ! I attended his first and only course, and after being fascinated by his handsome, earnest face, his clear and forcible expositions, was horrified to hear of his being carried off in the prime of life by an abscess in the liver contracted during some dredging operations off the coast of Greece. He was succeeded by Professor Allman, a brilliant and oratorical Irishman, who became very popular with the students, and was considered most successful in making his subject attractive.

Life was pretty strenuous in those days. Breakfast at eight o'clock, and off at once to the University, with work there in various ways, with a short interval for a simple luncheon of *cookies*, alias buns, and milk, until home to dinner at five, the primitive hour then in vogue—and after tea up to my room to start unassisted labour.

I used to copy out the lectures, roughly jotted down in pencil, in ink, and then have a regular good grind at the bones. They say there is a skeleton in every cupboard, and there certainly was one in mine, and I soon got on very familiar terms with him and was well up in every foramen, prominence, or protuberance; and not having at that time read—for it had not been published—Conan Doyle's *Under the Red Lamp*, I slept quite undisturbed by the presence of the articulated mass of bones, which would have had a seriously disconcerting effect on the minds of ordinary people.

Next year Goodsir came back, flapping his legs about with inco-ordinated want of purpose as, swaying from side to side, and leaning heavily on the table, he articulated high thoughts and pregnant and suggestive speculations to those who could understand them. I fear that I was not one of those, but it was an inspiration to watch his pale face and listen to his thick utterance giving out unpublished ideas which made the scientific reputation of some of his larcenous pupils, and stimulated others to try in some way to live up to his "high ideals." Professor Chiene relates the last visit he paid to him at his house by the seaside. He was lying paralysed in bed, and his pale, wasted face lighted up when he saw his demonstrator, and asked affectionately after his class. "Teach my students, Dr Chiene," he said. Very shortly afterwards he died, and thus was prematurely extinguished one of the brightest lights of modern science.

Professor Bennett, who was supposed to have some

hereditary connection with the stage, lectured most eloquently on physiology, and I shall never forget the dramatic way in which he detailed the sad circumstances of the great discoverer, John Reid's, painful death. The physiology of those days was not, as it has now become, a kind of blend of mathematical chemistry and mechanical engineering ; but we heard about the fat pig at Dover, and the man with the hole in his stomach, and other things easily understood of the multitude, and obtained, I believe, as good a working knowledge of the subject as if we had been fed on elaborate experiments. I am myself a great believer in authority, and am quite prepared to admit the main facts of the circulation without sitting on a back bench in a crowded lecture-room and craning my neck over men's heads to see a little indicator moving up and down on a table a long way off. Bennett's real forte, however, was clinical teaching, and there he reigned absolutely supreme. The students were ranged in a wide circle round the patient's bed, and one of them was called out to diagnose the case and prescribe the appropriate remedy, under the critical eye and ear of the Professor, and the effect made was never to be forgotten.

When Professor Alison was mysteriously attacked by epilepsy late in life, and retired, an admirable shuffling of the cards was proposed by Syme, Christison, & Co. Bennett was to take the chair of medicine, and the great Sharpey was to succeed him. But Simpson induced the electors to bring Laycock from York. This was an unfortunate appointment, for he was a failure both in diagnosis and treatment, and his lectures, although containing, I believe, original and suggestive matter, were absolutely unintelligible to the ordinary mind, and we were all driven to take refuge with Gairdner in the extra-academical school. When I say that he used to speak of three thousand fevers, it will

be admitted that he reached imaginative flights somewhat perilous to the prosaic mind of the ordinary Scot.

Simpson was, take him for all in all, the best teacher I ever came across, and he invested what to me was always a repulsive subject with such interest that I bravely competed for his prize; and although I failed to get it, I acquired such an intimate knowledge of the subject that I believe I could sit down and write an examination paper on it now. For is it not true that "the advantage lies in the endeavour, not the prize"? He was undoubtedly a man of brilliant all-round genius, touching nothing which he did not adorn, carrying on an enormous practice, making an immense income, including one fee of £5000, and in perpetual motion, rushing about into all portions of the United Kingdom for consultations.

Simpson's fame will, of course, rest largely on his discovery of chloroform, but I have always felt that he got more than his due share of credit. For Sir Humphry Davy found out laughing-gas, although he did not fully develop its anæsthetic properties. Then Jackson, the American dentist, drew teeth under ether; and chloroform was first made by Soubeiran of Paris, and Simpson was advised to try it by Waldie, a chemist of Liverpool. As the first experiment was made, he and his assistants were sitting at a round table inhaling out of tumblers, when suddenly a thud was heard, and Matthews Duncan was found lying insensible on the floor. When order was restored the chief said: "I think we have got the right thing now," and he then proceeded to push it with characteristic energy, and both in obstetric practice and in the operating theatre its use soon spread, in spite of the opposition of the "unco guid," who sometimes oppose any novelty which has not been sanctioned by their narrow interpretation of Holy Writ. But surely it is the case that

the first mention of anæsthesia was made in the Bible, when God put Adam into a deep sleep previous to extracting his rib for the formation of Eve.

But Queen Victoria took it up, one of the Royal family was born under its influence, and the mists of superstition soon vanished ; so the horrors of the surgery of former days, which used to give doctors sleepless nights in anticipation and untold tortures and misery to the wretched victims of the knife, became things of the past. Lady Paget, in her husband's *Life*, tells us how, when she was living in St Bartholomew's Hospital, she was distressed to hear the groans and screams of the patients in the operating theatre. The most emphatic, because most graphic and picturesque, testimony to the charms of anæsthesia was given by Professor George Wilson, who had a severe operation performed before and after the introduction of chloroform (*vide* Simpson's collected works).

Few that ever saw Simpson can forget his enormous head, his broad, genial face framed in bushy hair, his quick rolling walk, and the gigantic sealskin coat, the gift of some grateful patient, which enveloped his cobby frame. This is not the place to refer to his professional achievements, but his incursion into the realms of pure surgery deserves a brief mention. He had the very plausible idea that sepsis was caused by decomposing ligatures applied to tie bleeding arteries, and he suggested that they should be closed by needles—acupuncture, as he called it. Syme did not approve of this, and at one of his clinical lectures, after a few scornful criticisms, he took up Simpson's pamphlet and, tearing it across, threw it on the floor.

Syme was perhaps the most noteworthy of all my teachers, and his name is still held in the deepest respect and affection by all who came under his influence. But he owed nothing to his natural advantages. Short and insignificant in stature,

with a weak voice and a thick and halting utterance, and nothing imposing about him, by his high character, inflexible integrity, marvellous power of diagnosis, and dignified method of teaching clinically, he succeeded in impressing his personality on the minds of the students, and making them all personal friends and ardent partisans. To say anything against Syme is even now like a red rag to a bull to any Symite ; and I remember the deep resentment when a nasty little German Jew in Paris, chiefly notorious for having made a mess of the late King of the Belgians' case, ventured to sneer at my old master. John Brown was his ardent admirer, and made him the surgical hero of the charming idyll, *Rab and his Friends*. I remember his once telling Syme in my presence, when speaking of Richmond's chalk-drawing, that he should be restricted to making the portraits "of those who would live hereafter," and he said in hours of confidence that his hero was a man who never wasted a word, or a drop of blood. Syme only once made a really big mistake, when he opened an aneurism in the belief that it was an abscess. I merely mention it to show the resource of the great surgeon, for, enlarging the cut, he inserted his hand into the sac, searched among the clots for the ends of the vessel, which he tied, and the patient made an excellent recovery. And John Brown, in one of his delightful essays, writes :—

"I once saw a great surgeon, after settling a particular procedure as to a life-and-death operation, as a general settles his order of battle, begin his work, and at the second cut alter the entire conduct of the operation. No one not in the secret could have told this : not a moment's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt."

He was not much past the early seventies when he broke down ; but the death of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, gave him a shock from which he never recovered. He had a slight stroke while operating, and at once resigned

his chair ; and not long afterwards his faithful friend, Dr John Brown, entering his consulting-room, found him lying on the floor paralysed. "John," he said, "this is the beginning of the end," and he died soon after.

Syme was not a brilliant operator, but safe, sure, and conservative, and his results were as good as could be expected in these pre-antiseptic days. Lister, who came to Edinburgh at Sharpey's recommendation to attend the great surgeon's clinique, became his house surgeon, his son-in-law, then assistant surgeon, and finally surgeon to the Infirmary ; and when he introduced his epoch-making system, which has saved more lives than any group of generals ever destroyed, Syme, with his unerring instinct, adopted it, and never afterwards would operate without the "carbolic." In those early stages it was considered necessary to envelop surgeon and patient in carbolic spray, and a kind of putty-like slab was placed on the wound to intercept and destroy the germs. Now the machinery is much simplified, and results are obtained which would have been considered hopeless when I began my student life.

Syme's mode of procedure was very simple. He took his seat in the operating theatre, patients were brought in seriatim whom he had not before seen, and he at once proceeded to make his diagnosis and then to perform whatever operation was necessary. I was his dresser and saw a good deal of him, and when I came back to Edinburgh on leave after I had entered the Service, my first visit was to my old and much-beloved master, who invariably greeted me with the same question : "Well, how's the Queen ?"—an allusion to the fact that I was then serving in the Coldstream Guards ; and then equally invariably followed an invitation to dine at his charming place, Millbank, in the suburbs of Edinburgh, where he gave his friends the choicest food and drink and grew the best of orchids.

Spence, his principal rival, alias "Dismal Jimmy," was really a knight of the rueful countenance, for his long-lined, lugubrious face was crowned by a scratch-wig, and he gratified his dandified instincts by wearing the most fashionable cut and hue of trousers and waistcoats, and by hobbling along in patent-leather boots much too small for his feet. But he was a highly accomplished and successful surgeon, wrote the standard text-book of the time, and his very practical and informing lectures were in sharp contrast to those of his predecessor in the chair, Millar, a handsome man, whose discursive eloquence carried him into a variety of fields not necessarily connected with the special subject under consideration.

Christison was a magnificent personality, tall and upright, who stalked up the Mound to his nine-o'clock lecture with all the rigid dignity of an old volunteer. He was the greatest authority of his time on drugs, and more especially on poisons, and no *cause célèbre* was complete without his appearance in the witness-box, followed by the futile attempts of opposing counsel to shake his evidence. His lectures were intensely interesting, and woe betide the unfortunate student who ventured to transgress the rigid rules of law and order! His face was stern and deeply lined, but he was a most amiable man in private life, and the possessor of a magnificent bass voice which made him much in request in musical circles. He belonged to the celebrated quartette known as the "Singing Doctors," consisting of himself, Bennett, Millar, and good, genial old family practitioner Dr Peddie, who lived to nearly one hundred, and wrote a very pleasant record of the experiences of these early days.

Traill, the professor of medical jurisprudence, bleated out with septuagenarian complacency the contents of sundry faded sheets of paper, and basked in the reputation of possessing such encyclopædic knowledge that it was

rumoured he could easily take the place of any one of his brother professors on the pinch of emergency.

An admirable feature of Edinburgh in those days—and may it ever continue to flourish—was, and is, the extra-academical School of Medicine. This consists of a limited number of carefully selected men, with qualifications duly certified by authority, who are allowed to lecture in competition with the professors; the advantage being a double one—first, to give variety to the teaching of particular subjects; and second, to relieve students from the absolute necessity of deriving their intellectual nourishment from some sterile or effete source. For instance, when I was at Edinburgh, the University was saddled with a homœopathist called Henderson, who clung firmly round her neck like the Old Man of the Sea, and declined to be dislodged. No self-respecting student could attend his lectures; or, if prudential motives made it desirable that he should follow one course, a remedy was at hand, in the shape of “Danny” Haldane, uncle (I believe) of the clear-thinking War Minister. Nothing more brilliant could be imagined than his treatment of a not necessarily interesting subject, and if rumour spoke truly, he could have held forth with equal force and fluency in French.

Then, again, the incomprehensible mind-soarings of Laycock had to be corrected by the sound, sane common sense of Gairdner, one of the greatest physicians of our time, an admirable teacher and a writer of pure English of the old straightforward and understandable school. And working clinically in the wards was Warburton Begbie, the “beloved physician,” a man who added to a sound and practical knowledge of his profession a most attractive personality, who taught us all by his delightful and true sympathy that the “dear man,” as he called the hospital patient, was as much entitled to be treated with courtesy and consideration

as though he were prepared to cross the consultant's palm with gold.

The senior demonstrator of anatomy at that time was Mr, now Sir William, Turner, afterwards Goodsir's highly efficient successor in the chair, and now the respected Principal of the University.

These names will recall pleasant memories to many old Edinburgh men, who will also remember the brilliant Stirling, who, with wider opportunities, would have made a name in science, and whose discoveries and observations were greedily swallowed and digested, and occasionally brought up, by people in a far higher position than himself. And at the bottom of the scale came shambling, red-nosed, dirty John Edwards, who arranged the "subjects," helped to distribute the parts, and finally collected the relics of poor humanity into the wooden shells prepared to receive them. Unfortunately, cremation was not then in vogue. This notable character has been immortalised in a very clever poem published in the posthumous volume written by my cousin, the late Rev. James Robertson ; but though it would repay perusal, it is too technical for the general reader. The first verse may be quoted, all the same :—

THE DISSECTING ROOM IN EDINBURGH

Where the seething surge of a mighty city
Roars around an islanded silent court,
And the sad spirits of need and of pity
Work within that the world without may sport,
Up the stairs and along the corridor
Stand in hall, arranged in seemly order
On some two dozen trestles, less or more,
A score of corpses, and a watchful warder.

Henley, who is, I believe, considered a poet by superior people, wrote some lines in the same kind of strain about Mrs Porter, the far-famed Syme and Lister nurse, who

looked after him when he was lying in the Edinburgh Infirmary after amputation of the leg, and who was a quaint and curious character, rough of face and speech, but really kind-hearted, and beloved and respected alike by patients and students. Of course she had a sharp tongue, and Henley plainly states that "even the chief was afraid of her." Anything more unlike the smart, lady-like modern nurse than she and her colleague, Mrs Lambert, can hardly be conceived.

STAFF NURSE—OLD STYLE (MRS PORTER)

The greater masters of the commonplace,
Rembrandt and good Sir Walter,—only these
Could paint her all to you, experienced ease,
And antique loveliness and ponderous grace,
The sweet old roses of her sunken face,
The depth and malice of her sly, grey eyes,
The broad Scots tongue that flatters, scolds, defies,
The thick Scots wit that fells you like a mace.
These thirty years she has been nursing here,
Some of them under Syme, her hero still.
Much is she worth, and even more is made of her.
Patients and students hold her very dear ;
The doctors love her, tease her, use her skill ;
They say "the chief" himself is half afraid of her.

And then from the obstetric side the blunt but absolutely straight and reliable Matthews Duncan, who, passed over for the midwifery chair in favour of the nephew of the former incumbent, migrated to London, became attached to St Bart.'s, and speedily rose to the top of the tree. His downright honesty of purpose, and apparent roughness in a speciality which lends itself to an accelerated development of the bedside manner, soon made him popular among the great ladies, by whom he declined to be snubbed or patronised, and even attracted the notice of Royalty itself.

Further, this extra-academical school formed an excellent

training-ground for the professors of the future : Syme, Lister, Spence, Sanders, Chiene, and strong and outstanding personalities like the vigorous and progressive John Duncan, distinguished son of a specially skilful father, whose early death from cholera in Paris only prevented his taking the leading place in surgery ; Patrick Heron Watson, a powerful all-round man, who only missed a chair by refusing to give a guarantee that he would give up general practice ; and "Joe" Bell, the original of Sherlock Holmes, and as bright and breezy and brisk as ever, although he has already passed the allotted span of the Psalmist.

Of course, I did not know much about the arts professors, but there were some remarkable men among them. Pillans, the professor of what is quaintly called humanity, a really amiable and in his day efficient man, so cruelly held up to odium by Lord Byron as "Paltry Pillans." To him succeeded the delightful and suggestive scholar Sellar, whose name is held in respect and affection by a long line of students.

Then, after the dry old Dunbar, came the mercurial and versatile Blackie, a kind of Figaro among scholars, nimbly skipping along from class-room to platform and from platform to dinner and drawing-room, delighting everyone with his wit and wisdom, and touching nothing which he did not adorn. If the good old Philosophical Institution was in want of a lecturer, Blackie was always ready to step into the breach and charm his audience with one of his delightful discursive rambles through some suggestive historical or poetical field. His lectures were too digressive to be really informing, and one might have, though with only a modicum of truth, parodied the famous saying about Brougham : "If he had known some Greek, he would have known a little of everything." But his was a striking personality, and if the little boys who sat on his benches were not drilled as they

would be at a public school, they gratefully acknowledged in after life his stimulating excursions into various out-of-the-way by-paths, and the inspiring example of his many-sided and enthusiastic nature. Personally he was most attractive. No one who ever saw them could forget the ample plaid, the "lyart haffets" surmounted by an ample hat of the now fashionable Riviera pattern, the thick stick brandished with almost aggressive energy; and the snatches of song or declamation that occasionally rang out with an appreciative air were attributes of a personality as unique as it was interesting, and his social manners and customs were both peculiar and precarious. No one exactly knew what he would do next. His nephew and biographer tells us that on one occasion at a dinner party, when a teetotal host had somewhat unexpectedly enabled his guests to sing "Bountiful Jehovah" over champagne glasses, he was disconcerted by the genial Professor suddenly embracing him to the tune of "Nunc est potandum, nunc est bibendum"; and I have myself seen him fling himself on his knees before some fair lady whom he admired, or from whom he wished to win some desired favour.

Aytoun, too, was there, principally known for his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* and his share in the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*; M'Dougal, a real orator; Chalmers, the greatest preacher of his time; Kelland, a past senior wrangler, and a clear and successful unraveller of mathematic complexities. And last, but not least—physically or intellectually,—Christopher North, a magnificent creature in every sense of the word, whom I used to see constantly walking about. There was a very romantic charm about his grand head, leonine locks, and resolute bearing, as well as the many historical associations connected with his busy past and his vigorous present. His appointment to the chair of moral philosophy was a very extraordinary one, for his poetic and essentially literary

cast of mind confined itself with some difficulty between the shafts of an intricate subject, of which I don't suppose he ever pretended to know anything. But here again a magnetic personality carried everything before it, and there was no more popular professor than the versatile editor of *Blackwood*. A great deal of what he wrote was no doubt ephemeral, and flitted lightly through the columns of his beloved "Maga"; whilst his principal poem, *The Isle of Palms*, is dead and buried and forgotten. Still, if anyone wishes a really bright, fresh, breezy book, full of eloquent descriptions of nature, and musing over men and things, and the fresh and stimulating recollections of a real sportsman, let him or her get the *Recreations of Christopher North*, and read it from cover to cover. He will bless me for the hint, and I often think that it might pay Blackwood to reprint it in a cheap form for the edification of the present generation.

No account of Edinburgh University would be complete without a reference to its secretary. Alexander Smith bounded with acrobatic elasticity into very nearly the first flight of poets, and although his subsequent performances were not absolutely up to sample, he wrote some pretty things, as well as some excellent prose, and would have gone much further had not death carried him too early away. It seemed a strange combination, to compel Pegasus to furl his wings and alight in the prosaic surroundings of a secretary's office; but he did his work well, and was an attractive and modest individual, with a pair of fine eyes which displayed the mutual attraction commonly known as a very decided squint.

Other interesting people could also be observed perambulating the pavement about this time. Lord Cockburn, with his bright, penetrating eyes and what some called his "dome-like forehead," looked as delightful as his books, *Circuit Journeys*, *Memorials of my Own Times*, and *Life of Lord*

Jeffrey, which I earnestly exhort all who are interested in the life and times of Auld Reekie to read most attentively. If he had possessed no other claim to our gratitude, one would be for having prevented a deplorable piece of threatened vandalism. The existing corporation of Edinburgh, in their lust for gold, had decided to build a row of houses along the Prince's Gardens, facing the existing street ; and anyone who knows the locality must recognise what a fatal blow this would give to the æsthetic charm of "mine own romantic town." Cockburn's letter entitled "How best to ruin the Beauties of Edinburgh" knocked this scheme on the head, and contained many vigorous phrases which must have grievously disconcerted the Dogberries who were really the worst enemies of the city whose interests they were specially elected to guard.

CHAPTER V

DRAMATIC, MUSICAL, AND PARISIAN MEMORIES

IN 1852 one of the greatest events of my life took place, and I made my first tour abroad. My brother was already serving with the 92nd Highlanders, so my father and I set off together and, taking boat at Leith, we set sail, or steam, for Holland. Being then, as now, a bad sailor, I spent most of the two days on my back, and was overjoyed when I found myself standing on the deck on a fine morning watching our progress from the river into the picturesque harbour of Rotterdam.

If I were going to make any attempt to describe what I saw abroad, I should advise my readers to skip the next few pages, a gymnastic feat I always successfully accomplish when I see symptoms of word-painting about Rome, or Florence, or Scotland, even from the accomplished pens of Ouida or William Black. As I had never been out of my native land before, everything was new and enchanting, and the town contemptuously called "a bad Venice" seemed the perfection of picturesque beauty. And then came the Hague and the picturesque "House in the Wood," and the grand pictures; and clean Scheveningen, with its scrubbed, shining face; and Antwerp, with the sumptuous St Antoine and the fine Rubens; and then glittering and sparkling Brussels. And then the city of enchantment, Paris. That we did pretty thoroughly, living in a snug *pension* in the Champs Elysées, with a fine old gentlemanly host, who

used to flatter my father, saying : "Il y a quelque chose de noble dans ce vieillard," whilst he took advantage of the proprietor's looking the other way to help himself copiously from his bottle of wine. And on our way back we dropped in at the little village of London to see the Exhibition of 1851. The Palace in Hyde Park was like the transformation scene of a thoroughly good pantomime, and in addition to the overwhelming effect of the fairy-like transept, I principally remember the Koh-i-noor diamond, the Tinted Venus, the Cleopatra of Story, some wonderfully fine stained glass by Bertini of Milan, and the crystal fountain. We lived in a poky little lodging in Northumberland Court, just behind the abolished Northumberland House, and took our meals abroad, often at a nice little restaurant in Rupert Street, or at Simpson's, famed then, as now, for the superb saddles of mutton.

And we visited many theatres. Planché's burlesques, so beautifully mounted at the Lyceum, specially charmed me ; and the acting and singing of Madame Vestris, and sweet-voiced Miss Julia George, and the garrulity of Charles Mathews made a lasting impression. Then the Pynes and Harrisons were at the Haymarket ; at the Adelphi, Wright and jovial Paul Bedford perpetrated the comic business ; while Webster, with Madame Céleste and Miss Woolgar, carried the bright flame of melodrama on high.

Then back we came to Edinburgh, and I placed my nose at the grindstone once more, attending classes, writing essays and trying to think myself literary, and attempting laboriously to learn to draw under very competent masters with rather indifferent results. I continued the hopeless struggle in pencil, chalk, and water-colours until my brother Joseph appeared on the scene, and with his undoubted talent and great success he soon morally, if not actually, persuaded me, not unwillingly, to take a back seat, where

I have since contentedly remained. For artists, like poets, are born, not made. But at the same time, I would advise everyone to learn to draw even a very little ; for it steadies the hand and clears the vision, and enables us to look at nature with more pleasure, and with an observant and appreciative eye—and best of all, it helps us to enjoy pictures intelligently, because we can understand what artists are trying to do, what their aims are, and what their difficulties. I do not pretend to be an art critic, but I visit every exhibition within reach ; and more especially by diligently frequenting “Christie’s” and watching the fluctuations of value as fashionable and once fashionable canvases are brought to the hammer, I have obtained such a good working knowledge of what is good or bad or saleable that I often think that I ought to have gone into partnership with my old friend Agnew, as a picture-dealer.

I used to do a little mild hunting from Edinburgh, and later on, when in London, I kept a horse, and went out once a week with the Baron’s and Selby Lowndes’ ; but the game was hardly worth the candle. There was a good deal of wear and tear in catching the Euston express, hunting all day, and then training home, and the sometimes precarious chance of a good run hardly made up for the expense ; for I never had sufficiently good nerve really to like it, or to make much figure in the hunting-field, especially when the sport, so called, was conducted under the pottering régime of old Selby Lowndes. And it took a very good horse to carry a man successfully over the Baron’s country, with its big oxers and bullfinches and brooks, which brought so many really good forward thrusters to grief.

I remember my brother in Edinburgh having lessons from a celebrated firm of riding-masters in what was called the scientific hunting seat, and when I was at Woolwich I went through the riding-school, bumping on a rough horse

round a tan ring, with an occasional obstacle to surmount, with the possibility, and indeed probability, of an involuntary descent to *terra firma*, recognised by the riding-master in the scathing terms addressed to the pupil who has just come a cropper : "Get up, sir ; who told you to dismount ?"

Probably from want of early training, I never was much good at games ; but I have always delighted in watching cricket, and I well remember the famous matches of the twenty-two of Scotland against the eleven of All England. Round-arm bowling was just coming in, but Clarke, the chief exponent of the other school, was there to puzzle the batsmen with his cannily twisted lobbs, and so was Lillywhite, and little Wisden, hard to beat in his day, and above them all, literally and metaphorically, gigantic Alfred Mynn, a mighty slogger, and lightning-paced with the ball, Box, whose wicket-keeping feats filled us boys with amazement, Felix, and, greatest of all, Fuller Pilch, whose defence was so remarkable that it was matter for amazement when he was clean bowled by one of the champions of Auld Reekie.

I also remember the doughty heroes who visited us from time to time, especially one whose pace was so killing as to be commemorated in the following poetical description of a "h'over from Jackson" :—

The first ball hit me on the wrist,
The second took my snout,
The third it caught me in the eye,
And the fourth bowled me "h'out."

I feel that it is a great misfortune not to have learnt golf properly when I was young. The real turn of the wrist cannot be fully acquired, I am told, after the age of fifteen, and my attempts to learn the game, under the auspices of Old and Young Tom Morris and other experienced masters, have only ended in disappointment and disaster ; so when I began to find that there was more

worry than pleasure to be derived from trying to put a little ball into a little hole, I did what many other people, I am sure, would like to have the pluck to do—gave it up entirely. What with the increased cost of rubber and heightened subscriptions to links, as well as remunerating caddies and paying railway fares and for luncheons, golf is rapidly growing out of the reach of people moderately endowed with wealth.

I well remember the absolute and total disappearance of croquet, and replacement by what Wingfield introduced as spherisiticity or lawn tennis, which caught on at once, and fairly drove its rival out of the field. But our old friend has now bobbed up again with increased vitality, and has been developed into a highly scientific *tour de force* played on mathematical lines, rather like billiards, and the two rivals now amble peacefully along side by side. Lawn tennis, too, is conducted on far more scientific lines than formerly, and the Renshaws and Dohertys, and Ritchie and Wilding and others, have drawn big crowds whenever they played.

Hockey has always seemed too rough a game for girls, though frequent disfiguring accidents have not damped enthusiasm. Football, happily freed from the hurtful and vindictive hacking of former days, excites a fascination which I have never been able to share.

I have observed another sudden eclipse in the shape of roller-skating, which was tremendously in vogue thirty-five years ago. No locality was complete without its rink, and wishing to be up-to-date, my friend Myers and I, at great expense of bodily banging and bruising, laboriously learned it up to a certain point ; and no sooner had we done so than it absolutely vanished, rinks were closed, money was lost, skates were put aside. And now, in this year of grace 1911, it has cropped up again with increased vogue, and everybody and everyone who wants to be in the social swim must

perforce "tak the flur" and face the ordeal and the risk of learning the revived sport. As for real ice skating, I used to admire the intricate and graceful evolutions of the Edinburgh school, but I was never much good myself; with difficulty I acquired the crab-like art of progressing backwards, and I never got inside the outside edge, or achieved with any comfort the "Dutch roll," jealous as I used to be of my contemporaries whose skill enabled them to take under their temporary charge one, and even two, of the attractive maidens who abounded in Edinburgh in those days.

Curiously enough, too, I never could learn to swim, conscientiously though I made the attempt under professional guidance. So that between that and a conscientious addiction to *mal de mer*, whilst delighting in the varied phases of form and colour to be received from the seashore, and appreciating to the full the works of Napier, Hemy, and Henry Moore, Colin Hunter, M'Taggart, and others who have so successfully transferred their impressions to canvas, I prefer the sweet security of *terra firma* to a life on the ocean wave.

Like all men of my age who have knocked about the world, it has been my privilege to sit beneath many famous public men. For instance, I heard Thackeray give his lecture on George the Fourth, which so much disturbed Queen Victoria; and it was more interesting than inspiring, for he spoke in a loud, unemotional, somewhat nasal tone, and the real interest was to me to see so great a man in the flesh.

Very different was his great rival Dickens. He was costumed in a sort of melodramatic garb, somewhat recalling the early portraits of Disraeli. He had a velvet collar to his coat, a fancy-cut waistcoat pervaded by a network of chains, and his hair was long and flowing, recalling Frith's portrait with a dash of Ary Scheffer rather than Maclise.

His reading was about as exaggerated as his dress, and he much overdid the pathos of little Dombey, and the humour of Bob Sawyer & Co. Also, he rather put my back up by giving us leave, in somewhat supercilious fashion, to laugh or cry as suited us best. I felt that as I had paid my money I might take my choice, which was to do neither.

I liked him much better on the stage, for he was a born actor. He came to Edinburgh on his "splendid" strolling tour for the Guild of Literature and Art—that abortive scheme of Bulwer Lytton's which never caught on, and curiously enough was only wound up the other day. He was perfectly admirable as Master Slender, and Mark Lemon made so great a hit as Falstaff, unpadded, that he afterwards boiled it down into a not particularly successful entertainment, which I saw without much edification. And then again Boz was inimitable, *à la* Charles Mathews, in the smart little farce, *Two O'clock in the Morning*, and in *Love Lane* and *Physic*.

Then also came Ruskin, who provoked hearty hissing by his plucky denouncing of some of the worst architectural enormities, and whose lecture was graced by the presence of his wife and Millais; whilst Fanny Kemble's father gave an impressive reading of *As You Like It*.

A prophetic thing was said about that time by a smart young barrister called, I think, Ivory, who expressed a wish that someone would invent a plan by which you could bottle up Louisa Pyne or Sims Reeves, or other great singers, and uncork them from time to time for domestic use. I fear the ingenious parent of this idea did not live to see the appearance of his offspring fully equipped in every-one's drawing-room for a moderate fee.

The Swedish Nightingale could not resist the fascination of the northern capital, but, of course, I did not really hear

her. My people, after facing the formidable crowd collected round the box office, hardened their hearts and paid their guineas ; and I, determined to see at all events what little I could, joined a mass of others who stood outside the Music Hall with their ears on the *qui vive*, and, the day being very hot and the windows wide open, some distant strains from the greatest singer of her age floated out into the air.

History has a queer habit of repeating itself, and the wild excitement attending Jenny Lind's appearance had years before been equalled, if not exceeded, when Mrs Siddons was engaged.

The booking in advance seems to have been great, and many persons were unable to get places even before she arrived. She appeared on May the 22nd, and from that day the scenes that took place in front of the theatre baffle description, and the details of them read almost like romance. Veritable crowds attended hours before the performance for the chance of getting in, and when, to oblige them, they were admitted at three o'clock, they began to assemble at twelve. The guarantors thought themselves fortunate in having private access to the pit. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland found it necessary to arrange their meetings with some reference to the hours at the theatre, for the members, more particularly the younger ones, flocked to the playhouse to get lessons in elocution. People came even from Newcastle to see this wonderful actress, and on one particular day 2557 applications were made for 630 places. To get at the box office betimes, porters and servants encamped in the street over night, and the military, whose bayonets were sometimes dyed a suspicious colour after the crush, were necessary to guard the gallery door. A sailor climbing in at a window said that he no sooner got in at the *porthole* than he got knocked on the head and tumbled down the *hatchway*. London thieves actually found it to their

profit to come all the way from town. Such a harvest of rings, hats, canes, snuff-boxes, purses, and watches never was gathered with greater ease.

Thomas Campbell gives the following account, repeated from her own, of the reception Mrs Siddons had upon her first appearance in Edinburgh :—

“The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen,” says he, “and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, had well nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay, but now she felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on these northern flints. At last, as I well remember she told me, she coiled up all her power to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart that if *this* could not touch the Scotch she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished she paused and looked at the audience. The deep silence was broken by one voice exclaiming, ‘That’s no bad!’ This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fear of the galleries coming down” (Dibdin’s *Annals of the Edinburgh Stage*, p. 368).

These were the good old days of the stock companies, when, with the exceptions of the rare occasions when the horizon was illuminated by a shooting star, a band of competent actors trained to perform together, many of whom afterwards reached high distinction, trod the old familiar boards. They were poorly paid in proportion to their merits, salaries ranging from 25s. to £2 and £4 a week, Murray getting the latter, with an extra £100 as manager. And they often had to work up five or six parts in a week to

meet the requirements of Kean and Macready or Miss Faucit or others ; but it was a liberal education to act with these great people and to be coached by them, whilst old favourites were generally well and sometimes enthusiastically received by the audience. Murray and his charming sister, Mrs Henry Siddons, generally ran a strong team, and his annual wind-up addresses, several of which I heard, were among the most eagerly expected events of the theatrical season.

To show the heavy work thrown upon the stock company in the old Theatre Royal, it would seem that during the 150 nights of the summer season, 132 different plays were performed in all 463 times, giving an average of three and a half repetitions to each play, and of about three plays to each night.

To Murray succeeded Wyndham, an excellent actor of romantic, and more especially of Irish, parts, and his clever wife, and between them they managed the Theatre Royal for many years with profit to themselves and advantage to the public. They undoubtedly founded what may almost be called a school of dramatic art, for many actors who passed through the mill there gratefully expressed their obligation to the energetic pair who coached them and encouraged them and gave them their first real chance. It was always understood that they made most of their money out of the Christmas pantomime, a great feature of the Edinburgh season, which was often written by dentist Smith, and which contained an eagerly expected budget of topical allusions ; and Mrs Wyndham's talents and energy were conspicuously displayed in the admirable way she used to drill perfect armies of little children to dance and perform complicated evolutions. On that never-to-be-forgotten stage I have seen Mrs Stirling in *Masks and Faces*, Charles Mathews in his best parts, the Wigans, the Keans.

Toole and Irving practically began their careers in Edinburgh. The rollicking, exuberant humour of the former caught on at once, and he always returned to his first love with ever-increased regard. But the afterwards illustrious Henry cannot be said to have been a success. Bancroft, in his most interesting book, tells us that in those days his mannerisms were so pronounced as to recall some of the members of Mr Crummell's troupe, and that he only became the fine artist he really was after long and assiduous study and practice. He was never popular, and was frequently hissed, a painful experience afterwards repeated in Dublin, where, because he took the place of a shunted popular favourite, he was howled down by the gallery whenever he made his appearance.

Rather an interesting amateur troupe was led and managed by Captain Disney Roebuck and Montagu Williams, whom I specially remember in *Still Waters Run Deep*, so dear to aspirants after dramatic fame. Williams was the better of the two, though that was not saying a great deal, and when he afterwards went to the Bar, he became the favourite counsel of the more ingenious roughs and villains, whom he frequently pulled out of the fire ; but he was also concerned in some real *causes célèbres*, as narrated in his very entertaining book of recollections.

To my medical mind, the most interesting part of his career was that he became one of a very limited band of sufferers from throat cancer who survived the formidable operation of cutting out one half of the larynx, which the Berlin surgeons wished to perform on the late German Emperor, and which was done by a surgeon who came over from Germany at a fee of £1000. Complete success was the result, and the nimble-witted little barrister ascended the bench as a police magistrate, and triumphantly vindicated the wisdom of the appointment. He made rather an

interesting marriage, having allied himself to Louise, the very clever and attractive daughter of Keeley, the best low comedian of his day, and his clever wife, whose performance of *Jack Sheppard* proved so fascinating that the play was withdrawn on the recommendation of the authorities, lest burglary and robbery should become generally adopted as the fashionable pursuit of the time.

So you see that in the intervals of work there was plenty of play. Edinburgh was always a great dancing place; the girls there were the best waltzers in the world, because they had the best floor, in the Assembly Rooms, and lots of practice. In those days there was a weekly assembly, where anyone could walk in on payment of five shillings, which ensured a good band, the use of a fine room, and such light refreshments as claret-cup, lemonade, and sandwiches; and as the proceedings began at nine, and never continued very late, that and the simple scale of nourishment enabled business men to get up perfectly fresh next morning, instead of groaning over the headache produced by prolonged immersion in bad air, a heavy supper, and copious libations of champagne.

Not long ago, when staying in Edinburgh as the guest of my old friend, Sir Donald Crawford, K.C.B., he kindly gave me a card for the New Club ball, and I was thus enabled to revisit the "glimpses of the moon." I could have fancied myself forty years younger when I saw the old brilliant room, with its perfect floor, the only improvements being the beautiful new supper-rooms, and the smiling face of my friend Herr Iff playing his very best. Some familiar faces appeared in the "glad throng that went laughing along," and conspicuous among the dancers was Lord Dunedin, well known to the Scotch members as their late Lord Advocate, and to the House of Commons as one of the most amiable and acute intellects that ever adorned the green benches. His occupancy of the highest post on the Scottish

bench has been a brilliant success. I was glad to see that he waltzed in the good old style, without the tacking and reversing which have spread from the suburbs and the East End up to West End London. In my younger days, anyone who danced in the way now affected by young slaves of fashion, shoving their partners before them as if they were perambulators, would have had a short shrift socially, and would not have been allowed to air his peculiar steps in any first-class drawing-room. I never was at a ball in Edinburgh until my student days were over, for men danced in those days, and the girls would not look at boys, save with a contemptuous glance at the presumption which made them offer their hands, if not their hearts, to their partners. But there were many other opportunities of practising the light fantastic at the numerous private dances held in the ample space provided by the better-class Edinburgh houses, and still better, at sundry important public functions, such as the United Service, the New Club, and the Boat Club fancy ball, given once in three years, and by occasional splendid entertainments given by the regiments in garrison to repay the hospitality of their friends. One of these, conducted on a scale of specially lavish expenditure, got the colonel into a serious scrape. The share in the expenses amounted to £50 a head, and the father of a poor ensign, a third or fourth of whose income was thus swallowed up, made a complaint to the Duke of Cambridge, who seriously reprimanded the officer in command.

After the balls, the great rendezvous during the high season was the picture exhibition, invariably crowded on these occasions; but the wave of fashion has now swept by it, and one hardly sees anyone there—or indeed anywhere, for Edinburgh now seems to be like a city of the dead, and the “smart set,” if there is one, must find their amusements “far from the madding crowd.” Perhaps motoring, which

has greatly shifted the centre of gravity of social life, and introduced a régime of rush and hurry and overbearing disregard of the comfort and convenience of others, may have something to do with this. Of course, in those remote times those engines of mephitic odours and dust-clouds and hideous and nerve-shattering noises did not exist, nor had bicycles, and those even more intolerable nuisances, the motor variety, come to disturb us. The Edinburgh speciality in those days was the "minnibus," said to have been invented by Professor Goodsir, and consisting of a box rather like a bathing machine, and opening from behind.

At the end of four years I had completed my medical course, had dissected the human body twice, and was fairly well qualified for practice. The part of my education that I remember most gratefully was the dispensary practice. Every day, after seeing the patients under Gairdner and Begbie and Matthews Duncan, I was given a bundle of addresses of patients who had to be visited at their homes, and in case of doubt or difficulty I had these eminent men to consult, and freely did I make use of the privilege. This was an admirable preparation for family practice, and contrasts most favourably with the method pursued in London, where the student, after long probation in the out-patient department, where chronic dyspepsia, and rheumatism, and winter coughs, and ulcerated legs are the staple commodity, is ushered upstairs into the wards, where he sees mysterious and difficult cases, and acute ailments past their early stages, and he is therefore quite unable to diagnose many of the commoner ailments, or to recognise the danger-flag held out at the start, when treatment does most good.

I have heard of gold medallists of other universities, with distinction and prizes clinging round them, who looked upon measles and chicken-pox as rare forms of cutaneous

eruption, and who diagnosed some rare and special malady, and ignored the plain and simple facts that were held out before them. For this reason I hold that it would always be a good thing if a consulting physician could spend some time in general practice, before "taking silk."

As my first qualification I became a licentiate of the College of Surgeons, after a ludicrously feeble and meagre examination conducted by some venerable fossils long past any useful work. I remember one question was the boiling-point of water, and by a sudden lapse of memory I could not, for the life of me, remember what it was. What the result of failure would have been, I was happily prevented from finding out, as my neighbour, in return for some timely help, enabled me to avoid what would have been a fatal fiasco.

And now I was fully fledged and entitled to put up a brass plate ; but before taking that decisive step it was thought well that I should enlarge the circle of my experience, and so I was packed off to Paris for the winter, to see what I could pick up there.

Like all country cousins of my age, when passing through London I had a peep at the then famed night haunts. There was a certain halo of bohemianism which clung round Evans', and lent its special aroma to performances which seemed dull even to my half-fledged mind. Anæmic-looking boys, who ought to have been in bed some hours before, sang glees, certainly very sweetly ; and a plethoric gentleman called Harry Sidney warbled about the signs of the times, bringing in a variety of topical allusions which were applauded principally by the chairman, who rapped vigorously on the table with his hammer and announced the various performers as they came on. This once-deemed-essential part of the machinery of a music hall is now as extinct as the dodo, but he was very notable in his day, and

generally was a stout, florid man in elaborate evening dress, with a deep, rich voice and well-oiled locks, wearing a heavy watch-chain and authoritative look, who imbibed freely the drinks provided by the gilded or pinchbeck youths who thought it an honour to sit beside him.

Herr von Joel, "who in consequence of many years of zealous assistance will always be retained on this establishment," with the help of his walking-stick gave really clever imitations of a singing lark, and old Paddy Green, the host, whose proffered pinch of snuff afforded a kind of official recognition to the visitor, were accepted institutions at Evans'. Although it was long before the meddlesome interference of the L.C.C., I never heard anything there to justify the indignant protest of Colonel Newcome, and the place only went to pieces to be converted into the now defunct New Club—presided over by Colonel Freddy Wellesley, who married Miss Kate Vaughan—when the female sex were freely and openly admitted, instead of being smuggled surreptitiously into the back seats of private boxes. To-day the National Sporting Club keeps an Eveless Eden for gloved pugilism on the same site.

I never heard Ross in his famous song of "Sam Hall," which drew all London to the dingy little Coal Hole ; and it is interesting to note that this man, with all his unrivalled power of attraction, was only paid at the rate of £5 a week, and he was thought audacious for asking that. Harry Lauder, please copy ! But I was an occasional visitor to the Cider Cellars, where a remarkably clever but objectionably coarse unfrocked barrister, called Chief Baron Nicholson, presided over his nightly court, and tried cases with the full machinery of counsel, plaintiff, defendant, and jury. And then there were the *posés plastiques*, where big fleshy women in tights represented ancient statues, and where the waiters went round asking us if we would like to go behind to see

the ladies—an invitation which I had not sufficient courage or curiosity to accept.

Some music-hall singers were greatly in vogue then. The great Vance, who had the well-known song :—

Shout, boys, shout, but in a whisper,
Stand aside and let the swell go past ;
I like to do the grand with a short cane in my hand,
For, by Jupiter, the Comet's come at last.

He was a tall, handsome man, most elaborately and faultlessly attired, and his “Champagne Charlie” was hummed by those who did not venture on imitation of his style and deportment. Leybourne ran him hard in the race for popularity. Arthur Lloyd, son of the famous Edinburgh comedian, had a rich, vigorous voice, and his “Constantinople” was in everyone's mouth. Mackney, too, who has only just lately died at a very advanced age, was a great popular favourite. His blackened face, and violin and banjo and active legs, were well known and appreciated at most of the halls. Dibdin used to say he did not mind who made the laws of the country, so long as he was allowed to write the ballads ; and M'Dermott may be said to have guided, if not framed, the policy of the country by his famous couplet, which is as applicable now as then :—

We don't want to fight ; but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too.

Can the present situation be better summed up ?

After this digression, let me get to Paris, where I was joined by my cousin, W. W. Farquharson, afterwards the able and conscientious secretary and treasurer of the Scottish Episcopal Church, who has lately suddenly quitted his long and useful life, and my fellow-student, Pearson ; and our personal appearance attracted more attention than our

general distinction warranted. Pearson, having lost his ordinary headgear, had recourse to a fez, and I had a glengarry, which were sufficiently novel to encourage the observation of the loafers who abound in Paris, as in all big cities, and who stared their fill. When the two casual sightseers left me, I took a room in the Rue Dauphine over a bootmaker's shop, for which I paid 30 francs a month, and began my hospital work.

My breakfast was invariably the same, in one of the little *crêmeries* which abound in that quarter, and consisted of *trois sous de café, deux œufs à la coq, et deux saucisses grillés*, all well cooked and very cheap. Dinner generally cost 1.50 to 1.60, and I have gone down so low as 1 franc, though a refecton of that class contained barely enough nourishment to maintain the healthy functions of body and soul ; but a really good dinner, with half a bottle of wine, could be got in the Palais Royal for 2 francs, and on high days and holidays, or when the parental remittance was received, a visit to the *Dîner Européen* secured for 3.20 what seemed then to be a veritable banquet.

All classes and clinical instruction were thrown open, at all events to foreigners, and I took full advantage of my opportunities. I only looked in occasionally at the systematic lectures, to see and hear distinguished men like Du Bois Reymond and Malgaigne and Nelaton ; but I attended diligently in the wards and went round with most of the great teachers. Trousseau was then in his prime and had an enormous following, and he was a splendid-looking person with massive and well-cut features, and dark hair drawn back from an ample forehead. Nelaton, very English-looking, precise and practical, was said to have the best surgical practice in Paris, and to gain enormous fees. The wary, shrewd, humorous-looking Velpeau, and Paul Dubois, the great accoucheur, who admired Simpson and looked

like a blend between a consulting physician and a monthly nurse. Becquerel, whose oft-repeated prescription of *venteuses sèches et venteuses scarifiées* used to amuse me ; and Bouillou, a great heart specialist, who practised the Sangrado treatment of bleeding *coup sur coup*, with or without the copious draughts of hot water. For in these days a disease was considered to be a sort of entity to be wrestled with and violently expelled, and the modern notion that we really cannot cure anything, but merely watch the processes of unnatural Nature, so to speak, and maintain the bodily forces and watch for complications, had not yet been adopted, and a doctor who did not do something drastic in face of an emergency might just as likely as not be censured by the coroner if an inquest became necessary.

Piorry was a quaint and interesting person. He had invented a new nomenclature of disease ; he was the discoverer of mediate percussion, by means of a little hammer operating on an ivory pleximeter, and he performed the most remarkable feats, mapping out the heart exactly with the accurate precision, real or assumed, of the Nauheim school, who make a diagram of the dilated ventricle, and show it contracted under treatment next day.

Some queer things were done by the surgeons. Malgaigne invented hooks for the treatment of fractured patella, which were screwed together, but which have now been superseded by Lister's wire. Antiseptic surgery had not then been introduced, though it was not very far off, and the idea was then, as now, that the air must be excluded from wounds, with the further mistaken notion that the use of the knife must be avoided.

Maisonneuve, a thorough butcher in looks and ways, went one better by his truly diabolic method of removing limbs by *diaclesie* or "rupture." He first broke the bone with a loud report by means of a complicated arrange-

ment of blocks and screws, and then cut through the soft parts with a sort of wire loop gradually tightened until the limb dropped off. It is hardly necessary to ask what was the outcome of this barbarous method of so-called surgery, and I suppose that the result of the appearance of the patient in the dead-house would be to label him *mal guéri*.

I was not altogether sorry to leave Paris, for the weather was bitterly cold, and the food became monotonous ; but I have very pleasant recollections of the play as well as the work—trips to Versailles and St Cloud, rambles in the Bois, and that most fascinating place the Jardin d'Acclimation, the gloom of Père la Chaise, and the searching, as I do at every cemetery, for the interesting records of the names of the departed dead. Louis Napoleon was then at the summit of his power, and I admired his splendid equipages, the brilliant uniforms of the court guard, his fine seat on a horse, his beautiful wife and interesting little boy.

I listened to a good deal of music, heard Grisi and Mario and Guiglini and Alboni in *Il Trovatore*, and the great tenor Roger, and Madame Viardot in *Le Prophète*, whom I remember especially in the thrilling scene where the Prophet, at the bidding of the Anabaptists, denies his mother. Never can I forget the overwhelming intensity with which the great singer sobbed out, "Ah, mon fils !" Also numerous concerts, and excursions to hear the great orator Coquelin, father of the actors, preach.

I came back at the beginning of the summer session, and found that Syme had given me the much-coveted post of supernumerary, a sort of understudy to the house surgeon, entailing special charge of the instruments and the responsibility of handing them to the surgeon during the operation. In August the British Medical Association came to Edinburgh, and was presided over by Christison. One

of the leading attractions was to be a clinical lecture by Syme. In the course of it, he had to perform his operation of excision of the tongue ; and, as ligatures had to be tied low down in the vocal cavity, I remember Gourley, the house surgeon, practising in a hat to get over the difficulty. Then came the Professor's celebrated operation of amputation of the foot at the ankle-joint, and an awkward thing happened which might have been disastrous. Syme's sight was getting a little uncertain, but, like many others, he did not like to admit any falling off, and he never wore glasses. At one stage of the operation the disarticulation of the bones has to be done, and Syme tried over and over again to hit off the right line. Things were getting serious when Gourley saved the situation by running his nail along the track, and the knife soon followed, much to the relief of the immediate onlookers.

The 1st of August, "capping day," now drew near, and I had to prepare my thesis, happily no longer in Latin as formerly. I took for my subject the parasitic diseases of the skin, with special reference to their treatment by epilation. These exercises had to be defended publicly before the professors, and I was stumped by Bennett, who rather fancied himself in that speciality, and who asked if I had seen any cases cured, and I was obliged to confess that I had not. But everything went well and I passed all my finals, and at last presented myself in the big hall to receive the official certificate of my proficiency.

CHAPTER VI

MY LIFE IN THE GUARDS

BEING now dubbed M.D., the question came to be, What next? Private practice was put on one side, for my father had been retired too long to enable me to pick up the threads, and I was too young, both actually and in appearance, to hope to do much in that line at present. So, in family conclave, the Army was fixed upon, and I went up to London to face the examiners; and I don't think that I did badly, for there were eighteen vacancies, and although I had not, like some of the other competitors, had the skilled assistance of Power and Hind, the crack London crammers, but only had my own reading to depend on, I came out fourth, a Dubliner being first, a Londoner second, and then came three Edinburgh graduates like myself. Next I had a further period of probation at Fort Pitt, Chatham, where we rambled about dreary wards, seeing chronic cases, were subject to no kind of supervision, and as medical candidates were treated quite as another order of the mammalia by the surgeon-majors and deputy inspectors generally, who lorded it over us in most superior style—always excepting one dear old man, Prendergast, who had been Lord Raglan's medical attendant in the Crimea, and who brought his body home after his lamented death. He recognised to the fullest extent the brotherhood of man, and I have always been grateful to him for it. There was another exam. before we were turned loose, and I then went up to see

Alexander, the D.G., a magnificent person who had served with great distinction in the Crimea, and to whom Syme had given me a letter of introduction. He received me most cordially, and as various influential irons were in the fire to get me a commission in the Foot Guards, I had to consider what best to do *en attendant*, and was offered the chance, which I gladly accepted, of joining the Royal Artillery. So I ordered my uniform and hied me away to Woolwich, where I was swallowed up in an enormous barracks and an enormous mess, where we fed, with unlimited beer, for two shillings a day ; but it was tedious work, and I was glad to get a change to Longford, though it was but a dull hole. On arrival I asked what there was to do. "You must go to the shop and spoon Miss ——," came the answer. Behind the counter there stood a really beautiful girl with lovely Irish eyes, a sweet smile, and the look of persistent but not self-conscious virtue possessed by every Mavourneen of the Emerald Isle. Not being a great hand at talking soft nothings to people in that station of life, I did not enter into competition with my colleagues and the young men of the village, who were quite up to the game. But I fancy she was looking rather above them, for one of her companions behind the counter, very inferior to her in personal attractions, had annexed one of our subalterns, and now gave herself the airs appropriate to her matrimonial rank.

The monotony of ordinary life was broken by perpetual feuds between the two captains, who thoroughly despised one another, and after a short stay a free fight took place between the military and the civil population, and we were removed to Clonmel. This involved a march of about ten days through pretty country, in fine weather, and cheered by constant hospitality along our line of route. Not very long after reaching our destination I received an invitation to join

the Coldstream Guards, which I accepted with some hesitation, for my life with the Gunners was very pleasant, and I was sorry to leave my friends. But, as servants say to excuse an inconvenient determination to leave a house where they have been well treated, "They want to better themselves," and "like a change," and so I went.

And now began a new chapter in my life's history.

I started at Wellington Barracks, and after a few days there, was detailed for duty at the Tower. Brought up as I had been on Ainsworth's picturesque romance and Cruikshank's inimitable illustrations, there was something romantic and fascinating about living on the very spot where so many stormy historical events had taken place. I was obliged to go up to the hospital in Vincent Square every morning, and I hardly know what I could have done without the penny boats which then ran at short intervals on the Thames, and which, thanks to the enlightened (!!!) policy of the Moderates on the County Council, are now conveying the peaceful inhabitants of Germany at far less price than it would cost the bellicose section of Deutschland to send their ships in a vain attempt to navigate the somewhat restricted entrance to Belfast Harbour.

One bit of my official life I regret, and that is the sanitary reasons which obliged me to recommend the closing of the Traitors' Gate, around which so many stirring associations cling, which have been commemorated not only by the skilful needle of the great George, but by a very fine picture by the gifted and prematurely removed David Scott.

The great disadvantage of being quartered in the Tower was that the gates were closed at twelve, unless by special arrangement with the warder in attendance, when another hour or two might be granted. Once I had just arrived in time to be too late, and the retreating back of the warder

was revealed to me, a disconsolate medical Peri at the gate of Paradise. So I had to hie me to the neighbouring Bridge House Hotel, where they did not seem specially keen to take in a man in evening dress with no baggage ; but a little explanation made matters all right. And next morning, on slipping in to see the men reporting themselves sick at eight o'clock, I found that a man who like myself had been shut out, with greater pluck, tried to surmount the difficulty by scaling the walls, and had fallen down and broken his leg, but luckily outside. What would have happened if he had chanced to flop down "within the city walls," "the Lord only knows," to use a proverbial expression. It was probably well for me that the experiment was not often tried.

There was a mess at the Tower, which gave one the opportunity of corporate life, and of making friends with one's brother officers, which the customary regimental life of the Guards did not afford. In an ordinary way, save at Dublin and Windsor, there was no mess, and most of the officers who had homes lived at them ; so very few, except the adjutant and officer on duty, lived in barracks ; therefore one seldom met them, and as they had their own circle of friends among the "Upper Crust," they had not much time to attend to the doctor, who was not exactly of their caste, civil and pleasant though they always were when we met. So I was much thrown on my own resources, and found it uphill work making up one's own circle of friends. Dancing proved a great resource and an excellent introduction, and as I was always a good waltzer I soon grew to know a number of ball-giving people, and eventually was promoted to the dinner list. Some friends who were exceptionally hospitable will always remain enshrined in grateful memory. First and foremost I place the late Dr Forbes Winslow, at whose house

in Cavendish Square I was a frequent guest, and where there always was a Sunday dinner open to all his intimates. His son Littleton, in charge of the asylum at Hammer-smith, also dispensed a cheerful and abundant hospitality, and we sat down along with a select band of lunatics of the most harmless kind, one of whom, a retired captain, was specially gratified at being privileged to carve, very skilfully, the family joint of beef. In the adjoining establishment I frequently saw conducted with swiftness and decency that forcible feeding which has so greatly disturbed the equanimity of militant suffragists, and wasted so much of the time of Parliament in futile questions and debates.

I was pretty much my own master after my work was done, and never had the terrible experience I had at Woolwich, where I was strictly confined to the hospital for a whole week, doing orderly duty ; and I found it of great service afterwards to have had the run of the hospitals and medical societies, and to be able to make the acquaintance of the leading doctors, and to keep myself thoroughly up to date professionally.

Guardsmen seem to have a remarkable prepossession for clubs, just as some individuals take a special pleasure in belonging to as many as possible, and pass most of their waking hours in sauntering from one to another and retailing to the "bow-windowed quidnuncs" of St James's or Trafalgar Square the good stories they have brought from Pall Mall or Piccadilly. The annual subscription to these varied places must eat a considerable hole in a moderate income ; but the great advantage of living in London is that you may have a garret near the sky, and, giving your address at some fashionable haunt of fashion or science, you may pose as an eligible *parti* on a very moderate income. If you are well looking and connected

and intelligent and civil, very little return will be expected for the large range of hospitality you enjoy in town and country.

In those early days, before either of us had joined a club, my colleague Myers and I used to dine at various places, until our knowledge of where to get the biggest feed for the smallest price became extensive and peculiar. I used to be fond of old Simpson's in the Strand, and it was a liberal education to see the saddles of mutton wheeled from cubicle to cubicle, and most artistic slices cut with magnificent knives by the white-coated carvers.

A pint of beer or stout was my habitual beverage, for economy had to be exercised ; but on great occasions a glass or two of the "Knights'" port was added as a special luxury. These gentlemen formed a sort of club who dined every night at a round table and were christened after King Arthur's team, and their own particular brand of beeswing was decanted with loving care, and sipped with appreciative gusto by the experienced lips of the habitués.

The Cock, with all its historic and poetical allusions, used to tempt me sometimes, and there was a sort of bohemian smack about its cheerless boxes and sanded floors, which appealed to the imagination of one who was, or recently had been, "a young man from the country." Chops and steaks and kidneys, and Guinness from the pewter, sometimes led up to a request that the stout head waiter should bring us "a pint of port," or, to use Thackeray's excellent phrase, wine "fit for the gills of a bishop."

The Wellington, planted on the site of Crockford's, and now occupied by the Devonshire Club, and the London in Fleet Street, just above Temple Bar, were more pretentiously established, but somehow they never seemed to catch on. The Cheshire Cheese was redolent of memories of Johnson, of Goldsmith, and the select circle who were bullied

by "Ursa Major"; and sometimes I would find myself at Billingsgate, where a well-cooked fish dinner of many courses could be consumed for 1s. 9d., and followed by a jorum of Eden's most insinuating old English punch.

The somewhat frigid respectability of clubs put a stop to all this peripatetic browsing, and I first joined the Junior United Service, the second oldest military club in London, and an offshoot from the Senior. After I got into Parliament I joined the Reform, and, not being aware of the rule by which members of Parliament take precedence at the ballot, I was rather disconcerted by being called upon to pay £40 entrance and £10 annually within a few months of being entered on the books. I was then told that it was necessary to belong to Brooks's, and my proposer told me that it would be prudent to conceal my connection with the medical profession, lest the suspicion of doing useful work in the world, outside politics, should outrage the delicate social susceptibility of my future associates.

There was no special objection taken to my election, invariably critical, because of two blackballs excluding; but I very soon made up my mind that it was not my line of country, to use a familiar phrase. I only sat there once, when I sat between two great Whig peers, who looked at me over their French novels and their champagne as though I belonged to a different species of the mammalia, because, having tumbled in suddenly from the House, I was not in what penny-a-liners call "faultless evening dress." My dinner cost me exactly double the amount I would have paid for it at the Reform.

Dining at the historical institution in St James's Street has been compared with partaking of that meal in a nobleman's house with the host lying dead upstairs, and I soon came to the conclusion that I could spend £11 a year better than by belonging to this club, which I hardly ever used.

I was an original member of the Caledonian Club and served on its first committee, and I also belonged to that most useful place, the National Liberal, so admirably managed by my old friend Donald Murray, and only gave it up when my connection with active politics ceased, and my absences in the country became more prolonged.

I have also the Scottish Liberal Club, a very convenient centre and rallying-point for the advanced opinions of the North, and the Royal Northern Club in Aberdeen, which is entirely detached from politics, and where I meet and chaff with my official foes, but warm personal friends, and stay when it is convenient, with complete home comfort.

When my rota of service settled me at Aldershot, my life there consisted in going to the rifle-ranges every day and looking out for accidents which never happened. The *tedium vitæ* was relieved by reading novels in the open, consuming mutton-chops and beer at Tupper's pub., and taking advantage of the opportunity of seeing one or two sporting events. I just missed witnessing the Sayers and Heenan prize-fight, which took place in the neighbourhood ; but I assisted at a minor event of the same kind, and was amazed how any human constitution could survive the resounding blows over the heart administered by one heavy fist after another. Another revolting sight was a famous dog killing a hundred rats in a given period of time. I could not help admiring the workmanlike skill of Billy as he gave the fatal nips at the back of the neck with lightning rapidity. Nor can I easily forget the agonised expression of the poor rodents as, huddled into a palpitating heap in one corner of the pit, they waited their turn. Some of them made frantic efforts at escape, and one of the attendants told me that one day when he went home he felt a lump in the small of his back, and found that one of the prospective victims had crept up between his shirt and his skin.

In those days, at Aldershot, we lived in wooden huts painted and toned black, which were cold in winter and horribly stuffy when summer's scorching beams played on the roof. The neighbouring pine-woods were supposed to be occupied by a moderate colony of black game, and an occasional hare gave rise to the predatory instincts of Tommy and started a good hunt, in which the British Army was usually defeated.

We were honorary members of the mess of the Buffs, a very pleasant and hospitable corps, with whom we frequently exchanged dinners. Bridge was not invented then, and whist for shillings and half-crowns was the staple game; but on guest nights "Van John," as it was called, attracted the more adventurous spirits, and considerable sums changed hands. In order to disarm public opinion, the players called their sovereign stakes shillings, and it was currently reported that one of the Buffs won enough on one of our guest nights to buy himself a good horse next day.

I never cared much about Windsor, where I was quartered from time to time. The air was relaxing, the barracks were miserable, and the hospital, where I had to live, was fully a mile off, as well as being about as ramshackle a place as poor sick people were ever placed in to take the off-chance of recovery; but in spite of all disadvantages they generally got on well enough. We had, of course, a corporate life in the shape of a mess, but that only accentuated the social distinction, for the rest, when free from the not very exacting duties of the day, were always running up to Town, or boating or cricketing or hunting, amusements from which I was debarred by considerations of inclination and pocket. The people who came about the barracks belonged either to the "Smart Set" (a then un-invented phrase) or to the "Cringers," as members of the Royal Household were sarcastically termed. The only

amusing thing about the mess was the long faces of the establishment when Eton boys turned up in the morning, the tariff being one shilling for a cold and two shillings for a hot breakfast, and the sharp-set youngsters devoured all that was put before them, and a good deal more.

One or two big ceremonies varied the monotony of the scene: the 4th of June, dear to the Etonians, but decidedly boring to those kept by circumstances outside the golden gates of cherished memory; and the Ascot week, when smart London sent its male and female contingent to listen to our band in the barrack square, to feast in an enormous marquee, and to drive backwards and forwards with us to the course.

Well do I remember the agitating day when our team bolted down a steep hill, and just when I was looking for a soft place to jump from the swaying coach, our Jehu regained command, and we reached our homes in safety. But I have always felt rather nervous since then on coach-back.

I had the opportunity about that time of getting intimate with Frank Buckland, a most interesting and original personage, but singularly ill adapted for his position as surgeon in the Life Guards. He was always most dowdily got up; and having an invincible horror of riding, he would never get on a horse's back if he could help it.

He told an amusing story about a diseased salmon, sent to him by Admiral Farquhar for pathological examination and report. Unfortunately the fish reached its destination before the explanatory letter, and was appreciatively consumed by the family, happily without evil results. Which reminds me that my old friend, Dr Milner Fothergill, was returning on the top of a bus from the West London Hospital, carrying in his coat pocket a highly disorganised kidney

from a post-mortem examination : when he reached home his pocket had been picked.

In due course I was moved to Dublin. Oscar Wilde said he was disappointed in the Atlantic. The same feelings came over me when I got my first look at the capital of the Emerald Isle. I am not trying to make a bad joke, *à la* Douglas Jerrold—or was it Charles Lamb?—when I say that it looked as though it had seen better days. There was a drizzling rain falling. But the town had a deserted air, as though it was no one's duty in particular to keep it up, and as if money was tight, not too much loose cash about. The one remnant of former grandeur is the Four Courts, where Grattan's eloquence used to thunder through the air before the hated Act of Union made a junction not of hearts between Ireland and "dirty little England," and where the Home Rulers hope some day to revive the oratorical glories of the past—not, we must hope, in the way described by Healy. It is nearly as exhilarating as going on the Spree in Berlin to trust oneself on that magnified sewer dignified by the name of the Liffey ; and the whole place has a mean, out-of-date, deserted appearance, not retrieved by the somewhat shoddy grandeurs of Dublin Castle. English folly and jealousy have effectually crushed out most of the manufacturers, so agriculture and the professions run the place. The somewhat decayed county gentlemen, with lawyers and doctors, rule the roast socially, and I think the members of my own profession hold their own, and entertain and are entertained by the best. Wonderful is the amount of the very highest work turned out of the hospitals and medical schools with which Dublin abounds. The names of Stokes and Corrigan, Graves and Crampton, Butcher and Smith, and many others are recalled to our minds when we think over the proud and illustrious annals of the Dublin Medical School. I much valued the oppor-

tunity of making the acquaintance of some of these great men and attending their practice ; and I must also mention that quaint, dirty-looking man, Wilde, oculist and aurist, and as famed as an antiquarian as a surgeon, and the father of the notorious Oscar. They were all very kind to me, and I have specially grateful and affectionate memories of my dear old friend, Sir John Banks, who, with his pretty daughter, frequently entertained me with exuberant Hibernian hospitality in his fine house in Merrion Square.

Lord Strathnairn was also full of abounding hospitality, and hardly a day passed without an orderly riding into our barracks to ask some of us, frequently on short notice, to come and eat one of his excellent dinners at the Royal Hospital. I got my turn with others, and had some chats with the chief and his genial and accomplished factotum, Sir Owen Burne, whose friendship I retained, and whose interesting and varied career has recently been very well set forth by a capable hand.

The General at that time was getting pretty old, but we were then in the middle of the Fenian conspiracy, and we constantly saw cars going out in pursuit and coming back with their cargo of prisoners. The old war-horse, sniffing the battle from afar, was ready to deal with any emergency on the same active scale as he showed during his Central Indian campaign. Invariably at the same hour, about dessert time, the veteran fell asleep, and waking after his forty winks, he irrigated his face and head from his finger-glass, and emerged bright and brisk to resume his temporarily severed thread of talk.

The Duke of Abercorn was then Viceroy, and his big, high-stepping team of blacks never failed to carry on the admiration excited by his dignified and aristocratic bearing, and by the high-bred elegance of his wife and daughter, in

whose train we invariably found the gallant Field-Marshal. I took the opportunity of being presented at Court, and in due time was invited to St Patrick's ball, where I admired the now disused ceremony of greeting the debutantes with a formal kiss from the lips of the Lord Lieutenant.

The principal things I remember about the ball are the heat, the crowd, the number of pretty girls, and the wild scrimmage at the buffet by people who, from their frantic eagerness to get near the table, must have gone through a prolonged period of abstention from nourishment in view of such a magnificent opportunity for a gratuitous feed.

A very disagreeable duty I was called upon to perform, more especially at Fort Pitt, was the cross-cupping of men, with the view of marking them to prevent re-enlistment after discharge. When I was going round the wards with the surgeon in charge, he would pencil a cross on a bit of paper, and I then had to invent some plausible excuse for making what might, under the circumstances, have been considered an assault. Then again, when men were being marked with the letters D. and B. C., the doctor had to be present when a bundle of needles traced the tattoo marks which black ink was to perpetuate. These barbaric customs have now been abolished, along with corporal punishment, which I was also obliged to superintend. The scene was a dramatic one. The entire battalion was formed up into square, and the culprit was tied closely to halberts before the operator, swishing his cat smartly through the air, brought it down heavily on the bare back. After a few lashes the maximum allowance, and after twenty he was taken down, and the doctor had to feel his pulse and certify that rest could be safely administered. During the punishment the drums were rolled to drown the cries of the victim, and when all was over the facings of his uniform were torn



THE AUTHOR AS SEEN IN AN EARLY CARICATURE

By Mr. Harry Furniss

off and he was turned out of the square, dismissed with ignominy.

Another incident in my military experience—it occurred soon after I arrived at the Tower—was being asked to meet Gull in consultation on the case of the chief warder, whereupon the great physician gave me a cordial invitation to visit his wards at Guy's, where I had the great privilege of attending his clinique and admiring his wide grasp of principles, his rapid diagnoses, and the terse and epigrammatic language in which he expressed his views.

He introduced me to the late Arthur Durham, with the remark, "Wouldn't he make a fine Life Guardsman?"; and I also went round with Addison and saw Cock and Hilton, idolised by the students and author of that graphic classic *On Rest and Pain*. Get the early unedited edition, and you will read good common sense and shrewd observation written down in homely and most expressive language.

It is wonderful what an amount of epoch-making work, much of it buried, lurks in the somewhat inaccessible *Guy's Hospital Reports*. Bright with his well-known disease, Addison with his, along with pernicious anæmia, both came out of Guy's; also Astley Cooper with some of the greatest improvements in surgery, Gull with myxœdema, and his investigation into rheumatic fever. So-called cures for that painful and tedious disease used to abound—potash, lemon juice, salicylic acid, and, worst of all, garter blisters, placed round the affected joints; but Gull showed that equally good and even better results could be obtained by giving the patient mint water, supporting the joints with cotton-wool, and carefully regulating the diet. He was full of suggestive ideas, while his strong Napoleonic face and oracular manner brought comfort to the patient and moral support to the general practitioner who called him in.

At King's College there was the celebrated anatomist

John Wood ; Budd, the renowned physician, whose *foie de Budd* is so much appreciated abroad, and in whose class-room I saw an amusing scene. He read his lectures very closely, never raising his eyes from the paper ; and right in front of him were some students ostentatiously and boldly playing cards. I should like to have seen them dare to try it on with Christison.

Next come Sir William Fergusson and his pleasant daughters, with whom I always dined on Christmas Day. At his evening parties I met Toole and Irving, and, as the second daughter, Kate, was a highly trained musician, some leading operatic singers. Sir William was the most brilliant operator of his time, and the theatre at King's College Hospital was crowded on Saturday afternoons with a throng of doctors as well as students come from the provinces and abroad to watch the skilful manipulation of his unerring hand.

Old Munro, as we called him, our Surgeon-Major, was No. 4 of the brilliant band of anatomists who had held the chair at Edinburgh University in three generations, and he was a safe if somewhat antiquated style of practitioner. I remember how nonplussed I was when he told me to bleed a man for hæmoptysis. Curiously enough, I had never seen the little operation done, and I took up the lancet in fear and trembling, remembering that the artery lies just below the vein, and that too deep a dig might cause an inconvenient hæmorrhage. Therefore I made a very cautious little slit, and a very trifling amount of blood came out, so that I could not be held in any way responsible for the man's death, which occurred soon afterwards from what used to be called "galloping consumption."

Then came Todd, whose treatment of pneumonia by enormous doses of brandy caused such a stir in the medical profession ; and Bowman, afterwards the renowned oculist,

who co-operated with him in writing the famous *Todd and Bowman*, which introduced to the world some of the most important discoveries on the minute anatomy of the kidney and muscular fibre. At University College Jenner was carrying on those noteworthy observations which finally placed beyond all doubt the distinct nature of typhus and typhoid fevers.

At the London, Hughlings Jackson was coming to the front as a neurologist, and Jonathan Hutchinson acquiring by laborious study the vast experience in a wide variety of surgical specialities which earned him the title of the best general practitioner in England.

I gained a great deal of knowledge in the Guards, for a considerable range of diseases came under my treatment in the hospital, and the care of the women and children usually devolved on me. I remember on one occasion, during an epidemic of measles of a peculiarly bad kind, what noxious and continuous toil I was called upon to perform. All this, and the opportunity of knowing the leading doctors and following their practice, as well as the actual experience I obtained, was of enormous service to me when I came to tackle medical work on my own account.

CHAPTER VII

AT RUGBY, ABROAD, AND IN LONDON

AFTER nine years of work in the Guards, I was invited to become a candidate for the post of medical officer to Rugby School, and, being successful in my application, I now planted down another footprint in the sands of time.

My duties there were decidedly interesting; I had the medical charge of five hundred boys in the big school and at two private schools. I served under the great Temple, and his staff were all picked men of the highest culture and ability, senior and second classics and senior wranglers, with whom it was a pride and a privilege to associate on equal terms.

The work was variable, and so was the income; for in these days the doctor was paid by fees, and in a healthy term his receipts might sink to zero. The present system is far better, for the parents pay a certain fixed sum, and the medical attendant can visit a bad case repeatedly without the suspicion of wishing to fill his pockets at the expense of the patient.

My receipts were never very substantial, though I had two strokes of luck—one when I practically had to re-vaccinate the entire school during a small-pox scare, and once when an understudy, doing my work during a temporary illness, happily failed to recognise the infectious nature of German measles, and so spread an epidemic widely through the school, greatly to my advantage.

Then there were various distractions: many pleasant

dinners, with excellent music by that admirable artist, "Piano Smith," and Herr Petterson, a skilful violin player attached to the school; whilst Edmunds, the organist, would give recitals in the chapel, and frequent peripatetic bodies of singers and actors would visit the town, where they always got a good hearing. And as I was fairly young in those days, and a good performer on the "light fantastic," I was greatly in request at the numerous dances given in the town or neighbourhood in a simple and friendly way. Also I indulged in a little mild hunting, and, considerably to the disadvantage of my professional prospects, I always went away during the entire summer recess to shoot grouse and enjoy country life at home.

The Debating Society was amusing, held as it was under the presidency of the brilliant intellect contained in the handsome head and active brain of Arthur Sidgwick, who touched nothing that he did not adorn. Sometimes his diplomacy was called seriously into play, as when one of the boys, now a brilliant journalist, gravely proposed this as a subject: "That the Queen is an unnecessary appendage to the British Constitution." The most interesting part of the debate was the frequent appearance of Shirley, a born orator, with an admirable voice and style, and well-chosen language arranged with a skilful eye to effect. I predicted a brilliant future for him, but when he entered the House of Commons in my time he failed to make any impression, and died young before he had time to "catch on."

Although I never cared about soldiering, I was glad to join the Rifle Corps as surgeon, because we had pleasant Saturday outings, when I rubbed off provincial rust and made friends. And for the same reason I was a diligent attendant on the British Medical Association meetings at Birmingham, where I met the brilliant but erratic Lawson Tait, the shrewd and sagacious Baker, and the much

younger Foster, whose professional eminence has been overshadowed by his useful and successful political career.

At the school I had the opportunity of rubbing intellectual shoulders with men of the highest talent and culture, most of whom were successful and popular, and some of whom are now head masters, and good ones too. So I look back upon my Rugby time, brief though it was, with complete satisfaction unalloyed with regret.

My reputation was made almost the first day of my arrival. I went into the close during a football match and found a little crowd surrounding a boy who had dislocated his shoulder, which one of the masters was trying to get in, but unsuccessfully, by the old-fashioned means of a heel in the armpit. I went up in an authoritative manner, seized the arm, and by a merciful interposition of Providence, in it went, after a little manipulation, with a click. And not long after, the great head master himself, on running away from a football run, caught his big toe in the root of a tree and put it out, and it was no easy job, I assure you, to replace it. My successful setting of Arnold's cat's leg was also a feather in my professional cap.

Some drawbacks must be cited, the first and most important being the difficulty of persuading men like masters that medicine is not an exact science, and that it is impossible to tell absolutely what a rash may mean, or to what a definite class of symptoms may lead. I was taught a lesson on this by Temple. The very day I arrived, Yardley, the well-known cricketer, was seedy, and I was unable to give a dogmatic opinion. On which I was summoned to Jove's awful presence, and the head master, in his most abrupt and grating tones, snapped out: "You damage yourself by want of decision." After that I always assumed a confident tone, christened eruptions by some distinctive name, and in every case of doubt sent the boy to the

sanatorium awaiting the turn of events. I always sympathised with house masters when doubt was expressed as to the nature of a rash, which might turn out to be something serious, and, before full isolation had been carried out, might bring about the breaking up of the school.

Next came the really serious difficulty of finding out whether boys were shamming or not. I was always inclined to give them the benefit of the doubt, for I cannot conceive anything more galling than to have the accusation of malingering brought against you when you are really ill. I know I was taken in sometimes, but when I heard of any particular case, I always let it be generally known that such an act of deceit was a grave infringement of the code of honour and truthfulness to be expected from every public school boy.

Another great nuisance was the meddling of parents, but with them I was always very firm, and would never allow any interference with my treatment or absolute discretion in all matters of sick-room arrangement.

Temple was admirably described by the historic boy who said he was a beast, but a just beast, and he was absolutely venerated, though with awe. But I never liked him, although I admired and respected him ; for his manner was extremely hard and harsh, and he had an apparent want of sympathy which was quite contrary, I believe, to his real nature.

A general election took place when I was there, and Temple threw himself with vigour into the fray, talking violent Liberalism, and being backed up by some of the under masters, who got up on the platform, according to the local paper, and said ditto to him. As a result of this ill-considered action, when he left Rugby to become Bishop of Exeter, the Trustees determined to find a successor of sane Tory principles, and they pitched upon Dr Hayman,

head master of Bradfield, a dull man, who had published an edition of Homer encumbered with pedantic notes which obscured the plain meaning of the text. Not caring over much for the new régime, I resigned my post.

My successor, Dr Dukes, now on the retired list as consulting physician, has made for himself a distinguished reputation, and is not only the leading authority on the affections of early life, but has even invented a new disease. Whether universal gratitude should be extended to him for this discovery may reasonably remain a matter of local option in the way of opinion. He has also, I believe, been largely instrumental in founding the Hospital of St Cross, one of the most picturesque and perfectly arranged places of the kind I have ever been privileged to inspect.

I was determined to have a good Continental experience before settling down in London, so I made tracks for Berlin, then as now in great and deserved repute as a medical school.

Berlin, when I visited it, was at the pinnacle of its fame, and it was necessary for anyone wishing to become thoroughly versed in any of the varieties and specialities of my profession to take a few months there before settling down. To begin with, there was the great Virchow, *facile princeps* in pathology there as elsewhere, and as admirable a teacher as he was an investigator. I was afterwards privileged to make his acquaintance under the hospitable roof of my dear old friend, Sir William Priestley, and was charmed by his broad, sagacious face and friendly smile, beaming alike on the great and the small. How sad to think that such a brilliant and useful career should have been cut short by an unfortunate accident! For he fell in getting out of a tramcar, and broke the neck of his thigh bone; and as reunion was impossible, he had to take to his bed, from which he never rose.

Frerichs was big and boyish-looking, and lectured on medicine to large classes. His great delight was to discover that his diagnosis had been confirmed by the post-mortem examination, and after his well-known phrase, "Herr College Boch wird die Güte haben die Präparate zu demonstrieren," trays were handed round filled with specimens which we were expected to examine. Traube specially excelled as a clinical teacher, and I used to marvel at the narrow-minded obstinacy of the electors, who refused to make him a professor on account of his Jewish extraction.

Hebra, the great dermatologist, and Kaposi, his son-in-law ; and Privat-Docent Naumann, who gave an excellent private course ; Oscar Liebreich, brother of the distinguished ophthalmologist of St Thomas's Hospital, and himself a leading authority on therapeutics ; Langenbeck, the renowned plastic operator, fresh from his triumphs in military surgery—made up a galaxy of talent which it would be hard to beat, or even to equal. What is the most memorable, however, of all my German experiences, was the "Einzug," or triumphant return of the troops to Berlin after the conclusion of the war. About 50,000 strong, they marched up the Unter den Linden, and past the old Emperor and von Moltke, all travel-stained and weary, but triumphant, as they faced the cheering crowds of their fellow-countrymen, whom, no doubt, at the moment they feared more than the enemy. M. de Bunsen, son of the famous minister, kindly gave me a good seat on a tribune, and I shall never forget the enthusiastic glee with which my neighbour, the good Professor Blackie, received from my host's son and imbibed what he called a *kühl Seidel*, a privilege which was also accorded to me.

I paid a visit to the Reichstag, and was fortunate enough to hear Bismarck, with whose "bairdly" form I

had grown very familiar by meeting him almost daily in the street, address his brother deputies. But the result was disappointing, because there was nothing regal about the performance of that king of men, for his voice was thin and high-pitched, and carried no conviction with it, and, unhappily, I did not know enough German to follow what he was saying.

Towards the end of summer, I felt that a longer stay in Berlin might seriously damage my health, for the sanitary conditions were quite elementary. The principal river, the Spree, was a *cloaca maxima*, every street was bordered by a trickling stream of sewage, and stinks reigned supreme in the Tiergarten. So I felt it was time to be off, and after a little Swiss tour I made tracks for Vienna.

I don't know a more delightful town than the Austrian capital, even when I was there. Then the new Rings were only beginning to be built, and the real interest was centred in the Graben, or Old Town, full of interesting shops, new and old, and excellent restaurants where really good cooking could be found, in sharp contrast with the dreary routine of *Kalbsbraten* and heavy *Mehlspeisen* which the Germans force down our throats. The scientific side of the place has made little impression upon me, and I only retain vague memories of the gigantic Allgemeine Krankenhaus, with (I think) its 2000 beds, and its admirably arranged special departments, with facilities for learning something about everything if you are so disposed. The actual details do not matter if a good effect is produced, as in the story of the old woman who was upbraided by her minister for not remembering the details of his sermon. So she pointed to her yard, where some clothes were hanging up to dry. "You see these shirts," said she; "they have been washed clean, but none of the soap remains. In the same way, what you said passed

through my mind, and although none of it is actually there, good has been done, and I am all the better for what you said."

I remember the amusements much better : the Diana "Saale," where Eduard Strauss's splendid band played nightly, and where I heard one of the best of his brothers' waltzes, the *Tausend und Eine Nacht*, make its *début* ; and the Opera House, perfect both in arrangement and acoustic properties, to which I used to go twice a week, to the airy and spacious "Vierte Gallerie," where a capital seat could be bought and retained for the small sum of 2s. 6d. The principals were excellent, the scenery admirable, and with Richter wielding the baton the orchestra did its best. I specially delighted in the charming ballets, more especially *Fantasca*, where the handsome and elegant Viennese *coryphées* postured and pirouetted to their hearts' content.

I have never been a smoker, nor indeed have I ever had the inclination or the courage to attempt a flirtation with the Lady Nicotine, but on the principle of self-defence I often wonder that I did not take to it in Vienna. In the restaurant where I used to sup, almost invariably on a *Bouillon mit Ei*, followed by *Hasenrucken*, and washed down with copious draughts of delicious draught Pilsener, the air was so thick with smoke that I could not distinguish faces on first going in, and the general influence was decidedly depressing. Confirmed smokers are the most selfish people in the world, and will sacrifice anything, including their best friends or other people's houses, which they occasionally burn down by their carelessness, to gratify a craving which is apparently too strong to be resisted. Some of the smartest among the archangels or souls of the Smart Set, or some of these mysterious rings or gangs which honeycomb London society and give rise to so much speculation concerning their ways and means, some-

times even go so far as to take a whiff or two between the courses at dinner ; and although I am old-fashioned enough to dislike ladies puffing out smoke through their noses, let them do so to their hearts' content at any place except where I am eating. I wish some first-rate restaurant would have the pluck to prohibit the use of tobacco until, say, three o'clock ; for what can be more objectionable than, when beginning our second entrée, to have some big, bloated plutocrat puffing the " Stygian fumes of the pit that is bottomless " from a cigar about the size of an umbrella into our face ?

I was now joined by my friend Dr Perigal, whose parents most kindly asked me to stay with them at Rome, whither we proceeded over the Semmering, that grand snow-clad pass where the railway crawls like a fly along the most terrific precipices, and round apparently impossible corners, seeming to place the lives of us all in the most imminent and deadly peril. We survived it all, and found ourselves comfortably settled in a snug flat not a mile from St Peter's and the Pincian Hill. Now, no penalty can be too great, as I think I have already said before, to inflict on anyone who afflicts his readers with descriptions of the Eternal City, of Florence, and, worst of all, of India. The mere mention of the Taj Mahal should condemn the offender to penal servitude, with forced feeding if required. So I shall only say that I carried away a better impression of Rome than did the American lady who, when asking her daughter whether they had been there, had her mind steadied by the reply : " Yes, Ma ; don't you remember that was where we got the bad fish ? " Nor did I, like a poor friend of mine, realise the truth of the old saying, " See Rome and die." For he went to recruit after a severe and successful operation, and had hardly been there a week before typhoid got him in her grip and carried him off. Sanitation was then by no means so far advanced

as in the days of Horace & Co., and it was as much as one's life was worth to take a sip of ordinary drinking water. I made the most of my two or three weeks there, and appreciated the works of art all the more because they are not housed in long processional ranks lining dreary galleries, but are dotted about in churches and halls and various public buildings all over the place. When we have dislocated our necks in trying to see Guido's "Aurora," we perform a still more daring gymnastic feat in whipping up our rather sluggish enthusiasm over Michael Angelo's frescoes, or the somewhat hard and wooden "Transfiguration" of Raphael. It is, I believe, the correct thing to say that the outside of St Peter's is disappointing, but that the inside is overwhelmingly grand. I am afraid I must be incorrect and disagree with superior people, for it seemed to me fine from all points of view, though not superior, in my humble judgment, to our own St Paul's, the pride of London and Sir Christopher Wren.

Il ré galantuomo was reigning then, and a fine swash-buckler type of man he was, with his martial bearing and big moustache and Tyrolese hat, and his son Humbert, whose wild, staring eyes and startled look seemed to be anticipating the purposeless action of the human tiger selected to do the dirty and useless work of the anarchist crew. We attended a meet in the Campagna, and saw him, well mounted and full of nerve, topping the big stone walls, which were not much to the taste of some of his faultlessly attired followers. Queen Marguerite was admired and beloved by all, and in her sweet and gracious dignity and evident womanly tact she recalled the precious contribution made by Denmark to the stability and popularity of the British Throne. Meanwhile the silly and childish old Pope sulked in his Vatican gardens, out of which he has never moved since his temporal claws were cut, and the description

of whose daily life, and the intrigues and superstition by which he is surrounded, are so marvellously set forth in Zola's *Rome*.

After a pleasant three weeks, I packed up, took my ticket, and not long afterwards found myself sitting behind a brass plate in Brook Street, waiting with Micawber-like expectancy for what would turn up. Meanwhile, though patients did not come at first, nor indeed ever came very freely, I passed my time pleasantly and not unprofitably. First and foremost, I had to pass an examination for the membership of the College of Physicians, which was a formidable ordeal, for failure would have been disastrous, and the range of subjects was wide, and indeed absolutely indefinite. For instance, Latin was required, with Greek, or two modern languages, and the special books in the Roman tongue were Celsus and Heberden, whose methods of construction were so peculiar that a Cambridge Second Classic whom I asked to help me said he could not make out what they had written. So much for the usefulness of the classics. Luckily, I knew enough French and German to struggle through translations which were laid before me, and the rest of the exam. was quite plain sailing, though by no means easy, for it was conducted by practical men and not university pedants desirous of displaying the ingenuity of their own learning at the expense of the unhappy candidates. Sir William Jenner, as President, took an active part, and completely floored me by asking whether a child has a meso-cæcum (I apologise for using such a medical term), a little fad of his own, for it seems it has not, and the fact is not duly noted in the books. Still, I came through all right, signed a most imposing declaration, and was henceforward debarred from general or surgical practice, distraining for fees, or doing anything to bring this ancient and respectable corporation into disrepute. About five

years after this I was admitted a Fellow, and privileged to attend the quarterly "Comitia," where, under awe-inspiring pledges of secrecy, the business—if desultory and rambling talk about nothing particular can be dignified by that title—of the College was carried on.

Sir William Jenner was a great physician, perhaps the greatest of his day, but anything more hopeless than his conduct in the chair cannot be conceived. He was a man of strong will, of stronger temper, and full of antiquarian prejudices, which could not be shaken out of his mind, and I heard him say that he would sooner see his daughter in her grave than that she should become a student of medicine. He tried, and, I am sorry to say, usually successfully, to prevent anyone connected with the Women's School of Medicine from becoming a Fellow of the College. I remember rather an amusing incident happening to myself. There had been some talk about professional advertising, on which what I thought absurdly narrow and pedantic views were held by the *patres conscripti* of Trafalgar Square. So I ventured mildly to insinuate that putting one's name on a brass plate, or publishing an article or a book on some speciality in the medical press, to be afterwards announced in the columns of *The Times*, savoured somewhat of the practice which had just been denounced. Up rose the illustrious Baronet, bristling his tail-feathers like a turkey-cock, and with his bald head aflame with indignant fire, to denounce poor me with the scathing retort that he had never heard such disgraceful language within the walls of the College. However, he and I were always good friends, and I saw a good deal of him when he presided over a committee, of which I had the honour to be secretary, appointed by the Clinical Society to investigate the action of chloral.

Sir Andrew Clark was a far better occupant of the

presidential chair, for he was careful, methodical, eminently judicial, and gifted with a happy turn of speech which gave oratorical precision to all he said, and invested his annual address with a closely woven garment of admirable language, skilfully hitting off the character and describing the work of the eminent men whom death had removed from the college. His devotion to duty, which overrode all other claims, undoubtedly shortened his life, for he began his career as a *poitrinaire* and was given an appointment at the London Hospital because, they said, "poor fellow, he can't enjoy it long." And yet his brilliant and useful career lasted for sixty-seven years, and was sadly terminated by a "stroke" which deprived him of the power of speech, and clouded his last moments by ineffectual attempts to express or to write down his last wishes. Many stories of him are afloat, and the best known one is about the patient who had been prescribed an ascetic régime, and who, seeing him drinking champagne freely, and expressing his surprise, received the reply :

"When I go home, I shall probably have to write from twenty to twenty-five letters, and when I have a skinful, I don't care a d—— whether I write them or not."

I have always doubted the truth of this anecdote, for once when I was dining in Cavendish Square along with an eminent St Andrews professor, to try and induce him to become the Liberal University candidate for Glasgow and Aberdeen, and when he had given us some unusually fine claret, he said : "I know I shall be ill, for I have drunk wine to-night." And when I went some little time afterwards to leave a card and make the usual conventional inquiry about his health, the butler said : "Sir Andrew is much better."

The amount of work he got through was enormous. He wrote every letter with his own neat and legible hand, and

I have several times received four pages of careful composition about some comparatively trivial affair ; while on the evening I have already referred to, a perfect pile, flung down in the corner of the room, spoke to an industrious hour or two. But when could he have found the time ? He told me that the late Sir Thomas Watson, the recognised head of the profession in his day, once said to him : " I suppose you often see as many as ten or twelve patients in a day." " Sir Thomas," was the reply, " I never think I have done a good morning's work unless I have seen twenty-five." Considering his minute and conscientious care, it is amazing how he could have got through them all in the time. Then came consultations and country journeys and his hospital visit, with which he never allowed anything to interfere, as well as lectures and literary work, and then the affairs of the College, which, although not specially important, took time and arrangement, and were sometimes troublesome and harassing.

Sir Andrew's friendship with Gladstone was well known, and as theological study and speculation were his favourite studies, there must have been grand intellectual tussles between two such strong intellects when pitted against each other. Well do I know how much Gladstone missed his favourite physician when what I must call premature death took him away.

Andrew Clark always had strong views about keeping up the social prestige of the profession and the dignity of the College, and although he hated dining out, he made a point of attending a large variety of public functions and making admirable speeches with the fine delivery and copious vocabulary which always made him to be, like Chisholm wherever he sat, at the head of the table. I know, too, that he did a great many good and kind-hearted things, as the following will show.

He was once sent for into the country some distance away for a consultation. The railway fare was not an insignificant one, and when he reached the station there was no conveyance to meet him, and he had to hire one. When he had seen the patient, prescribed, and made his report, the wife came up and said : "Mr Clark" (as he was then), "I believe your usual fee is a guinea, but as you have come a long way, and been very kind, I will make it two." The kindly physician, who was out of pocket more than that and had wasted a deal of time, made no protest, and the good dame hugged the flattering unction to her soul that she had been exceptionally liberal in her honorarium for the advice she had received.

Sir William Gull was a genius who would have sprung up to the top of the ladder in any walk of life, professional or otherwise. He too was an ascetic, and believed in wine as the most suitable stimulant ; and he not only left behind him some really epoch-making work, but the biggest fortune ever made by a medical man—between four and five hundred thousand pounds.

Another great medical luminary was Sir James Paget, whose calm, thoughtful face, so full of modest dignity and a sort of eager anxiety, admirably painted by Millais, seemed to give added charm and authority to the words of grave wisdom clothed in the most finished language, and expressed in clear, rich tones, which made his public utterances so exceptionally attractive.

Sir Spencer Wells was then in full vogue, operating with firm and sure dexterity which completely commanded confidence, and enabled him to share with Thomas Keith the leading place in his speciality. I saw a good deal of Sir Henry Thompson in connection with cremation, in which he was a pioneer, and the success of which he ensured by his

cautious and careful handling at a time when medico-legal failure would have invited disaster.

His skilful treatment of King Leopold after other eminent surgeons had failed was an offset against the way in which the French surgeons were able to crow over us in the case of Garibaldi. He was wounded in the foot, and the wound not healing caused much worry and discomfort, and it was supposed that a bullet was embedded in one of the tarsal bones. A committee was formed to collect money and send out the best surgical advice, and Professor Partridge, the leading anatomist of the day, was despatched to operate if necessary. He came and saw, but did not conquer, for he returned to report that no foreign body was present. As there was no relief in the symptoms, and the patient went on from bad to worse, Nelaton was despatched from Paris, and by the ingenious contrivance of a probe tipped with porcelain, which carried a stain of lead on its surface, the diagnosis was as successful as the extraction which followed.

I was diligent in my attendance at the medical societies, of which I belonged to six, and to one of the oldest and most respectable I was secretary for several years; we had pleasant chats over our tea and coffee after the business of the evening, and there was a nice social gathering, called the post-pathological, which met in each others' rooms, and in this way I became acquainted with most of the medical men in London. Another most useful institution for this and other objects was the British Medical Association, of which I have always been an attached member. Founded about fifty years ago by Dr Hastings, it began in a small way, and has reached its present power and extent mainly through the devoted exertions of two men.

The late Francis Fowke was a man of strongly marked individuality, of strong will and unwearied industry, and he

was absolutely devoted to duty and to the interests of the important concern of which he was appointed manager in 1871.

Previous to this, things were managed in Birmingham, with the result that the balance of income over expenditure was only £30. The effect of the new broom was soon seen, for the membership rapidly increased, substantial balances of from £1500 to £3500 were annually realised, and the Association was able to buy its own house, pay off the mortgage, and redeem the land tax.

All this was done in thirty-one years, and after the lamented death of Mr Fowke, the obituary notice in the *Journal* rightly attributed to him most of this increased prosperity. So the self-denying energy, devoted labour, and grasp of all the details of administration which consistently marked his career were not without posthumous honour. Our friend was dry in manner, leisurely, diffident, and halting in speech, and he therefore frequently came into collision with the Editor, whose quick mental processes sometimes clashed with the slower progress of his colleague, whose good work and excellent qualities he sincerely and gratefully admired—and, as often happens, the tortoise not infrequently got the best of the race.

Ernest Hart was a wonderful man, who would have come to the top in any position, and who, I think, deserved to be called a genius. The fortunes of the *Journal* were at a low ebb when he took the reins into his capable hands, but he soon placed it in the first rank of medical journalism. He was exceptionally rapid with his pen, he had a wide knowledge of the literature of his profession, spoke well, and possessed great organising power, which consisted in knowing where to apply for information, how to use it when obtained, and, I am afraid I must say, how to claim most of the credit when things went right.

This last was his leading defect, and contributed to make

him unpopular ; but he did most useful work in many social and political directions, and had an exceptionally clever knack of arranging deputations and bringing the whole power of the Association, now numbering thousands, to bear on the authorities. He made several attempts to enter the House of Commons, but one or two mysterious incidents in his past life, which were readily explainable and easily understood, were unscrupulously used by his enemies ; and his advocacy of vaccination, vivisection, the Contagious Diseases Acts, and other useful things gave the cranks and pedants the opportunity of blaspheming, which they did with full-throated emphasis and vigour. I hold his memory in respect and affection, for not only did he do most useful work, but he was always a good friend to me ; and when, after some bit of unusual journalistic brilliancy which fluttered the cautious dovescotes, a sub-committee was appointed to supervise the editing of the *Journal*, he obtained my appointment, and for several years, along with the able and encyclopædic Donald Macalister, I sat on the box of the coach and helped to hold the reins. There were a lot of big men connected with the Association in those days. Wheelhouse and Chadwick of Leeds, Husband of York, Rumsey of Cheltenham, a pioneer of sanitary reform, Waters of Chester, were all outstanding men, and worked hard to place the Association on its present sound basis of popular recognition and professional respect. Its influence is bound to become greater as time goes on, as its organisation improves, and as it acquires wider parliamentary representation, and uses its enormous influence skilfully and well for the reform of abuses and the pressing of measures for social progress on the mind of that sluggish-working machine, the House of Commons.

I had a good deal of connection with the Association, including the honour of serving as secretary of the London

branch, along with my dear old friend Dr Patrick Stewart—an able physician, who came to London with brilliant prospects, for he was highly connected socially, as well as possessing the prestige of having first proved the specific distinction between typhus and typhoid fevers. Attached to a leading hospital, and possessed of a remarkably sweet and winning character, he literally had the ball at his feet. But invincible laziness and the possession of sufficient income spoilt and ended his life. He was a late sitter-up, and never could get out of bed till past midday ; and at last the convenient fiction of his butler that he was too unwell to rise became too thin, and a golden opportunity of brilliant achievement by one worthy of it was lost, and so he just slipped as easily out of his life as he had lived in it.

Afterwards I attained to the still higher honour of the presidency of the branch in Aberdeen.

My first public appointment was at the Chelsea, Belgrave, and Brompton Dispensary, and next the Western General Dispensary, an excellent and well-conducted place ; and then, having been introduced to a dear departed and most useful friend, the late Dr Shepherd, Dean of St Mary's Hospital, he obtained for me the appointment of Lecturer on *Materia Medica* in its Medical School. I thoroughly enjoyed the work, wherein I venture to hope I was not altogether unsuccessful, and one outcome of which was my little book on therapeutics, which ran through six editions. After this I became assistant physician to the hospital, and during six years continued the depressing task of seeing crowds of the physical waifs and strays of life, with chronic coughs, and dyspepsias, and rheumatisms—half-starved people whose appetites we stimulated with tonics, but whose vacant stomachs we could not help to fill.

During this section of my London life I associated

mostly with doctors, and very good sorts they mostly were, entertaining largely, wisely, and well, very intelligent all round, and delightfully "shoppy" when they gathered together.

The leaders were of course too busy to mix much in general society, but I saw a good deal of Paget and Gull and Andrew Clark and many others, whose powers of mind were such that they must have come to the top as a kind of intellectual *crème de la crème* in any walk of life they might have chosen; but the sad thing is how early some of them were cut off in their prime. Some people have said that the real danger to a doctor comes when he begins to keep a carriage, and stops walking. Frank Mason, Bruce, Callender, Maunder, Shepherd, Mason, Hilton Fagge, John Murray were all called away when they were just entering the kingdom which some of them had waited for so long, and three or four of our most prominent physicians owed their advancement to the premature removal of their leading competitors. For instance, Wilson Fox made way for Douglas Powell, Baly for Jenner, Todd and Murchison and Tanner left a clear field for others who were only awaiting their opportunity.

The Duke of Wellington once said that in his position of Chancellor of Oxford he was much exposed to authors, and I occasionally meet them too—not so often as I should like, though they get the reputation, quite undeservedly, I am sure, of being reticent in general company, lest pushing rivals should appropriate the pearls that fall from their lips and place them in a setting of their own. What we really need more than original scribblers, are patient Boswells who will hear, mark, learn, inwardly digest, and "clink down" with their "keelivine-pens" the good things their heroes say. Who would ever hear of Johnson nowadays if it had not been for the faithful spaniel who fawned at his feet and

more usually got the kicks rather than the halfpence? And other people, who have not the art of displaying themselves to the world by letters and diaries, luckily have some appreciative lover to blazon forth their merits with all the exuberant accuracy of a tombstone. Unhappily, I have never had the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of Anthony Hope or Barry Pain, but if they talk as well in private as in public, they must be altogether delightful people. The dullest man I ever met in a long experience of dull and deadly mediocrity was the late William Black, though I have been told that in the congenial company of familiar friends and a bottle of Perrier Jouet he could unbend and become genial and mellow, if not racking. The insufficiently appreciated Mrs Oliphant, who seems to me to stand far above and beyond Jane Austen in her subtle delineation of a very wide range of characters, might have an ordinary upper middle-class nature, with nothing but her bright and searching eyes to distinguish her from ordinary mortals.

I have already spoken of dear, delightful James Payn, whose infectious laugh rang through the Reform Club dining-room, and made one wish to be one of the sacred circle who colonised the corner in Wemyss Reid's days.

In a series of years I came across some poets. A Philistine who had once met an inferior member of that class summed them up as follows :—"Poets are short, stout men, with baggy trousers, who breathe hard and eat a great deal of gravy." But most of those I have met have been well groomed, prosperous, and almost too ostentatiously respectable in appearance.

Tennyson I never knew, but I often admired him afar when he was living in what he rather ungratefully described as the long, unlovely Wimpole Street—and I don't think he was far wrong; and once, when I went to Millais' studio

on his Show Sunday, I saw the great man standing alongside of his own portrait. There is a vulgar phrase current in Scotland that a well-nourished man "looks like his meat." Tennyson looked like his business, for there never was anyone who better typified the ideal of what a poet ought to be, and more especially one who was steeped in the mysterious and mystic atmosphere of the Holy Grail.

Browning, on the other hand, might have been a prosperous merchant, or a man of affairs or of science, and never assumed any airs of authorship or of general superiority, but had a kind and affable word even for insignificant folk like myself. I sometimes met him at the hospitable table of Mrs Skirrow, whose genial and gentle hospitality will ever linger in my grateful memory. And I once summoned up my courage to ask if the horrid story was true of the man who met a stag on a narrow path skirting a precipice, and agreed by tacit arrangement to lie down whilst the trusting beast stepped over his body. Just before it had reached the other side, his hunter's instinct got the better of his decency, and with a coward dig of his knife he sent the antlered monarch of the glen bounding down among the rocks. But retributive justice was at hand to punish his dastardly deed, for in its struggles the poor beast toppled him over too, and both were dashed to pieces.

"Yes," he said, "the story was a true tale."

I only once met George Meredith, and was fascinated not only by his personal beauty, but by his rich and copious talk. We were only a small party, and he held forth without intermission, and I once or twice threw a sure fly over him. For I ventured to ask, as the Poet Laureateship was then vacant, whether he did not think *The Light of Asia* a very fine poem. "Stilted prose," was the rapid and unhesitating reply. I did not dare dispute the matter, but my own opinion differs widely from his, for I think that it is a

beautiful story, told in beautiful language, and I have read and re-read it with the greatest possible pleasure. I sometimes met Sir Edwin Arnold at dinner, and heard him converse in a most interesting way, but mainly about himself—the subject best known to himself and most interesting to us; and I remember his telling us the Queen favoured his candidature for the Laureateship.

Another disappointed candidate was my intimate friend, Sir Lewis Morris, who thought that his political services, combined with his poetical merits, should deserve official recognition. I am a sincere admirer of his writings, and am Philistine enough to prefer his *Epic of Hades* to Dante.

I wonder if Miss Marie Corelli remembers a meeting on the Terrace of the House of Commons, when she made herself specially charming to members of Parliament in order to promote the claims of her half-brother, Eric Mackay. He was there too, and seemed a very pleasant kind of fellow; but the choice—for some reason that I fail to appreciate—fell on Sir Alfred Austin. I do not pretend to be any judge of the special commodity in which he deals, but all I can say is that I prefer his prose to his poetry.

Soldiers, and more especially of such marked intellectual distinction as Lord Wolseley, Sir Henry Brackenbury, and Sir Ian Hamilton, are often good company, and sailors are even better, but artists are the best of all. First and foremost I must place my old friend Orchardson, whose mind was as delicate and original as his brush, and whose varied and unexpected views and opinions, and excellent stories told in terse and picturesque language, are framed and hung up in the gallery of my memory with as much ceremony as one of his own inimitable pictures. Our mutual friend, Mrs Alec Tweedie, evidently sat at his feet to some purpose, and has Boswellised him very pleasantly in the *Fortnightly Review*. The late George Boughton could not be excelled

as a raconteur, and my brother tells me that once, when he was staying at Finzean, he would not sketch himself, but sat beside his colleague to watch his work ; for the best part of a week he poured forth a continuous stream of anecdote, told in most inimitable fashion, and perfectly fresh and varied from day to day ; and this does not exhaust the list.

I never cared much for poetry, holding with Carlyle that it usually tells in a roundabout way what can be much quicker told in prose, unless it were plain, straightforward things like the works of Longfellow and Byron, and Mrs Hemans and Scott, which some of my superior and infallible friends assure me are not real poetry at all. So, having been, like M. Jourdain, in the habit of speaking prose all my life, I naturally prefer that medium, and used to read in a voracious and omnivorous manner everything that came in my way. I am ashamed to remember that I greatly preferred the *Swiss Family Robinson* to its big brother of *Crusoe* ; for until Ernest, in vol. iii., became too great a bore, I delighted in the gradual development of the resources of the desert island, and the way in which the mother was equal to any emergency by a dip into her bag.

Favourites of mine are Marryat and Lever, and more especially all the Ainsworth series, placing at the top *The Tower of London* with G. Cruikshank's splendid illustrations, the originals of several of which I now possess, imbued as they are with the dashing go of Lever and "Phiz" combined. Cooper is of course dear to all boys, but that I have a feminine corner in my heart is shown by my appreciation of two specially charming books, *The Heir of Redclyffe* and *Misunderstood*, which I would never venture to read aloud ; and later on those exquisite gems of Mrs Ewing, *The Story of a Short Life*, and *Jackanapes*, and *Mary's Meadow* ; and then, of course, Hans Andersen, and

Grimm's *Tales*, and *Undine and Sintram*, and other weird products of German mystic minds. But foremost among children's books, in spite of their fanatic absurdities and doubtful morality, I must place Mrs Sherwood's *The Strawberry Gatherers*, and *Little Henry and His Bearer*, and *The Holiday Queen*, with the girl whose constant demand for things was summarily checked by a drive round London in a magnificently caparisoned chariot, depicted in a full-page illustration, on the understanding that she would choose something from every shop visited—and how, after selecting a diamond necklace and various other costly articles, she was eventually invited to select a coffin at an undertaker's, and how she burst into tears, and the occasion was improved by the inevitable prayer and hymn. All who are fortunate enough to possess the book can read for themselves. But the *History of the Fairchild Family* "takes the cake," to use a homely but convenient phrase.

Anstey, in a most amusing article contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, but which I have been unable to find, made most unmerciful fun of the book, and more especially of Mr Fairchild, whose only occupation apparently was that of "being superfluously good." Papa and mamma certainly did the best they could for the children according to their somewhat narrow lights, but considering the abnormal strictness of the parental régime, the continuous way in which they were prayed and hymned at, and punished for a variety of offences, it is marvellous how troublesome and naughty they were—stealing apples, and worrying the servants, and telling lies, and even getting drunk once on cider, and doing everything they could to annoy and discredit their pious parents.

Henry sternly refused to learn Latin, and I must confess to a sneaking sympathy with him; but he was absolutely boycotted for two days, cut off from all com-

munication with his family and fed on bread and water, and not much of that. Emily, who stole some damsons, and in trying to wash the stains from her frock got wet through, nearly died from a feverish attack; and after a regular free all-round fight, in which Lucy bit Emily's arm, and Emily scratched her sister's face, if Mr Fairchild had not run in and seized hold of them, I do not know what they would have done to each other, for when Emily felt the bite she cried out: "I hate you, I hate you, with all my heart, you ill-natured girl!" and Lucy answered: "And I hate you too, that I do." But Mr Fairchild was fully equal to the occasion. He first took a rod out of the cupboard and whipped the hands of the three children till they smarted again, then looked very gravely at them, and, still worse, cut off their provisions for the day, after which he invited the unsuspecting youngsters to accompany him in a country walk without his wife, who, declining to join the excursion, urged him rather meanly to take the children with him.

What followed shall be told in Mrs Sherwood's own graphic words:—"The wood was very dark and thick, and they walked on for half a mile, going downhill all the way. At last they saw by the light through the trees that they were come near to the end of the wood; and as they went farther on they saw an old garden wall, some parts of which being broken down, they could see beyond a large brick house, which from the fashion of it seemed as if it might have stood there some hundred years, and now was fallen to ruin. The garden was overgrown with grass and weeds, the fruit trees wanted pruning, and it could now hardly be seen where the walks had been. One of the old chimneys had fallen down, breaking through the roof of the house in one or two places, and the glass windows were broken near the place where the garden wall had fallen.

“Just between that and the wood stood a gibbet, on which the body of a man hung in chains ; it had not yet fallen to pieces, though it had hung there for some years. The body had on a blue coat, a silk handkerchief round the neck, with shoes and stockings, and every other part of the dress still entire ; but the face of the corpse was so shocking that the children could not look upon it.

““Oh, papa, papa, what is that ?” cried the children.

““That is a gibbet,” said Mr Fairchild, ‘and the man who hangs upon it is a murderer ; one who first hated and afterwards killed his brother. When people are found guilty of stealing, they are hanged upon a gibbet, and taken down as soon as they are dead ; but when a man has committed a murder, he is hanged in iron chains on a gibbet till his body falls to pieces, that all who pass by may take warning by the example.’

“Whilst Mr Fairchild was speaking, the wind blew strong and shook the body upon the gibbet, rattling the chains by which it hung.

““Oh, let us go, papa,” said the children, pulling Mr Fairchild’s coat.”

But not a bit of it, until the worthy man had given a long history of “that wretched man,” and told the shivering little imps that a similar fate was in store for them, if they did not amend their ways.

Another time he insisted on dragging them into a dead man’s house for no particular reason, except to see a dead body, when they perceived a disagreeable smell, such as they had never smelt before ; this was the smell of the corpse, which, having been dead now nearly two days, had begun to corrupt ; and as the children went upstairs, they perceived the smell more disagreeably, and then the worthy father, always on the outlook to air his superior virtue, offered up a prayer for a happy death. I think that a

request for a speedy burial might have been more to the purpose.

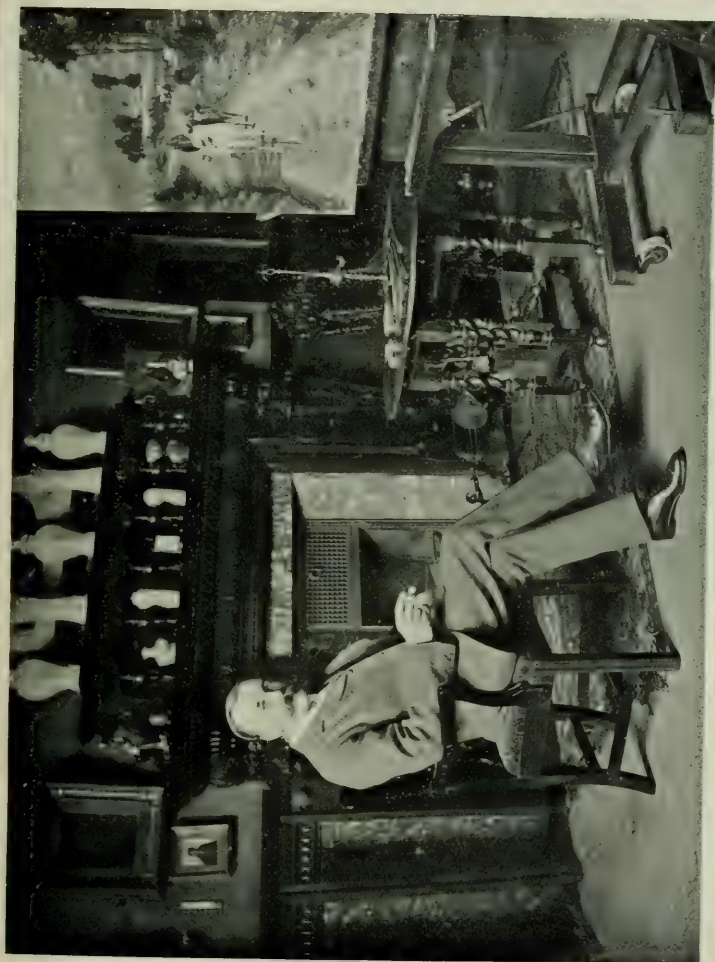
But the crowning point of all the varied history was the quite unnecessary death of poor Augusta Noble, who was fatally burnt because she was badly brought up by irreligious parents and a slack governess, and had committed the somewhat novel offence of being proud of a new frock.

There is a great deal that is harsh, cruel, vindictive, and absurd in this and other writings of Mrs Sherwood, but their general tendency is good, and, as I have already shown, she had a very dramatic and picturesque pen, and specially excelled in her descriptions of nature. As a critic writes : "One distinguishing characteristic of her works is the freshness with which English rural manners and scenes are portrayed. Her descriptions are redolent throughout of violets and wild roses, green shady lanes, and pleasant walks through woods and fields. Her children, too, are really children, not philosophers in jackets and pinafores."

CHAPTER VIII

MORE FOREIGN IMPRESSIONS

WHAT a strange thing sea-sickness is ! How are we to explain why strong men may be its victims, and why much weaker vessels go scot-free ? The most modern theory of its cause seems to be connected with some change in the tension or equilibrium of the fluid in the inner ear, and I am inclined to believe this, for once, when I was trying to relieve a temporary deafness by syringing, I suddenly became sick and faint, and the room seemed to heave up and down just as though I had been groaning over a bad Channel crossing. And the remedies suggested have been as numerous and varied as the explanations of its nature. Dr Chapman advised an ice-bag to the spine—rather a difficult thing to arrange on a crowded boat between Dover and Calais. Lie, as others believe, in the recumbent posture, with the head lower than the body ; a tight girdle round the waist has been confidently recommended ; and others prescribe sitting squarely in a chair, following the movements of the vessel, and keeping the eyes firmly fixed on a book. Some tell us to fast, others to take a hearty meal washed down by stout or champagne, and previous medication by pills or otherwise has its enthusiastic adherents ; and is not every druggist's shop crammed with certain cures ? I fear, however, that idiosyncrasy will continue to ordain that some of us, including myself, must be ill when the wind blows and the ship rolls and the ship heaves, so we



JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, A.R.A., IN HIS STUDIO

must bow to the inevitable, and bear with or without grinning a thorn in the flesh which afflicted Nelson, as well as many lesser mortals. Some unhappy people are even sick in a train, and others can never sit with their backs to the horses without being upset. I well remember the agonies both of anticipation and realisation I used to endure, in the prehistoric time before railways, when I had to go through a six hours' coach journey to D——; and I took full advantage of the steward's basin thoughtfully provided by my experienced mother. I fancy similar sensations will be an unwelcome addition to the horrors of aviation, for people who have been bold enough to go up in a balloon have described the feelings of aggravated nausea caused by the tossing and pitching, to which the roughness of a Channel sea is mere child's-play.

This may be the most convenient time to enumerate some other foreign tours, not in the chronological order in which they came, for they were sprinkled freely along my line of life, and usually at those times of pecuniary crisis, mostly caused by a heavy election bill, when I had to let Finzean and roam, a homeless wanderer, over the face of the earth.

Mürren in those days was a delightful place, with a fascinating wooden chalet pitched amid the most gorgeous scenery of the Alps, where M. Sterchi supplied a most abounding hospitality, and his two pretty daughters, after waiting on us at table, hung about the salon ready to talk reasonably or to flirt vivaciously, as best suited the quality of their guests. The favourite little tame excursion was up the Schilthorn, where poor Mrs Arbuthnot, one of the beautiful Miss Moncrieffs, was killed by lightning on her wedding tour, the sad event being commemorated by a very tasteful marble cross. I remember in 1884 very nearly the same fate overtook myself. On the memorable 12th of August

when a well-known peer was struck down whilst walking over the moors, during lunch on Peter Hill, whilst the thunder-clap and the vivid lightning-flash followed each other in an instant, and the heavens were like pitch and the dogs lay alongside cowering with fear, a big bolt from the blue dashed into the heather barely a couple of yards off, and buried itself deeply in the ground. Nothing could have saved any victim who chanced to be sitting there. And the self-same day my friend, Gordon of Newton, saw the horrifying sight of three men being thus electrocuted under his very eyes at the threshold of one of the leading agricultural shows.

It was at this time that my intrepid cousin wished me to accompany him on a little trip up the Schreckhorn ; but I knew my place better than that, and resolutely refused to have anything to do with this attack on the grimmest and most formidable of all the Alpine peaks. And it was well that I did so, for he came back with his toes frost-bitten and a terribly dramatic account of the expedition. They had found the rocks, pretty bad ones at any time, coated with recent ice, and every moment he thought would have been his last ; and it is quite evident that, if I had been with him, his expectations would have been realised.

I made under the same guidance another equally plausible, but unhappily also unsuccessful, attempt to break my neck, by trying to go up the Wetterhorn. The prospect of standing on the top of one of Switzerland's most renowned peaks fired my imagination and stimulated my ambition, and I was assured that if I ascended and descended without mishap I should be eligible as a candidate for the Alpine Club. We were then staying in the excellent Adler at Grindelwald and refreshing our eyes with the persuasive presence of ice and snow, and the probably persuasive personalities of the tall and attractive Miss Ritchies, whose charms were more

especially appreciated by an able man and skilful mountaineer and geographer, Mr Douglas Freshfield, who made his pick from the bunch and bore her away in triumph.

We started under the special care of Peter Bauman, whose strong face and steady eyes inspired confidence at the first glance, and accompanied by a select staff of *aides-de-camp* and porters to ensure rapid transit and the integrity of the commissariat.

The weather was fine, if threatening, and although I was determined to get a fair dividend of pleasure out of considerable expenditure of cash and energy, my nerves were a bit shaken by having to cross up and along a grass slope, one of the most fiendish inventions of nature for persuading the courage of timid mortals to ooze out of their toes. For it consists of a smooth lawn, as slippery as glass, and tilted at an angle of at least 75° ; and as it is impossible to cut footsteps, one simply has to dig one's nailed soles in at every step, and totter along until the haven of safety is reached.

About half across, we met and had a "crack" with the great Tyndall, skipping along with the activity of a goat, and looking, as he undoubtedly was, in the highest perfection of mental and bodily vigour.

After some snow and ice work of no particular importance we came to a truly awe-inspiring place, a gigantic precipice of limestone rock, round which we had to skirt by footsteps cut in the rock; and as the weather had now broken up, or down, they were filled with water, and seemed to me to give an uncertain and precarious tenure of continued existence. But, there was no help for it: on we must go, with nothing to hold on to above, and a yawning and terrific precipice below. But nerved by grim despair and clutching desperately to our guide's hand, we safely got round the *mauvais pas* and reached the Gleckstein cave; and well named it was, being nothing more than a sort of

magnified slit between shelving rocks, sloping downwards to the infinite below, and barely holding our little party. Here we were to pass the night—I will not write, to sleep, for what between the novelty of the situation, wet and chilly feet, a general atmosphere of damp, dark, and depressing desolation, nothing particular to lie on, a cup of strong tea, and the vigorous snores of my companions, I barely closed an eye (metaphorically), and felt rather like the hero of Victor Hugo's terribly realistic *Dernier jour d'un condamné à mort*, as I saw the chill beams of the morning sun furtively stealing in upon us through the prevailing gloom. It soon became time to rise and decide what to do, for it was raining heavily, and the mist was beginning to settle down on the defending peak. And now the order came to pack up and return to civilisation, for it would not have been safe to go higher; and although I was assured that we had done the worst part of our journey, I could not help a feeling of relief, more especially when I found, to my delight, that we were to come down by a longer but an easier route. So I never became a member of the Alpine Club after all.

Zermatt had its excellent inn, so efficiently run by Seiler, the friend of every Alpinist, and dominated by the terrible Matterhorn—which had not yet obtained its lurid crown of fame by the mournful tragedy described with such picturesque and unflinching realism by Whymper—and by the still higher Riffel Alp. The wooden shanty which then did duty for an hotel was constructed so as to record the barest footfall with telephonic accuracy, and sleep was actively discouraged, not only by the highly rarefied air, but by the energetic proceedings of the early-morning ascensionists, who in the very small hours proceeded to draw on their boots with ostentatious and noisy deliberation, and then to clatter their way downstairs with an apparently eager desire

to make their presence felt. George Eliot once said that some particular cock thought the sun got up on purpose to hear him crow. These heroes of a hundred fights with ice and snow evidently thought it their duty, then and always, audibly to assert their superiority to the ordinary tourist who feebly patters over some tame pass, and displays in the sweet security of his home life the alpenstock inscribed with the suggestive names of the perilous places he had traversed, and which, Othello-like, he loves to describe to some wondering Desdemona beside the domestic hearth.

Do not think I insinuate that all prominent Alpine climbers swagger more than other successful people over those who are struggling painfully in the rear. They have a right to do so, and it is acknowledged by their vassals. What I, and I think most people, object to is an insolent assumption of superiority on the part of those who have no real right to claim it, and whose pretensions will not bear a moment's examination. Really good climbers, if sometimes superficially aggressive in manner, are generally genial, pleasant fellows when you come to know them, and nothing pleases them more than to fight their battles over again in company with pipe and a cheering glass, and a sympathetic audience which naturally likes to listen to some veteran who has faced death on many a mountain-side.

I remember one night, when I was dining peacefully at the Adler at Grindelwald, our composure was abruptly broken by the dramatic entry during the second course of a picturesque pair, clothed in white with broad blue braid, and received with all the honours of war. Their general aspect and get-up had something dominant and aggressive about it, and one felt inclined to resent their intrusive invasion of our black-coated respectability, until we found out that they were really two very representative and distinguished mountaineers, whom we were bound to hold in

honour—Matthews and Morsehead : the former a most distinguished Birmingham citizen and ally of Joseph Chamberlain, whose acquaintance I was afterwards privileged to make ; and the second a tower of strength at Winchester, where he was an able and respected master for many years. I think it was the same evening that a quiet and shy-looking little man crept noiselessly into the salon, accompanied by a very fine collie. This was Coolidge, not then entitled to prefix Reverend to his name, the historian of the Alps, on which he climbed with skill and pluck. Hardy, too, the (I think) conqueror of the Wetterhorn ; Ball, to whose marvellous compendium of accurate topographical detail, set down with literary finish, all are indebted. Leslie Stephen was, I suppose, the greatest among them all, especially in connection with rocks, where his long reach and firm surety made him unrivalled as a guide, but whom I often used to see tearing about in London with rapid footsteps and an eager, chivied look, as though he were rushing to keep an appointment on the summit of Mont Blanc, and with an upward gaze, as if he already saw some shining virgin peak beckoning to him from her secure stronghold of ice and snow, illumined by the rosy tints of early dawn. When he married Thackeray's daughter, it was thought safer that he should give up the ascensionist line of business, and he wrote in the *Cornhill*, which he was then editing, the pathetic paper, "The Regret of a Mountaineer." My only regret is that I ever attempted to become one.

Whymper I also met, breakfasting with my old friend, Sir John Lubbock, as he then was. He had a strong and vivid personality, and I fancy I discerned in his eye a sort of scared look, as though his mental vision still sometimes saw the victims of that dreadful tragedy slipping down the ice-slope, convulsively clutching at anything that might stay

their progress, until they were decanted one by one over the precipice that yawned below.

Bayreuth is a notable memory, of which *Parsifal*, with Van Dyck in the title rôle, stands out most prominently. I do not suppose it would have the faintest chance of being passed by our somewhat capricious Censor, for in the last act the knights file slowly in and take the communion ; but out there, where we eat, drink, and inhale Wagner, and where even the irresponsible chatter of the irrepressible Americans is hushed into awe-struck silence, everything seems reverent and natural, and nothing but sound religious emotion arises from what is seen and heard.

The German Emperor was there at the same time, invited by Luitpold, the Regent, with a view to replenishing the failing exchequer of the Frau Widow, and processions took place to and from the theatre. They were especially imposing at night, when each postillion and outrider carried a torch, the effect being both weird and picturesque.

Now, readers, don't be afraid that I am going to say anything descriptive or critical about Wagner, except the observation that I am completely under his spell, and how tame and dowdy every other music, even by the great Beethoven and Mozart, does seem to me by comparison, when it appears on the same programme. But I wish to express my high admiration of the way in which everything is managed at Bayreuth. *Die Wohnungs Comité die unentgeltlich Functioniren* gave me an excellent room facing the principal square, and a cup of early coffee, for three shillings a day, and sufficient if somewhat scrambling meals were furnished by the restaurant alongside the theatre. When the act is about to begin a horn blows, and woe betide any casual or luckless visitor who is late in regaining his place, for he is rigidly excluded, and obliged to possess his soul in patience and kick his heels outside. So you are not worried, as in

England, by the hurried return of the cigarette-smoking brigade, who shove past and tread on your toes and ruffle your temper, or the still more irritating smart man, belonging to the same set, who keeps you waiting for dinner, even if he has the elementary courtesy to answer your invitation, and who strolls slowly past when the first act has well begun, and proceeds to divest himself leisurely of muffler and overcoat. One of these gentlemen was well served by the stripping process having gone deeper than he intended ; and his appearance before an appreciative audience in the decorative simplicity of his shirt-sleeves caused a titter not appreciated by the late-comer. Matinée hats, too, are not allowed to be worn if they obstruct other people's view. The lady who was asked if she would mind removing her obstructive head-piece, and who replied that she would mind it very much, would not be tolerated at Bayreuth. In good old England officials have to grin and bear the opposition of women to constituted authority and official regulations, but in Germany a much more wholesome state of matters prevails. Anyone who refuses to do what they are told by the attendant is just taken by the arm and bundled out, and there is no appeal. Any attempt to talk or make any kind of sound is at once checked by indignant "hushes" from all parts of the house.

When you go to Bayreuth, do not forget to visit Röthenburg, an entirely unspoilt mediæval town, where electric light, or even gas, has not yet penetrated, and the stink and the clatter of the cars of Juggernaut are happily still unknown.

After the *Meistersinger*, Nüremberg gains fresh interest, and we seem to see Hans Sachs and Beckmessers at every turn ; and then Dresden is not far off, and we should go to the admirable Belle Vue Hotel and the best opera house in Germany, and fancy we are in King Solomon's Mines at

the "Grüne Gewölbe," and sit before the Sistine Madonna, until its sacred peace and far-away charm are soaked into our inmost soul, to be gently squeezed out in fragrant drops over the arid paths of life's pilgrimage. Why do not Raphael admirers form a syndicate to buy up and burn all his pictures, except, perhaps, five or six? I would not exempt from the general conflagration the *Ansidei Madonna*, in which a simpering wax doll is turning away in apparent disgust from a *Bambino* which she reluctantly holds, and is flanked as supporters by the only redeeming parts of the picture, a Papal cardinal, and a finely painted and manly figure looking upward with an expression of rapt adoration.

It was about this picture, during a debate in the House of Commons, that the now familiar threat of an expatriation to foreign parts was used by William Agnew; whereupon Joe Biggar made the practical suggestion that the picture should be hung in the tea-room so that the members could judge of the quality of the article. And then came the division on the proposal to pay £100,000 for this and Charles I. on a horse—"and what a horse!" as the late Sir George Campbell put it; and having signed a petition in favour of this investment, I was morally obliged to give the vote which I have never ceased to regret. But we have since spent much larger sums to much less advantage, as I venture to think.

There is an excellent Zoo at Dresden, which I only mention to recall the quaint inscription on some of the houses. Over the llamas: "Achtung—wir beissen und spucken" ("Beware—we bite and spit"); and over the monkeys: "Achtung—wir nehmen und zerreißen—Hüte, Schleir-Tücher, Mützen, usw." ("Beware—we take and tear—mind veils, handkerchiefs, caps, etc."); "Sammtliche Affen" ("All apes").

To the *Sächsische Schweiz*—words which one must be

very sober and clear-headed to pronounce or write—is a charming river trip, and I was specially fascinated by the staring and unwinking eye-like windows of the little cottages and farmhouses sprinkled along the banks in picturesque sequence ; and then the Harz Mountains are not far off, and the hills and magnificent woods of Thale, and delightful, artistic Hildesheim, and the prosaic Brocken, and the burn of Heine's *Reisebilder* dancing and sparkling over its clearly seen pebbles, making up a pleasant blend of romance and poetry and fresh green nature, as well as patriotic fervour, for I dumped down into the middle of as great a war celebration as you can get for a moderate expenditure of time and money.

I should recommend everyone to go to Ober Ammergau. I had been pretty strictly brought up, and hated the idea of dealing so familiarly with sacred things, but I was speedily converted. Nothing can be conceived more strictly reverential than everything I saw. The villagers regard it as a purely religious ceremony. They take the communion before the performances, and look on it as the highest honour to be included in the caste ; and unless the modern swarm of tourists have demoralised the air, no better behaved audience could be imagined. Apart from the skilful grouping and dramatic significance of the long-drawn-out play, what interested me most was the extraordinary endurance of Meyer, the Christ, who had to remain suspended on the cross for quite a long time without movement, and who was attached to it by some ingenious mechanism, the secret of which is unknown. Most pictures, with, I think, the single exception of a small work by Vandyck in Dresden, make the spear-thrust on the right side. A learned book by a physician has been written to show that this is wrong, and that the description in the Scripture narrative points to the tapping of a distended

pericardium, which explains the water, and then the projection of the spear point into the heart itself, which accounts for the admixture of blood. At Ammergau the stab was sudden, and the weapon must have penetrated several inches, and the gush of blood was immediate ; and it was a marvel to me how the sad body of our Saviour did not flinch or start when the vindictive soldier plunged his spear deeply into his side.

To show how my own early scruples are shared by otherwise reasonable people, I can mention one really sensible lady who, after denouncing the whole performance, which she had not seen, concluded by wondering that the performers were not all struck dead.

CHAPTER IX

ON FINZEAN AND ON SHOOTING

ABOUT the reception of some family events it would be far better to make no affectation. The pretence deceives nobody, and is derogatory to the perpetrators. Frankly, there was great rejoicing at the death of "old John"—whom we only saw once, when he came as godfather to my brother, and who was so judiciously farmed by an astute lawyer that he never even saw his own property—and my father came into his own.

Archibald, the predecessor of the old man, was a rackets kind of person, who, succeeding to a clear estate and a good lump sum of ready money, lived fast with fast people like Lord Kennedy and Ross of Rossie, sold the properties of Blackhall and Glendye ridiculously below their value, went bankrupt, and died practically of drink, as a comparatively young man, the natural consequence being that the property had been let for years and was grievously neglected. On it were only two slated houses, and most of the rest were in a miserable state of repair. Every available tree had been cut down, nothing had been replanted, and to add insult to injury, a very large wood was blown down just before my father succeeded, and the profits went to his predecessor's trustees.

Of course, becoming Laird of Finzean made a great difference to my father. He left old Northumberland Street, and threw the brass plate aside with the medical

work, which, although it was conscientiously performed, never attracted his whole heart, and he moved into a bigger house in Eton Terrace, the first built of a handsome set of new houses beyond the Dean Bridge.

But although the property was a good one, I don't know that for the first few years the profits from it were very large. Harcourt's death-duties had not yet been dreamt of, but there was a succession duty to no inconsiderable amount, and there were some mysterious claimants to the succession and some legal proceedings in connection which cost money. I remember the shock we received when we first saw Finzean. It was a veritable barn, old without being venerable, and although built nearly two hundred years ago, it had none of the charms of antiquity. It looked dull, dreary, common, and depressing ; it was surrounded by the big holly hedge down which some of the roysterers of past days were said to have walked. All round was a bare, neglected garden. The furniture was of the most meagre kind, as might have been expected from a place in the hands of a bankrupt and subsequent trustees ; but even in his palmy days Archie never lived there, for he had a castle at Blackhall, where there was a racecourse and means of encouraging the sporting instinct which eventually brought him to grief. But the situation was fine : the house faced due south and looked out on the Grampian Hills, dear to Norval in the play of *Douglas* ; there were some fine woods about it at the back, and the row of big firs forming part of the avenue was picturesque in the extreme. So there were possibilities, which my father proceeded to develop. In the first place he raised the roof of the drawing-room and enlarged it by the inclusion of a bedroom, and decorated it so well that it has remained practically intact till to-day. Then bay windows were added. Since then I have made a hall with two bedrooms on top, and enlarged the dining-room, and put in

bath-rooms and more servants' accommodation. How the unhappy domestics used to be accommodated in the good old-fashioned days, or rather how they would put up with the accommodation offered, passes my belief, and I don't imagine their food was much better.

As for washing, I suppose in the days of our forefathers there was not much of that done, and perhaps they shared the opinion of some eminent doctors, including Dr John Brown and (I think) the late Dr Inman of Liverpool, that we wash far too much, and that our perpetual soaping and tubbing removes the oily resistance of the skin, which preserves from colds and chills.

I was rather surprised to hear that at Duff House, the lordly pleasure-house of the Fifes, there was not a single bathroom, and that the numerous guests, including at different times the Prince of Wales and Count Herbert Bismarck, had to content themselves, like humble mortals, with a more or less perfunctory splash in a partially filled tub. *Mais on a changé tout cela*, and the white elephant, being now shifted on to the somewhat unwilling shoulders of the municipality of Banff, is being converted into a first-class hotel, with all modern improvements within, and shooting, fishing, golf, croquet, and every conceivable form of sport without—all on a most liberal and complete scale.

In order to defray the expense of my improvements, including practically the reconstruction of nearly all the farm buildings, which are not finished yet, the place has had to be let from time to time. In Archie's declining days, when he was under trust and had sold Blackhall, he came to live at Finzean in a small way, and "Woodend," one of the farms, was the shooting-lodge for the tenants. But after my father's accession the mansion went with the shooting. The moor was a good one, and Archie had a great reputation as a sportsman, invariably, according to Roby, the old keeper,

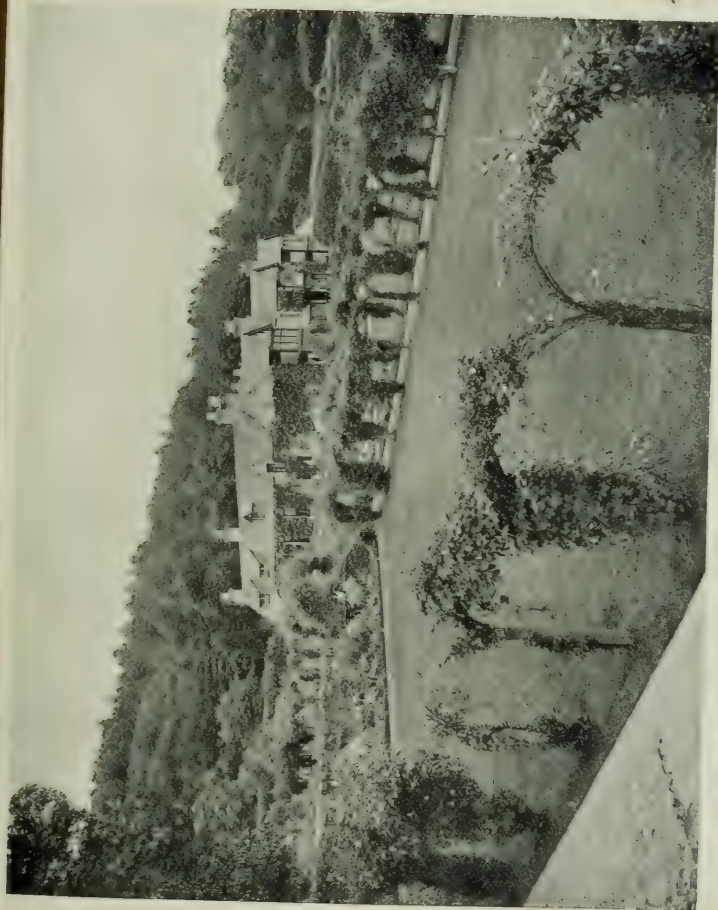
cocking his muzzle-loader and taking a pinch of snuff before the covey rose, out of which he never failed to get his brace. He had been a member of Parliament at one time, I presume in the Liberal interest, as one of his best pointers was called "Reform"; but I don't gather that, beyond making his maiden speech, he ever took a prominent position in the House. I have at Finzean a fine kit-cat by Raeburn, showing a fresh, jolly, breezy-looking man, with cheeks and mouth more prominent than his forehead, and betraying none of the ill-health which prematurely cut short his career at the early age of forty-four. His widow was a handsome, well-preserved lady as I remember her, who was very kind and generous to us as boys, and it seems quite possible that, if he had been able to put restraint on his irregular habits as regards drink, he might have had a son, and my career behind a brass plate in Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, although perhaps more useful, would have been neither so interesting and varied to myself, if not to the wider public whose sympathies I am trying to enlist, not by the glittering eye, but by the skinny hand, aided by the good ink of my old friend Stephens, tolerable paper, and a quite writable J.P., magnified into regal proportions by a touch of gold.

In 1878 my father died, at the close of a useful and happy life, which he left with regret, and I became Laird of Finzean. The succession to a property in the North is rather a serious matter. To begin with, the executors grab the first year's income, so that during that period the heir, perhaps to a large income, has practically to live on nothing. Then the younger children, under the law of entail, are officially provided for by intercepting, according to numbers, two or three years of gross rental; and finally comes the succession duty, which, though then mild compared to Harcourt's death-duties, meant a considerable money payment at a most inconvenient time. So for the first two

years I had to let the place and economise in every legitimate way.

Landlordism—to use a phrase which I detest, although I can hardly get away from using it—is not such a pleasant job as it used to be. Some years ago a most unfortunate Blue Book was issued giving the gross income of all the Scotch lairds, but taking no note of the expense of upkeep and the fall in agricultural prices. Since then our incomes have been assessed in popular estimation on the basis of the rents then paid or supposed to be paid; and many a struggling landlord, who can barely make both ends meet, is looked upon by the outside world as a rich man, and expected to live up to his reputation. In 1904 Messrs Blackwood were good enough to lend the hospitality of “Maga” to an article called “A Plea for Landlords,” in which I stated from unimpeachable evidence the case for and against them. I think I succeeded in showing that they receive scant credit for their liberality and generosity, and for the sacrifices they often make in the interest of the land and the tenants on it. The Duke of Richmond, in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Agriculture in 1894, stated that he spent in improvements on his Scottish estates of 269,290 acres, of which 49,000 are arable, £190,150; the reductions of rent allowed by him in fifteen years amounted to £100,000. Mr Muirhead gave evidence for Lord Aberdeen, who was in Canada, and said that the expenditure on buildings on a gross rental of £40,000 was, in 1893, £20,000; in 1892, £11,000; in 1894, £8000.

The best authorities say that on a well-managed estate the landlord should be content if he receives a clear sum of three-fifths of the gross rental of his farms, thus allowing two-fifths to cover management, renewals, taxes, etc.; and if he expects to pocket more than this he is starving the estate.



FINZEAN

A very liberal and progressive owner of land in my county tells me that in thirty years he has spent close on £45,000 on buildings and improvements on his property of 9000 acres, with the encouraging result that his rental from land has fallen £1000 a year. But, of course, there are compensations. If a man lives on his own land and does not feel the pinch of poverty too acutely, he can rub along with a comparatively small income. He can kill his sheep and game of all kinds, and grow vegetables and fruit, and exercise a moderate hospitality ; while his intellectual side can be fed by school boards and parish and county councils, as well as agricultural associations, and he can thus become a useful member of society, beloved and respected by all ; very different from the tyrannical parasite, so dear to stump orators in and out of the House of Commons, who is supposed to neglect his responsibilities and his duties, and exerts so far as he dares feudal oppression of the old-fashioned kind.

The barn-like bareness of the original house, which shocked us so much when we first saw it, has been greatly mitigated by bow windows and a handsome porch and abundant creepers, and the situation is unrivalled ; but the principal charm of the place consists in the garden being all round the house. In many more pretentious places, if you wish to see the roses, you must put on your thick boots and tramp along a quarter of a mile or more ; whereas in my humbler abode you have only got to pop on your slippers, through a handy door or window, and your nose is regaled with a sniff of heliotrope or some of those other flowers which, as Lord Bacon puts it, "do not hold fast to their smells." And then as you are coming home in the evening, if you have arranged your horticultural frontage in accordance with the advice of that sagacious observer, a most soothing and domestic blend of varied perfumes comes to meet you,

and persuades you, if you need persuading, that even if you have had the opportunity of roaming 'mid pleasures and palaces, there is no place like home.

Here is the sonnet composed by my cousin, the Rev. J. Robertson, and published in his volume *Arachnia* :—

FINZEAN

How dark the night, how deep the garden glooms !
 No spirit of the midnight breathing nigh
 Uplifts the heavy odour of the rose
 And jessamine, that languidly repose,
 Nestling about the casement as I peer.
 Compact, end on in the mirk there dimly looms
 The close-shorn holly of a century,
 As though, heeled over on an alien strand,
 Some storm-wrecked barque had sought eternal rest.
 No fall nor rustle touches the strained ear,
 Save where a lone shriek borne from the owl i' the west
 Rings out to Clach na ben and frets the sleeping land.

Private theatricals are, as a rule, more amusing to the performers than to the audience, for people get very intimate behind the scenes, and love-making on the stage is sometimes followed by the real article off. I once—who has not ?—played either Box or Cox, I forget which, and was cast for the part of Lady Randolph in the tragedy of *Douglas*. This melancholy widow, clad in the deepest of weeds, gives an appropriate send-off to the depressing drama by a long soliloquy, in which she informs the audience that “the woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom accords with my soul’s sadness and calls forth the voice of sorrow from my bursting heart.” It was in this play that the hero made his famous declaration, “My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills,” and was once met by the disconcerting interpolation, “What would it have been anywhere else ?” But, unluckily for my chances of histrionic distinction, when I had become letter-perfect the

performance never came off, and greatly to my grief I was obliged to nourish my woes in secret.

I have a good hall at Finzean, as already stated, and "dramatics" are often held there. *Rob Roy*, *Cramond Brig*, and other good, old-fashioned dramas are standing dishes; and there are some fairly good actors, notably Shaw, the blacksmith, and a former tenant, who had a real talent for comedy. My neighbour, Hay of Blackhall Castle, has always had a great liking for the stage, and could, I believe, have made his living on and by it, and his family inherit his gifts. He has built a commodious and well-appointed theatre, where I have seen some excellent performances, but which is not now as frequently used as I should like.

Another dramatic item of interest in any reminiscences of mine is that Macbeth was killed on my property of Lumphanan. This is admitted by Hollingshead, on whose chronicle Shakespeare drew freely, and who admits that the much-maligned Macbeth, who really freed Scotland from the rule of an unscrupulous old tyrant, after being driven out of his fortress in Perthshire and defeated at Dunsinane, crossed into Aberdeenshire by the Cairn na Mouth road, and was killed on the Brae of Stretham in Lumphanan. There is a most interesting memorial of the past in the shape of the Peel ring, an earthen mound surrounded by a moat where he built one of the wattled palaces—if it could be dignified by such a title; and it has always been an ambition of mine to get up a performance of *Macbeth* on the very place where he formerly lived.

Some distinguished people have expressed their approval, including Sidney Lee and Henry Arthur Jones; Mr Forbes Robertson has offered to lend me his acting version; and my friend George Alexander, whose Macduff was among his earlier triumphs, volunteers to repeat his performance

of that character on condition that I will play the Thane !— a pretty safe offer. But I am not without hope that if my ship comes in, or there is a boom in some companies that are now hanging like mill-stones round my neck, or if some skilful *entrepreneur* volunteers financial and practical help, I shall be able to carry out an enterprise which will, I am sure, give amusement and pleasure, and even may be considered to be of some historical and antiquarian value.

The closing years of my father's life were made very happy by his second marriage, which also conferred great benefits on us, for my brother and I have now all the comforts of a home "run" by a lady of great tact and social accomplishments, who can hold her own anywhere, and who makes Finzean—I flatter myself—not the least popular house on Deeside. And we have been privileged to receive a considerable variety of distinguished guests, who may be cited, not out of snobbery, but to recall some hours that must have been more delightful to the host than to any visitors. To mention but a few at random : Lord Aberdeen and Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Lord Shaw and T. W. Russell, Sir Edward Ward and George Alexander, Orchardson and Sir George Reid, David Murray and Lord Sempill, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman and Marshall Lang, James Bryce, Peter Graham, and Linley Sambourne, with ever so many more. What memories of long talks are conjured up ! Would that the walls had concealed phonographs ! As for my guests of the other sex, I am figuratively at all their feet. The visits of angels must be remembered, not recorded.

I have always been fond of shooting, and I am old-fashioned enough to like "dogging," so I always keep a good kennel of pointers ; and I thoroughly enjoy seeing them do their work, ranging freely and boldly over the

ground, and standing with rigid tail and uplifted paw when their nose warns them to be on the *qui vive*. What can be pleasanter or more health-giving or restoring than a ramble on a well-stocked moor, where the heather is in full bloom, and its delicious scent is borne upon the clear fresh air, to make us forget town life and all its worries? When lunch-time comes and we fling our bodies, just sufficiently tired to appreciate rest, on an elastic bank and open our flasks and our sandwich cases, and eat and drink moderately, with perchance twenty or thirty winks and a whiff or two of tobacco in some form, we are not inclined to envy the regal pomp of any crowned head. When the corn is down and partridges are finding their homes on rough ground or hedgerows or turnip fields, a well-trained dog sniffing about and picking up the broken remnants of coveys here and there, in an infinite variety of cover, will again give us keen satisfaction, even if we happen to be off colour a bit, and have not contributed very largely to the bag.

I am not insensible to the charms of a grouse drive, and there is hardly any more exhilarating sensation than to see the bold birds skimming resolutely towards us, and too often defying our efforts to detain them against their will. Although I am not a great hand at a battue, and often feel confused and bewildered when the air is thick with rocketers and my nerve is shaken by the difficulty of deciding which is to be the victim of my breech-loader, still I quite understand the fascination of a warm corner, and the stirring of the blood when the whirr of a well-feathered long-tail is heard coming towards us. I often pity hosts on these occasions, for things never come off as they expect: the weather, perhaps, is bad and the shots uncertain, and the birds go back instead of forward, and cannot be shown in anything like due proportion to the number reared. The

people who really get the best fun on such occasions are the casual guns, popular men who have no direct responsibility in the success or failure of the day's operations. They have the good time, unless they happen to belong to that fairly numerous class, who are the curse of real sport, and cause much trouble and annoyance—jealous shots, whose principal aim and object is to go one better than their neighbours, and secure a bigger bag than they. These nuisances have no scruple in shooting birds clean over your head, and rabbits at your very feet ; and when the beat is over their dog is trained to go round and pick up all the fallen stuff within reach, quite irrespective of who had brought them down.

I have never made use of more than two guns, and in some old-fashioned shoots you are not allowed, or at all events encouraged, to have more than one ; but the smart thing now is to shoot with three, and regular drill is necessary to make the loader, who can be a dangerous person if clumsy or nervous, make the change quickly. One of the crackest of modern shots was asked his opinion of a noted local who was held in high admiration by his neighbours, and the reply was : “ Oh yes, he's very good, but rather slow with his fifth barrel.”

I have always taken a great interest in grouse disease, and many years ago I came to the conclusion that it is a species of infectious or epidemic fever, depending probably on overcrowding and over-stocking. We always note that it follows a very good year, when birds are thick on the ground and large bags are made, that it affects one part of a hill and spares the rest, that the dead birds are often plump and well feathered and are generally found near water, that a seven-years' cycle of recurrence is always observed, and that the pathological appearances bear out my theory. I made a good many post-mortem examinations of affected

birds, and discovered a black and friable liver undergoing acute fatty degeneration, inflammation of the lungs, and punctuated inflammation of the intestines—just what we would expect in the case of a rapidly fatal febrile disorder. A highly competent committee, working on well-defined scientific lines, have now got the matter in hand, and have made some valuable observations. The inevitable microbe has been run to ground, and it really looks as though something useful were going to be done at last. But unluckily they have been able to get no actual material on which to experiment, for there has not been an epidemic of the mysterious malady for years, the reason being, I imagine, that the moors have only been moderately stocked of late, and the life-conditions of the birds therefore more satisfactory. In my own case the bags have lately been much smaller than they used to be. I remember when nearly 200 brace used to be killed on the 12th—and my brother once “grassed” 90 brace to his own gun. Nowadays we think we do well if we get from 80 to 100.

To show the rise in the value of shootings, sixty years ago Finzean was let for £100. Since then the same ground has been let for £1000, £1200, and even £1500, the very satisfactory lessee of that year expressing his contentment with his bargain in most cordial and gentlemanlike terms. That the moor is not a bad one is shown by the facts already mentioned.

Driving, from which so much was expected, has not done all that was hoped, and bad winters, with snow and ice at the wrong time, have generally prevented our getting heavy bags. We cannot dispute the evidence from Moy and other scientifically managed moors of the enormous benefits of driving by killing out the old cocks and cantankerous mothers-in-law and old maids among the hens, and so promoting the survival of the fittest. If we

cannot show the same advantage, it is because we do not go the right way to work. For we "dog" as long as we can, and kill all the young birds, and then, setting to work driving, we play havoc with the old and middle-aged ; and the wonder comes to be that there are any more to fill the larder, after the energetic proceedings of the first-class shots who abound in Aberdeenshire.

Roe deer were more abundant in the old days than now, and one of my keepers was fond of encouraging us to hunt them with beagles, of which we possessed two, Rigwood and Rockwood, whose "mellow bay resounded up the rocky way," to the accompaniment of his resonant and vibrating shouts. There was once a deer-park round the house, but of this there was no trace, and it was only "aiblins a transient brute" that occasionally made its way into the woods, and was potted by some agriculturally wielded gun, crammed with B.B., at a farmer's shoot.

Fishing was of no account then, and reaches or stretches of the Dee could be tried for almost nothing, with salmon "grassed" or "creeled" *ad lib.* at small cost per head. Changed days ! as many a depleted exchequer will whisper into the ear of a disappointed angler, who shudders when he calculates what every fin must have cost him when he comes to make up his budget at the close of the season.

Old Roby, the keeper whom we found at Finzean when we took possession, was a character if ever there was one. He was full of reverence for his past masters, but most merciless to some of the shooting tenants, and more especially to one, who for some reason had incurred his violent antipathy, and he held him up to odium in some most drastic verses :—

What others think I cannot tell,
But it's my opinyin that he came from hell.

And then, parodying the story of Romulus and Remus, and making out his *bête noire* was suckled by some kind of noxious beast, he went on to wind up in this rather effective way :—

From such a one the Lord preserve us,
For the sight of him really hurts my nerves,
For in his features I can trace
All the vile passions of the human race ;
It was thus his evil temper first began,
The beast was thinly plated with the man.

This redoubtable individual was not much of a shot, for he had a stiff right arm ; but he was great at trapping vermin, and his special delight was chasing the “berry-wives,” who used to come uninvited to pick cranberries, with his dog “Belch,” a large rough animal of formidable aspect, whom he used perpetually to call in these terms : “Belch, come in a-hint !” when he showed a disposition to ramble too far afield. He was himself a teetotaller, but as long as he could afford it he was fond of drinking “Old Jacob Townshend’s sarsaparilla,” and later on, when he got hard up, he substituted oil of vitriol in the shape of diluted sulphuric acid.

He used to tell a story with some glee about his only holiday, when he went away leaving Belch a prisoner in his cottage, with enough food to last him for a week. But the hungry beast, appreciating this unusual dietetic liberality, devoured the whole in one day, and presented himself on the return of his master as a sort of *anatomie vivante*, whose every bone could be counted through his tense skin and attenuated muscles.

We were soon provided with Shetland ponies, on which we rode over the country-side, Joey, the bigger, being absolutely undefeated, and out-trotting every other animal in the neighbourhood ; and on occasions we started a sort

of bobbery team formed of every possible beast we could get at, and on which we used to go out hunting, as we called it, galloping about, and jumping various obstacles, real and artificial. A joyous companion who thoroughly entered into the spirit of the thing was George Paul Chalmers, a lovable man of genius, whose brilliant career was cut short by a mysterious accident in his early thirties.

Roby's successor, Macdonald, was a pleasant and plausible Highlander, a good shot and the first fisherman on the Dee, throwing a marvellously long line and being very successful in creeling and grassing the "silvery beauties." Under him I attained moderate, and my brother Joseph much greater, proficiency with the gun; and we were steadily admonished by our mentor if we failed. "Mr Joseph, I'll tak the wheep to you," would follow any conspicuous miss, whilst loud cries of "Well shot!" signalised success. In those days the bit of moor called the Commonty was really shot in common between Mr Nicol and my father, and a noted performer, Robertson of Foveran, called the "Whisperer" because of his loud tongue, was turned on by the Laird of Ballogie; and then it became a race who should get on the ground first, and skim off the cream before the others arrived. Macdonald used to start about 2 a.m., and generally had his 30 brace before we came to join him later on. His energy was something amazing, and I have often seen him after a long day, shooting and working, carry home 20 or 30 brace on his back. Good bags were common in those days.

Muzzle-loaders were a great nuisance in many ways: first the powder had to be put in and a wad, and then the shot and another, and sometimes the inexperienced hand would reverse the order, and put in the shot first—and then the fat was in the fire; and in cold weather, with benumbed hands, the fitting on of the percussion cap was a work of

difficulty. After one shot had been fired, it was well to shove the ramrod down the second barrel, lest the charge had been loosened by the first discharge, in which case the bursting of the gun might reasonably be expected. Worst of all, when there had been very hot firing the barrels would get what was called leaded, and the ramrod would stick, and be recovered with difficulty. As usual with anything new, old-fashioned sportsmen opposed breech-loaders, and my good friend Crawford of Auchenames stuck to the muzzle-loader to the last, "because," he said, "they shot stronger," and defended his action by holding out that he could load as quickly as the new-fangled invention, which those who shot with him could see was a pure delusion. I got one of the earliest pin breech-loaders made at Liége, and always had great satisfaction from its quickness, cleanness, and super-safety; and now the ejectors seem to have reached the extreme limit of invention, but who can tell?

Some people never seem to be able to shoot, and that may be due to preventible causes. Perhaps there is something wrong with the eyes, and suitable glasses may remedy that; or the gun is not properly balanced or adapted, and a visit to a good shooting school where errors are corrected, and the opportunity given of firing at plausible imitations of every kind of shooting flight, often does wonders. I am so fond of studying the performances of a really skilled master of his art that I often neglect my own business to look at him doing his; and there is something very attractive in the almost mechanical regularity with which the pheasant, shooting up like a rocket, is made to come down crumpled up and collapsed like the stick. A friend of mine told me that he was invited by the late King to come to Sandringham and see Lord de Grey, as he was then, shoot, and he spoke to me of the unerring and almost magical perfection to which he had elevated, or reduced, the

science of this sport, frequently having three or four dead birds slowly descending to mother earth at the same moment, and negotiating every variety of winged movement with the same easy precision. Taking down driven grouse on a flat English moor, as they stream along with almost monotonous regularity, soon becomes a knack ; but I should like to put a southern "crack" on one of our northern hills, where you can perhaps only get a glimpse of the birds as they flash at you over some projecting knoll, or indulge in some of the complicated variations of flight encouraged by the inequalities of the ground. Driven partridges, too, are difficult, for they swerve to the right or the left when they see the guns, and sometimes turn sharply back, right in face of the beaters. The modern reared duck, too, takes a bit of stopping, for it flies high, much swifter than you think, and needs a good deal of shot to penetrate its thickly feather-clad hide ; and the capper, too, is very deceptive : although its flight seems fairly deliberate, it is really travelling at a great pace, and too often sails proudly away, ostentatiously oblivious of your feeble efforts to persuade it to remain. A woodcock can be the easiest bird in the world or the most difficult ; a snipe always puts a duffer in difficulties ; and rabbits, under conditions frequently met with in a Scottish wood, are about as severe a test of skill as you can readily find.

In estimating the comparative dietetic merits of game-birds, I will put grouse an easy first, and next comes a north-country partridge, which feeds much the same as its big brother, and shares its distinctive flavour. The pheasant savours too much of the poultry-yard to be specially interesting, and snipe and woodcock, so much prized by gourmets, have no attraction for me. They always seem to me to smack of worms, or rather of what I fancy they ought to taste like ; for, unlike Luther & Co., I have never had the opportunity of partaking of a "diet of worms."

Blackcock are rather dry and uninteresting, but the capper is the most underrated of his class. I admit that sometimes he is hard and impregnated with turpentine, but if you treat him properly, take out his crop the moment he is shot, hang him up or bury him for two or three weeks, cook him carefully—preferably by boiling—and serve him up with cranberry sauce, he is really excellent.

Tips ! By which I do not mean the sporting prophets, from Captain Coe downwards, who supply frequently fallacious information to the credulous, but that pest of social life, the microbe which honeycombs our comfort, and perplexes the nervous, and picks the pockets of the impecunious—the absurd custom of paying your friends' servants for services which they are already paid for doing. Things are not as bad as in former years, when no poor man could afford to dine out ; and if he did, a cheque to pay off the hungry retainers who gathered round to speed the parting guest was a necessary accompaniment of the invitation.

The nearest approach to the ancient custom is the terrible ordeal endured by the tourist on leaving his hotel abroad. The lounge is lined by obsequious servitors, some of them seen for the first time, overflowing with geniality, festooned with smiles, and filled with enthusiastic appreciation of past favours and those about to come, murmuring good wishes for a *gluchliche Reise* and a speedy return, and all, from the hall-porter to the lift-boy, parasitically eager for largesse. When travelling in India, about the only use I could see in the regulation native servant was to settle with the swarms of coolies and other gadflies who buzz round at railway stations and private houses, and manage to extract an exorbitant remuneration for services which in many instances they have not rendered.

Some hosts have vainly attempted to grapple with this

evil, and I remember one house in which notices were hung up in all the bedrooms, asking the guests to act as they were ordered to do in the Strand Hotel, and not to give tips. The same regulation is supposed to apply to railway guards, but the hand goes to the trousers pocket all the same, and it is followed by the expectant eye ; and there are no more placards on those bedroom walls, for of course the law was broken by insubordinate women and Americans, who think it a sign of racial independence to ride with high-stepping strides rough-shod over the social usages of this poor played-out little country.

Timid and vacillating people, of whom there are too many in the world, "funk" leaving a country house because they don't know when to make their contribution, and how much they ought to give, and to whom ; whilst hard-up young men who are asked down to shoot and flirt and do general utility are often prevented from accepting simply because they cannot afford it.

Lurid stories are sometimes told of the exactions of keepers, and some months ago a correspondent of *The Times* wrote of a case where a gun was kept back till the balance of an expected fiver had been paid up. I believe none of these stories. I have come a good deal in contact with keepers, and have invariably found them friendly and civil and obliging ; and if you are a good shot and play the game fairly, keep in your place, and don't make a noise or carry about a half-broken retriever, and if you show and express an appreciation of the day's sport, and of the way in which it has been worked, you will find that the "boss" will gratefully receive even a very moderate pecuniary recognition of his services. I find the best plan is to confer with my brother guns who know the local arrangements at the end of the shoot, and follow their example. But I always stick to my tariff, which is in general use in Scotland at moderate

shoots—and my experience does not run to anything else : a pound for a first day over the covers or a deer-stalk, ten shillings for a second day over or a grouse-drive, and five shillings for an ordinary rough day in turnips or the heather.

CHAPTER X

ON ABERDEENSHIRE PEOPLE AND ON THE FREE CHURCH

THE Aberdeen country people, whom I know best, are very hard-headed, hard-working, close-fisted, frugal, and thoroughly honest, fulfilling their obligations to the best and the last of their capacity. They lead what would seem to be dull and monotonous lives, but they are always ready for a bit of amusement, and especially for a dance, to which they are devoted, and which they used to do admirably until the modern pernicious custom, forbidden in some ball-rooms, of dancing reels like Highland schottisches came in. Even in the worst of bad times, when agricultural depression is at its deepest, they can always spare 1s. or 1s. 6d. for any entertainment that may be going, the arrangement being that the guid-wife stays behind to look after the house, and the husband and perhaps some of the children come to spend "the nicht wi' mirth and glee." There is a good deal of quiet visiting among them in the winter evenings, with a comfortable bit of supper and a cheering glass, and a game of nap or whist. I don't think that bridge has got through the upper crust. Our Christmas is not kept, but old Christmas is a week later, and the beginning of the new year, when, if you are passing through any town or magnified village when the old year "lies a-dying," you are compelled to call a halt and sip a drappie of the barley bree, which may get into your head or your e'e, according to capacity. They are a temperate race, these northern farmers, and although



they may, but not always, keep a bottle in the house to gratify their hospitable instincts with a nip "or a wee tovie drap warm stuff" and wash down the well-hained "keb-buck," they take nothing habitually with their meals ; and if sometimes they do "get mortal on market-day," that form of dissipation does no physical harm, and I have even heard people gravely argue in favour of periodical orgies of this kind as a form of dietetic shake-up. Happily, as I think, auction marts have now taken the place of the meetings on the village green, which, although picturesque and sociable, really wasted time and money, encouraged bad bargains, and caused the enemy to blaspheme by the disreputable sight of substantial farmers staggering—having, as someone expressed it, business on both sides of the road—or driving their gigs in tortuous progress, to the danger of pedestrians and themselves.

Marriages are occasions of great festivity. The presents—and very handsome they often are—are duly displayed, and a substantial meal, graced by the presence of the minister and perhaps the laird, is flavoured by toddy and speeches until the time comes for the young couple to go home. For, as in France, wedding tours, too often the starting-point of domestic discomfort, are unknown, and life is started at once in a practical manner, in the way that best suits their pocket and convenience. Funerals, too, are the means of a mild form of conviviality, for outside the house a table is spread with a white cloth, and whisky and port and biscuits are sedately consumed by the mourners to support them in the trying ordeal of "viewing the corpse," which is a very essential part of the ceremony. The minister then comes out of the house, all heads are uncovered, and he proceeds to deliver a usually very impressive prayer, half eulogistic and half consolatory, *en plein air*, and many colds are thus caught from the exposure to wind and rain. I rather

sympathise with Sir William Jenner, who said that "no one should attend any funeral but his own." The coffin is next brought down, placed in the hearse, and the mourners, formed up in procession, slowly move on to the graveyard, which may be miles distant. A landlord is expected to be present on these occasions, and indeed he feels it a duty—we must not call it a pleasure—to pay this respect to the memory of his humbler friends. Cluny, the type of a fine old-fashioned Highland chieftain, not only put in an appearance, but made a point of delivering a Gaelic oration, what the French call an *éloge*, over the grave. Thus falls the curtain on the last act of the drama of a human life.

The country people were aforetime, I suppose I must call it, less civilised but decidedly more interesting than now. I don't want to say a word against the modern systems of education, perplexing and somewhat contradictory though they are ; but whatever their merits may be (and they are doubtless considerable), they have had the effect of turning out a somewhat machine-made people, with the angles and edges planed down to a curious monotonous uniformity. When I first came to Finzean, the smuggling days were just over, and some of my senior tenants had stories to tell recalling Stevenson's romances, and the sites of the old stills were dotted about on the moors and hillsides. There was a most attractive ease and familiarity, especially about the older people, which I appreciate far more than the increased civility, I will not say servility, of the younger generation ; but they were then, what they are now, perfectly honest and straightforward, and desirous of fulfilling their honourable obligations as far as possible. There were no plans of campaign nor pieces of idiotic and almost criminal folly like New Tipperary to be found among these hard-headed and hard-handed sons of toil, who are far more dependable than the Highlanders, with all their plausible

sentimentality. How they manage to rub along in these times passes my comprehension. Prices are lower, wages are higher, rents have not been substantially reduced, but the farmer lives better, his children are better clothed, and he has always a shilling or two in his pocket when anything in the way of amusement is going on.

My own idea is that he now knows his business better, and attends to it more closely, and that he feels the advantage of getting his food, and his clothes, and his artificial manures and feeding-stuffs and agricultural machines, made much cheaper, under free trade.

My parish of Birse is full of good dancers, and I had a kind of glorified barn, known as the "Long Loft," where they were free to disport themselves at any time; and what a variety of scenes have taken place within these rough walls! "Dramatic" variety entertainments, in which Sir Home Gordon played an active part, showing great power as an organiser and stage manager, and bringing more music out of the banjo than I would have thought possible; penny readings, debates, concerts—everything, in fact, save political meetings, which, on principle, I never had so long as I was in the House.

But the greatest were the balls. The music was generally good and exhilarating, and the name of Mortimer the miller will recur to many frequenters of the old place, as a sort of local Neil Gow.

The dancing used to be most energetic, and at the end of the reel, a peculiar scraping noise on the fiddle told the dancers that they were at liberty to kiss their partners, an opportunity of which they were not slow to take advantage. But the Scotch are not what I would call a nation of kissers. They are slow, reticent, and do not wear their hearts on their sleeves.

Want of space was made up for by sitting what the

Scotch call "double," and the English "familiar"; and a favourite dance was "Bab-at-the-bowster," a figure just like that in the cotillion where the pillow is placed on the ground and rapidly drawn away from the invading knees—the prize being that you were allowed to "pree the mou" of your partner. The refreshments were somewhat primitive—a glass of whisky at the door for the men, and ginger wine for the ladies, and, at supper time, bread and cheese and bits of meat handed round in sieves, and beer and toddy in rival jugs. And the early morning was well on its way before the click of the latch announced the return of the roysterers to their peaceful homes.

Church-going was a work of difficulty then, and many worshippers had to walk from seven to eight miles to hear the Gospel preached. But when they got there they had a full diet of worship served out to them. The Rev. J. Smith, who was minister when we came there, was a worthy man of the old school, whose father represented the Church militant, as the following story will show:—Once he was insulted by some boor, when he took off his coat and said, "Lie you there, minister of Birse. Now, John Smith, come on"; and he then gave him a thorough good hiding.

He himself preached long and dreary sermons of the old-fashioned high and dry type, and his prayers were thoroughly conventional. One phrase recurred so frequently that, if any of us had not been to church, we always asked those who had whether they had the "filthy rags prayer." He and his father occupied in succession the same pulpit for whole decades, and he was succeeded by the Rev. Charles (afterwards Dr) Dunn, a cultivated man, who maintained a high standard of scholarship, derived from his Aberdeen arts course, where he cultivated literature literally on a little oatmeal—which shows the grit the students were made of in those days. His father was a tenant of my father's, pay-

ing about £60 a year. Charles went to college with a bursary and some potatoes and meal, and eked out his scanty living by lecturing and working at home in vacation. First he became a schoolmaster, and afterwards a minister, with much credit to himself and much benefit to his congregation. Long sermons were in vogue then, for I have heard Dunn preach for an hour; but the fashion has changed now, and from fifteen to twenty minutes is the popular time; and the old-fashioned precentor, with his tuning-fork and his strident nasal tones, has now been superseded, in every kirk that can afford it, by the very "kist of whistles" which was formerly so vehemently denounced, whilst the extreme and dreary hideousness of the bare barns of the Puritan days is rapidly giving way to something approaching architectural merit and refinement, and people are beginning to see that, popery or no popery, it is surely our duty to give as much of healthy and imaginative charm as possible to the machinery of divine worship.

By a strange irony of fate, the question around which the Church struggle was so furiously fought was not favourably answered until the present century, when a final death-blow was given to the principle and practice of patronage. When that was conceded, there would seem no reason why the churches should not come together again, and that was Guthrie's dream. It is about fifty years since he pressed hard for the union of the Free Church and the U.P.'s.—a consummation devoutly to be wished. And we all remember with holy horror how the seemingly mutual process of amalgamation was marred by a sordid dispute about money with the new "Wee Frees," whose claims were sustained by the, what I, with the irresponsible dogmatism of the amateur, call the most extraordinary and unrighteous decision of the House of Lords.

Whether these obscure and narrow-minded clergymen,

leading hermit lives in the remotest recesses of the Highlands, will ever be persuaded to disgorge the gains which are theirs by law if not by equity, remains to be seen—"I hae ma doots"; though what they can do with such a quantity of money passes my comprehension. And meanwhile the main body of the Church from which they seceded, as disapproving of the junction with the U.P.'s, has to depend on the precarious and rapidly diminishing pecuniary mercies of the Sustentation Fund.

Competition is of course a good thing in a general way, though it is questionable whether it is a seemly sight to witness rival denominations eagerly competing for the opportunity of saving people's souls from the rigours of that exploded superstition, eternal punishment. A peculiarly high and dry theologian called Calvin, who had, I believe, a meritorious side to his character and did some useful work, invented a system, the hopeless absurdity of which was only equalled by its unchristian fatalism, *i.e.* that we were all born damned into the world, and cannot escape from that awful doom by any amount of faith and good works. It is really amazing how any person could be found foolish enough to believe in such a preposterous doctrine, but traces of it still cling round the age-beaten pages of many old-fashioned ministers' sermons, and fifty years ago it was as much as your place was worth to insinuate the faintest flicker of incredulity. The preachers thereof were sublimely unconscious of the obvious fact that its adoption would abolish the necessity for their occupation, and that if, assuming the existence of a hell, we cannot keep ourselves or our friends out of it by ministerial exertions, the necessity for pulpit practitioners is obviated, and much time and money will be saved.

The duplication of everything except the clergyman's stipend which followed the Disruption meant, of course, a

great dissipation of energy, and we therefore often found two half-empty churches instead of one comfortably filled, and rival theological colleges with thinly peopled benches instead of one strongly going concern staffed by well-paid men and attended by earnest workers, free from the paralysing influence of denominationalism. It was thought that the Free Church, freed from State trammels and the firm grip of the patron, could keep a better hold over its ministers, and ensure that more devoted work would be done, than in the old days when the incumbent strolled leisurely round his manse garden, and fired off his solitary discourse literally over the heads of his flock, whom he not very infrequently only saw on that formal weekly occasion.

I hardly think these expectations have been realised. It is always difficult to eject a man from his nest, save for some glaring offence ; and people who are exuberant in their denunciation of the culprit in private talk show at times disinclination to verify their statements in the witness-box. And neither General Assembly is often disturbed by *famas* or *famas clamosa* against incompetent or vicious preachers of doctrine which they do not practise, and the deep fissure between the two sects seemed to give increased zest to the heresy-hunts which are certainly not the most creditable episodes in the Church's history.

We all recollect the Robertson Smith case, where the brilliant young professor was hounded out of his chair and practically to his death by fossilised pedants who did not know what they were talking about, championed, unfortunately, by a man who did know, but had not the pluck to maintain the courage of his opinions, and lead, instead of being shoved in from behind.

I recall the violent hostility I used to feel towards Dr Candlish, a very high-minded little man, whose mistaken sense of duty led him to persecute and turn out of church

a most respectable old gentleman of our acquaintance, who had offended in some mysterious way against the accredited theological dogmas of the time. There still is, I fear, a good deal of the spirit of persecution about, whilst the absolutely literal interpretation of Scripture is preached, and any critical attitude on the subject is resented. There have been heresy-hunts in late years which failed through the superior skill and knowledge of the quarry, and in my younger days one Church dictator made himself conspicuous among a certain narrow set of pedants by writing a thickish book to denounce organs in church ; whilst Dr Robert Lee was worried out of the comfort of his life because he had the audacity to use the printed ritual which was employed by Dr Boyd at St Andrews many years afterwards without protest.

Many of us are old enough to recollect the furious agitation which followed the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, and a re-reading of Bishop Temple's once famous contribution to the volume makes one rub one's eyes in sheer amazement, and wonder what the theological pundits of the time could find to justify the hubbub that followed the appearance of that very mild contribution to the Higher Criticism. There would have been real consolation for the worry of being held responsible for the opinions of his fellow-contributors in Hanbury's saying in a letter he wrote from Rugby in the thick of the controversy : " Temple's all right ; but if he turns Mohammedan, the School will turn Mohammedan too."

Also I well remember the publication of the *Vestiges of Creation*, and the careful way in which Robert Chambers's authorship was concealed from the Edinburgh public, who would soon have made his native place too hot to hold him.

Home was hounded out of the Church because he wrote

Douglas, which was so successful at its first appearance in London that a fervid old Scottish lady, carried away by her enthusiasm, sprang up from her seat in the pit, and called out, "Whar's yir Willie Shakespierre noo?"

The *entente cordiale* between the Church and the Stage had not then been established, and "promiscuous" dancing, as it was called to distinguish it from the Spurgeonick variety of terpsichorean exercise, was formally denounced from the pulpit as an invention of the evil one.

I well remember the day when an afternoon walk on Sunday was discouraged, and when, if you wished to play the piano, it was prudent to close the windows, lest outraged public opinion should make its protest in some inconvenient way. The evening was generally spent in reading *Blair's Sermons*, the monotony of which and the repose of the sleepy hearers was from time to time broken by the heavy thud of the book as it slipped to the ground from the fingers of the somnolent reader. No wonder that Sunday was an unpopular day, and that ministers' sons so often turn out badly!

The worst feature of the Disruption, to which I may be permitted to return, was the deep cleavage it made in a hitherto fairly steady loyalty—if loyalty can ever be expected in theological matters any more than discipline—and the acute development of the old-time theologian. "What an extraordinary country is this England," said Talleyrand: "fifty religions and only one sauce!" And I am not sure that this estimate is not under the mark. Some laborious foreigner, probably a German, has recently constructed a sort of genealogical tree giving a bird's-eye view of the different methods of arriving at our expected destination in the celestial regions, and the various offshoots one from another, which have been the excuse for introducing complexity into the original simplicity of the primitive faith. I have been lately reading

two most fascinating books, the lives of Guthrie and Chalmers, great and good men, giants in their day both on pulpit and on platform, and born leaders. And I emerge breathless from the labyrinthine jungle of theological disputes with weird phrases and strange and apparently unnecessary storms in tea-cups which sometimes became developed into real tempests. What are we rank outsiders to make of Erastianism, and non-intrusion, redemption by grace, predestination, and the rest of what, with all due respect, I venture to call professional jargon, so perplexing to an amateur? And the extraordinary thing is that, a few months after Chalmers, with all the force of his matchless eloquence, had succeeded in raising £300,000 for Church extension, he should have taken the leading part in splitting up the edifice which he had done so much to consolidate and strengthen.

Of course the miserable and dejected Voluntary evicted crew had to be speedily provided with house and church accommodation, and their flocks given reasonable facilities to receive the attention of their shepherds. This was not so easy at short notice, as money had to be collected, and the reluctant consent to provide sustenance wrung from reluctant lairds, who, I must say, not unnaturally, did not see the urgent necessity for suddenly dislocating arrangements which were working with perfect harmony all round. It was considered a matter of policy to plant the new Free Church alongside of its rival, and a very bitter feeling grew up between the occupants of the respective manses, running so high that, in a case known to myself, the respective ministers who were paid salaries to preach doctrines of charity and goodwill were not even on speaking terms. Can we wonder that the Roman Catholic Church, with its compact and unbroken front and absolute adherence to authority and tradition, should keep

its flock well in hand and even increase their numbers, whilst in missionary enterprise its success is undoubted.

I well remember Sir George Harvey, A.R.A.'s, fine picture, "Leaving the Manse," thus described by Guthrie : "The minister, sad but resolute, leads forth from the door of the manse an aged mother, her tottering form leaning heavily on his arm, as she descends the familiar steps. His wife, immediately behind, turns the key for the last time in the door ; and by her side stands the eldest child, a girl, into whose eyes the tears have started as she sees the flowers around the porch, and thinks she will train them no more. The younger children carry their little household pets, toys and caged birds—and when they see the grey-haired elders and saddened parishioners who cluster round the doorsteps, wonder what it all means. The cart which conveys the furniture of the manse is seen passing the old church in the distance, while a humble vehicle awaits the family at the gate. A westering sun and far-off moorland complete a picture which will tell to future generations a touching tale, and go home to many a Scottish heart."

A fancy picture, no doubt, but one founded on stern fact.

"I remember," said Dr Guthrie, "passing a manse on a moonlight night, with a minister who had left it for the cause of truth. No light shone from the house and no smoke arose. Pointing to it in the moonlight, I said : 'Oh, my friend, it was a noble thing to leave that manse.'

"'Ah, yes,' he replied, 'but for all that it was a bitter thing. I shall never forget the night I left that house till I am laid in the grave. When I saw my wife and children go forth in the gloaming, when I saw them for the last time leave our own door, and when in the dark I was left alone with none but my God ; and when I had to take water to quench the fire in my own hearth, and put out the candle

in my own house, and turn the key against myself and my little ones. I bless God for the grace that was given me, but may He in His mercy grant that such a night I may never again see'" (*Autobiography and Memoir of Thomas Guthrie*).

I began this book with some citations of early recollections: may I take this convenient opportunity of giving my own contribution, which is the very vivid recollection of a famous historical scene, when I was taken to a window in a street of my native town of Edinburgh from which to see the Disruption of the Scotch Church? And a wonderful and moving sight it was. Four hundred ministers, at the call of conscience and what they considered their duty, deliberately abandoned their churches and their manses and their incomes, and trekked out, so to speak, into the desert to begin their lives anew. I have often wondered, in the case of some of these poor men, suddenly evicted and having, like their great Master, literally nowhere to lay their heads, when the warm glow of exalted sentiment had been cooled down by the chill dawn of the coming day, whether they did not repent of their rash action, and if the game really seemed to be worth the candle. Whether, as too often happens in those unhappy industrial wars which have done so much to hamper trade, impoverish the workmen, and sow the seeds of misery and disease which will bear an evil crop in the sad homes later on, the strike bosses have carried away the rank and file beyond the limits of their sober convictions, until starvation and privation have brought bitter repentance in their train. Even so I have wondered whether the fiery and persuasive eloquence of Chalmers, and Andrew Thomson, and Guthrie, and Candlish, and Bruce, and Begg, and others of that grand band of enthusiastic and devoted men did not carry their hearers on that memorable day to make up their minds to sacrifice their all—for what? The bone of con-

tention, after all, was a very small one, and had been picked pretty bare. The whole question at issue was whether a clergyman should be chosen by the patron or by the people. The new Act had already been passed, which gave a congregation the right to veto a bad or unpopular appointment, but it had not received full official sanction, and the extremists would be satisfied with nothing less than the absolute abolition of patronage. On this once vehemently disputed point opinions must differ. The nominee of the patron may be an unfit person, and being once planted cannot readily be rooted up, save for grave misconduct—and even then the process of removal is not an easy one. But the method by popular election, too, has its drawbacks. A “short leet,” as it is called, of from five to six competitors preach in succession, and a small committee is appointed to decide. This generally means that they are led by the nose by the most loud-voiced and dogmatic among them, and some little experience tells me that very insufficient inquiry is made into the candidate’s character or personality, or probable capacity of fitting comfortably into a round or square hole, as the case may be. In one case of which I have personal knowledge, a minister distanced his rivals and was elected on the basis of a sermon which turned out to be borrowed verbatim from Spurgeon. And in another case I asked a member of a congregation who passed over a very first-rate friend of mine, how they were getting on with their minister. “Oh,” was the reply, “he has only preached one good sermon !”

PART II
IN PARLIAMENT

CHAPTER XI

ON MY FIRST ELECTION, AND ON ELECTIONEERING

My first sniff at politics was at a bye-election for the University seat of Aberdeen and Glasgow, when I was asked to submit my name to the wire-pullers on the understanding that I would guarantee £1000 to the expenses. Raw and inexperienced as I was, and flattered at such a distinguished invitation, I proudly walked into the spider's parlour and awaited results. But the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft looked after poor Jack this time, and the lot fell upon Dr Anderson Kirkwood, a perfectly inoffensive and even meritorious Glasgow citizen, prominent in all good works, liberal and hospitable, and in a sense popular, but who had not the power of exciting enthusiasm or of rallying any special section of the little boys who controlled the votes round him. So he was soundly beaten, and I should have shared the same fate, although I think I might have made a better fight of it. For although he was probably the abler man, and far more experienced in public affairs, I was a doctor well known in the medical profession, and it was thought that my brethren would have rallied round me irrespective of party politics. But that this expectation was groundless, a notable instance some years afterwards amply proved.

Sir John Eric Erichsen, an absolutely typical and admirable candidate of great professional position, handsome and attractive, and holding perfectly sound Liberal views,

was run for Edinburgh and St Andrews, and, buoyed up by the hope of substantial medical backing, entered into the contest with a light and hopeful heart. But he reckoned without his host, for that most irritating of all questions, Church Disestablishment, was then in the air, as I knew to my cost, and the Established ministers and their allies were strong enough to prevent the entrance into the House of Commons of the very man for whom his professional brethren had long been craving. But in this, as in a much worse case later on, they had not the pluck to shake themselves clear from party or sacerdotal influences and add to the council of the nation the type of man whom they had been demanding, and who would have been a tower of strength for social and scientific reform.

Surely it is right that these University memberships, the sole remaining remnants of the old fancy franchises, should be abolished. So long as the seats were occupied by men like Jebb, and Lubbock, and Michael Foster, and J. A. Campbell, and Butcher, and Craik, they contrived to fulfil the purpose for which they were founded. But when, as too often, they merely provide refuges for hack politicians and members of the Government who cannot get in elsewhere, their *raison d'être* is gone, and they should be swept away without benefit of clergy. I am proud to remember that I once seconded a motion made by my friend Robertson, now Lord Lochee, for their abolition, which was, if I remember accurately, carried at an evening sitting of the House.

On the occasion of my first election five men were invited to submit their names to the committee. Two declined to stand, so we three constituted the "short leet" and came up to the scratch. Sir Robert Burnett of Leys, Sir Charles Farquhar Shand, and myself forgathered in an adjoining room, and were drafted one by one to the dread chamber in the Imperial Hotel at Aberdeen where sat in conclave the

Liberal hundred, or fifty, or thirty (I don't remember the number), and put through our facings. A certain amount of heckling took place, and then to my horror the terrible announcement was made that we must go in and address our judges. This was particularly alarming to me, for I had come quite unprepared, knew absolutely nothing about politics, and had no previous experience of public speaking except as a medical lecturer. But I felt that this was the turning-point of my career, and that the ways parted on the one hand to a dowdy brass plate in Brook Street, and on the other to the free and open life, with a possibly brilliant career on the green benches. So, emboldened by despair, I pulled myself together, shook up the grey matter of my brain, and proceeded with all the confidence at my command to pronounce a rambling and scrambling, but not ineffective, discourse constructed on sound Radical lines. I then withdrew and mentally shivered in an adjoining room until I was called back and informed that the choice of the electors had fallen upon me. I was not altogether surprised at this. One of my two competitors, Sir Charles Farquhar Shand, was able, experienced, and plausible, but they thought he was too old for the job ; and the other, Sir Robert Burnett, had sharp angles in his mental attitude which jarred a little on his audience ; and, best of all, some of my most influential tenants were there to give me a helping hand and urge my claims. Therefore, all inexperienced as I was, and diffident of my own powers, I was saddled with the real and serious responsibility of fighting the battle of my party at the general election, and of carrying the banner of Liberalism proudly on to victory as my predecessors had done. Luckily, I had a clear three weeks for preparation, and I set myself vigorously to work. In addition to the more ordinary subjects of party warfare, the election was to be fought mainly on two points—the annexation of the Transvaal,

and the foolish and unnecessary Afghan War, waged to gratify some fantastic whim of Disraeli. And I fed largely on leaflets, on bygone speeches, and most of all on three admirable books, two of which were largely ephemeral, but the third is the most complete compendium of political history I know. Justin M'Carthy's admirable history of his own times had not then been published. My previous training and the passing of many examinations had familiarised me with the process of cramming, and the faculty of reproducing in fairly intelligible form the information I had acquired. So I proceeded to the battlefield with a certain amount of confidence, more especially as I knew that my opponent, Sir William Forbes, sterling good fellow as he was, trusted pretty much to his native shrewdness and bonhomie, and had not the mental minuteness necessary to get up a wide subject with which he was previously unfamiliar. "Politics," said Mr Pickwick on a memorable occasion, "is in itself a subject of no inconsiderable magnitude," and I am sure we both agreed with him. But although I don't suppose I was really the abler man of the two, I had more mental adaptability and learnt as I went along, and generally managed to hold my own with the hecklers, who asked my friend questions which would have seriously disconcerted me. And now came the practical question of expense. That blessed Corrupt Practices Act was then unknown, and the sums paid by candidates were practically unlimited. But my opponent and I were neither of us rich men, and in our wish to exercise reasonable economy we hit upon a plan for which I think we have never received enough credit as pioneers of Lord James's beneficent legislation. Formerly we were allowed to pay railway fares, to charter conveyances to any amount, and to hire an unlimited number of agents. In consultation between both sides we agreed to knock off these too heavy

items and thus save at least £2000 apiece. We had some difficulty in getting our agents to agree to this, for it was shortly before the election, and a perfect army of clerks had been engaged to be turned loose on the constituency to canvass or cajole, and bring back the result of their investigations in the shape of returns, frequently misleading if derived from people whose timidity or self-interest prescribed a cautious course under cross-examination. In spite of this, however, a bill for £1800 was presented and had to be paid promptly. Somehow I don't think it is possible to undergo a greater mental or bodily strain than the three weeks' ramble over Aberdeenshire I had endured. Two, three, and even four meetings had to be addressed with hardly any time for preparation, or even for thinking over what should be said. Long drives from place to place, hasty and often insufficient meals ; the necessity for being what some muddle-headed speaker once said Cæsar's wife ought to be, all things to all men ; the worry and irritation of cranks and bores who press their special fad in and out of season, and threaten to withdraw their support if it does not receive immediate if not exclusive attention ; tiresome chairmen who perhaps strike a wrong note at the start, and sometimes speak at inordinate length and exhaust the subject and the patience of the meeting before you get on your legs ; and then the awful uncertainty lest someone may get up in the audience and put a poser to you, which may bowl you clean over. The art of dealing with hecklers, as they are called, is a difficult and delicate one, and requires much tact and experience. The difficulty is to know the precise object of the questioner in firing off his query at you. He may have an honest desire to help you by enabling you to enlarge on some question of interest or to touch on something which you may have omitted from your speech. In that case he should be treated with courtesy and considera-

tion, for if his apparently threatening attitude and demeanour make you think him hostile, and you "jump upon him," you will possibly make him an enemy for life. An unfortunately jocular retort to a deadly earnest crank who had not passed through the surgical operation once brought about a three-cornered contest in which I had to fight my usual Tory opponent as well as a plausible and voluble windbag, who was speedily pricked and collapsed dismally at the contest. If, on the other hand, you are convinced that your examiner belongs to the other camp and has come with the intention of tripping you up, show him no mercy, but knock him down flat and jump upon him; and if you can succeed in turning the laugh against him, you will have the audience with you, and score all along the line. Now, for all this I was very imperfectly equipped. I had few ideas and by no means a copious vocabulary at the start, and my nerve was so poorly screwed up that I sometimes felt as though a sudden evaporating of mental processes would leave me speechless. But before the contest was over I had developed such an exuberant and unnatural fluency that I could rear myself into the erect posture without the flicker of a qualm, and talk coherently as long as was necessary without the slightest reference to my paper. But, alas, alas! when I descended from my platform to the flat level of ordinary ground, I found that I had thrown back pretty much to my original condition, and that the temporary exuberance of rhetoric had to give way to the somewhat sticky kind of speech with which I began my oratorical campaign. More up-to-date candidates start life on much better terms with themselves and their audience. They have spouted at school debating societies and college unions, and when they get out of leading-strings they join the Eighty Club or the Primrose League, and get their sea-legs and the convenient glibness of tongue which only

comes from practice—unless you happen to be born a Celt, and then speaking comes naturally to you.

To return to the subject of heckling. The jolly, spontaneous cross-examination of former days has been rather spoilt by the intervention of outsiders. Perhaps the parish minister and the schoolmaster frame the questions, or still worse, they are made up at headquarters and sent round syndicated in printed form to be dealt with by the candidate. Sometimes these are perplexing, but a little skill in the craft of skilful evasion will enable you to escape from the toils. A somewhat persistent person at an Aberdeen meeting handed a question to the chairman to be put by him to the candidate. The orthography was distinctly mysterious, and it was handed back to the proprietor, and he was asked to read it, which he was unable to do.

They used to say that Palmerston's annual encounters with the Tiverton butcher were eagerly looked forward to; but the ardent spirit of Gladstone, so impatient of contradiction, could not descend to the ordinary level. He lost his temper badly when heckled by Mr Usher in Midlothian, and told him in so many words that he could supply the desired information, but could not invent the machinery for getting it into his questioner's (presumably thick) skull.

Another great knack possessed in perfection by few is how to score off interruptions. Chamberlain and Goschen were past masters of the art, but Lloyd George runs them hard, as these two instances of his sharp wit will show. On one occasion he began his speech by saying, "I am here——" "And so am I," shouted out an unmannerly interrupter. "Yes," was the disconcerting retort, "but you're not all there." And again, when he was talking about Home Rule, and saying we wanted it not only for Ireland, but for Wales and Scotland also, "And for hell too!" ejaculated a would-be

humourist. "Certainly, my friend," was the reply; "I always like to hear a man stand up for his own country."

Sir John Rigby's plan with hecklers was to get half a dozen questions asked before he answered. Then he arranged them in order, and polished off the lot in one comprehensive sentence, like this: "To the first I answer, No. The second, Yes. The third, No. The fourth I do not comprehend, and I do not suppose the questioner does either. The fifth I will consider when I have seen the Bill. As to the sixth, Certainly not."

A weak candidate answered all questions after a mumbled consultation with his agent. To outwit him, one alert heckler jumped up at the conclusion of one answer and put the question: "Before the honourable candidate sits down, I would ask him if he is in favour of the Decalogue." After a long and painful period of cogitation the candidate replied to this poser: "Well, Mr Chairman, I am bound to say that the subject is new to me, but this I will add, that if I am returned, it shall have my most earnest and favourable consideration."

Lord Desborough, we are told, had a short and decisive way of dealing with opposition. Someone in the crowd accused him of lying. In a moment his coat was off, he had leaped from the platform, administered a sound thrashing to the hooligan, and, resuming his place, he took up his parable exactly where he left it off. It is hardly necessary to add that for the rest of the meeting he was doubly the hero of the evening.

Looking back upon my own early political days of stress and strain, of hard work and anxiety, I cherish in affectionate memory the friends who cheered and encouraged me, who showed kindness and hospitality when it was most needed and keenly appreciated. First and foremost I must place Sir John Clark, a Scottish county gentleman of the best and

finest type—handsome, distinguished, accomplished, gentle, modest, refined. He never failed to entertain me at his charming country house of Tillypronie, where he was a valued centre, and collected round him, more especially in the days of his able and interesting and interested wife, circles of specially selected guests from the varied strata of artistic, literary, and scientific achievement, as well as from the best social sets. A good Liberal, and indeed Radical by strong and earnest conviction, he was a tower of strength to the Liberal Association of West Aberdeenshire, of which he was chairman for many years, and to me as candidate and member. It always put me in good heart, after one of the excellent dinners for which he was famous, when he drove me down to Tarland, and opened the proceedings with a stirring speech, thus making my calling and election sure in that locality, at all events. This truly admirable man left us at the age of eighty-nine, but his fragrant and inspiring memory will long remain as a priceless remembrance of a pleasant past.

Next comes Burnett of Kemnay, another of our small and diminishing band of Liberal lairds, who held strong and advanced opinions, but who strongly objected to be called a Radical. "The term Liberal is good enough for me," said Gladstone; and my old friend, as well as myself, firmly held to the same view, for one of the greatest sources of weakness in our party is the unnecessary subdivision into small groups, each with an inordinate conviction of its own importance, inclined to urge its own fad to the inconvenience and injury of the body politic, and to press its claims to instant recognition and fulfilment without sufficient regard to general convenience and even safety. This dear, kind old man lived a sort of patriarchal existence in his fine castle, approached by a magnificent beech avenue, and surrounded by numerous and variegated offspring presented

to him by a succession of mothers ; for it might have been said of him, as of someone else, that he was "gey extravagant in the matter of wives." His dinner hour was five, as in the days of my youth, and at the early breakfast the host indulged in a long extempore prayer, invariably bringing in our meeting of the night before, as well as various topical subjects. Happily, he was prevented by tightly closed lids from seeing the somewhat irreverent behaviour of the rising generation who clustered round the paternal hearth.

The appearance on the platform of the worthy old laird was the signal for a bit of good-humoured chaff, and occasional passages of arms with his and my excellent friend and occasional enemy, M'Combie of Milton, who sometimes became slightly inebriated with the excitement of his own verbosity, and said a great deal more, I am sure, than he intended. Once when my host and I were walking home on a wintry night our umbrellas were battered with snowballs, flung more out of mischief than malice, for he was really popular. All respected his vices, if he had any ; but certainly his eccentricity leaned to the side of virtue, and he was very thoroughly appreciated by his tenants. He was devoted to preaching, and had a regular church of his own in the village, wherein he held forth to interested congregations twice a week. He wrote a most entertaining account of a voyage to Norway, during which he spent all his spare time in discussing theology with the able and ingenious Dr Danson ; and when he got on shore he started a series of *al fresco* religious meetings, at which his eloquent utterances were translated by an interpreter to the congregation, sentence by sentence, as they flowed out of his mouth. He was equally fluent with his pen as with his tongue, and readers of the *Aberdeen Free Press* will remember the letters on a vast variety of subjects, and full of knowledge and

literary skill, which adorned its columns almost day by day. I have often thought that someone should write the life of this able if eccentric personality, and include a selection from the epistolary budget, which I am sure did a good deal to maintain the popularity of that very excellent paper.

Huntly was my principal centre, for, although it did not contain more voters than Buxburn, it was a burgh and a populous and thriving town, and I was therefore able to get into much better touch with its political leaders. Foremost among them in those days was Mr James Lawson, retired banker, who entertained me hospitably, took the chair at my first as well as succeeding meetings, and helped what was undoubtedly a lame duck over the stile, when that amphibious creature was painfully struggling along the somewhat rugged path leading to oratorical distinction.

And then we had Provost Legge, brother of the prominent Chinese scholar, and Dunbar, editor of the useful *Huntly Express*, and father of my good friend "Joseph," who keeps the torch of Liberalism brightly burning, and who, as personal friend, platform speaker, and musician, was and is of so much service to me, the cause, and his native place.

At Alford we had the Bentons, fine types of farmers and gentlemen; Reid of Greystone, who carried on the M'Combie tradition of cattle-breeding; and last, but not least, good old "Bithnie," who was always hearty and genial and vigorous on the platform or in private life.

I could add largely to this list, but space calls a halt, and I have recalled representative types of those who gave kind and sympathetic encouragement to a raw beginner who was learning his business by contact with the world from the standpoint of advancing Liberalism, and rubbing against things and the men who were working at them.

Luckily for me, too, I had an excellent agent, David

Littlejohn, a man of much shrewdness and sagacity, well up to the country people's ways, and able to argue with them and persuade them as well as to sustain and encourage me. He is now the able and trusted Sheriff Clerk of Aberdeen, but I am sure his memory often travels back to the old days when he was a keen politician and dearly loved a fight. In those days markets were in full swing, and it was a very convenient arrangement to go to the village green and, amid whip-cracking and cattle lowing and general bustle and confusion, to buttonhole the farmers and have a yarn with them "anent" the current topics of the day. I daresay he remembers a particular occasion at Alford or Huntly, where I was the centre of an excited crowd, when a more than half-seas-over countryman approached me very closely with confidential inebriety and bawled out, "What are you going to do for the agricultural labourer?" and I had to administer a double dose of soothing syrup before I could get rid of him.

Well, it all came to an end at last, and although there never was any real doubt about the issue, I could not help feeling just a wee bit uneasy lest the majority should have dropped. I did not attend the counting—that would have been too nervous work; but after the Sheriff had read out the triumphant winner, and I had my arm nearly wrung off by the congratulations of my friends, I stepped proudly forth as member of Parliament for West Aberdeenshire.

Thanks to everybody, at the end of my probation I was turned out a fairly finished article, quite capable not only of voting straight, but of giving fairly plausible reasons for the faith that was in me. And what more do you want in the rank and file of any party?

Then we had a really good jollification at the Northern Club, Aberdeen—grilled bones, unlimited "fizz," absolute oratorical incoherence, and grave, and, I rather think,



"WEST ABERDEENSHIRE" BY MR. LESLIE WARD

*Reproduced by permission of the Editor of
"Vanity Fair"*

reverend signors making their way homewards, in the hope of reaching their destination safely. For truth compels me to say that we were all a little bit the worse—perhaps some might put it, the better—for our potations, and if there was an occasion when the recording angel should turn his blind eye to our proceedings, it was on that eventful night. How I got home, who can tell? I certainly can't. But what I do know is that next morning I woke up with a dry tongue and a real good "head," and when my defeated adversary, like the good fellow he was, came to bid me adieu and offer his congratulations, I was so overcome by his friendly greeting and his abnormally fresh looks—though I understand he had been gently conducted bedwards before our supper began—that I could barely stammer out a few words of gratitude. When I rose I quite despaired of being able to catch the morning train to town, but a few swigs of brandy and soda put me all right; and a good douche awaited me when I went to the club from my headquarters at the Imperial Hotel, and was presented with a bill of over five pounds for the revelling of the night before. I had been under the pleasing impression that I was being entertained by my friends, and if any enemy had mixed with the party and reported what went on, I do not make the least doubt that I might have been unseated for treating. A poor colleague of mine some years ago lost the fruits of much labour and expense, by giving his supporters a simple entertainment of ginger beer and mutton pies after the declaration of the poll. The law on this and other points is not so well defined as it should be, and some strong Liberal Government will have to take it in hand and improve it in this and diverse directions. I was in the House when the debate on the Bill now law took place, and attended carefully to it. Its parent wanted to make it much more stringent than it

is, more especially as regards the definition of agency, the limitation of subscriptions, and the precise period before and after the election within which a conviction for corrupt practice can be obtained. But, like a wise man, he took what he could get, for compromise seems to be a necessity of political and public life.

In England it is necessary to adopt the odious custom of canvassing, if you wish to win a seat. The free and independent (?) elector south of the Tweed says that, if a vote is worth having, it is worth asking for, and sometimes carries his negotiations one step further by sternly refusing to go to the poll unless he is taken there in a motor car. I can conceive nothing more humiliating than to have to go, hat in hand, from door to door begging political support for oneself or someone else, and being often received with the supercilious condescension not unnatural under the circumstances. Abernethy once thoroughly snubbed a patronising tradesman when he was soliciting the suffrages of the electors of St Bartholomew's Hospital. On presenting himself in a grocer's shop, the proprietor, swelling with temporary importance behind the counter, addressed the candidate in these terms: "I suppose, young man, you have come to solicit my vote and influence?"

"Not a bit of it," was the reply; "I want to buy half a pound of figs, and wrap them up quickly, please, for I'm in a hurry."

In the rural districts of Scotland—in the North, at least—this kind of thing used to be unknown, and one or two candidates in constituencies with which I am familiar, who called at every house, were soundly beaten for their pains; and I heard the story of the reception of a lady who had not hitherto displayed much zeal for the interests of her tenants, but who during a pending election made many visits in rather a hesitating and shamefaced way: "And who may

you be ?" said an old woman, who had never seen her laird's wife before ; "I'm thinking you'll be the new female teacher."

An attempt was made by Sir Henry James, in his Corrupt Practices Act, to make canvassing illegal ; but obstruction was too determined and vested interests too strong, and he had in the end to abandon the well-meant endeavour. If he had succeeded, a heavy blow would have been struck at intimidation and indirect bribery, candidates would have been spared much wearing and uncongenial work, and electors would have been left free to exercise the great privilege and the heavy responsibility of the franchise in the way they thought best. The old system, by which agents rambled over the various districts, note-books in hand, to bring back reports of probable majorities, gave rise to much deception, and can only be described as miserable. For the poor persecuted farmer or labourer or workman dependent on a master's favour was frequently inclined to give pledges which he had no intention of fulfilling, and though told, as men too often are, that the ballot is not really secret, he promised wildly, sometimes to both sides, on the off-chance that his deceit would never be found out.

It was now necessary for me to take my seat, and with mingled feelings of awe and apprehension I entered the sacred precincts of St Stephen's. The dramatic way, of course, is to make a good win for your party at a bye-election, and to walk up the floor of the House between your two sponsors, amid enthusiastic cheers, to be renewed when you have shaken hands with the Speaker. I merely came in with the ruck, unnoticed and unwelcomed, and perhaps just a shade discouraged after the excitement of the contest and the triumph of victory. Here I was a mere unit among a struggling mob, shoving towards the table, seizing the Book from other eager hands, kissing it in frantic haste, and

barely following the words mumbled out by the Clerk. The scene was indecent and even disreputable, and more resembled footballers at a tight scrimmage at football, or hounds struggling for a fox, than a group of serious and responsible legislators making a solemn declaration of loyalty and faith. Things are now conducted, I believe, in a more orderly way ; but what can be the necessity for compelling people who have just been invested with one of the highest privileges and responsibilities to attest their respectability and stability by an oath, passes my comprehension. Bradlaugh was quite right to denounce it as an unmeaning formula, which could have no binding effect.

All that now remained was to get a locker—an absolute necessity of Parliamentary life ; to find out how and where to eat and drink, how to negotiate a pair, and how to pass, in the library or smoking-room, or on the Terrace, the weary tedium of which there is too much at St Stephen's. And then I was ready to begin serious political work. "But that's another story," as Kipling would say, and if you want to hear it, nothing is easier than to read the remainder of my volume, in order to gather the lighter impressions of one of the assiduous attendants on the debates presided over by the Speaker.



THE DOCTOR SPEAKING AT FINZEAN

CHAPTER XII

IN AND ABOUT THE HOUSE

It is just about sixty-five years ago since Sir Charles Barry, passing along Westminster, saw a vivid glare lighting up the sky, and on inquiry he found that the Houses of Parliament were being rapidly reduced to smoke and ashes. Turner's celebrated painting in the National Collection gives a picturesque version of the scene. It was at first thought that incendiaries had been at work, but careful inquiry elicited that the fire was caused by an overheated flue lighting up some dry wood, and all attempts to save the building were unsuccessful. Westminster Hall and the Cloak Room, surmounted by the exquisitely carved roof, happily resisted the attack of the flames, and by an equal stroke of luck, the rest of old St Stephen's was so effectually destroyed that no possible idea of restoration could be entertained. This was really a blessing in disguise, for the old abode of our legislators was a disgrace to our civilisation ; it was dark, dirty, dreary, hopelessly behind the age, cramped and uncomfortable, and without any of the compensating advantages of picturesque antiquity to console the unfortunate people who had to occupy it.

Barry then and there made up his mind that he would be the architect of the new building, and, being successful in a limited competition, he set to work. It would have been better for his comfort, if not for his reputation, if he had never touched the job. Every obstruction and difficulty

was put in his way, for disappointed rivals sneered at his designs ; squabbles arose with Reid, who was placed in charge of the ventilation, and who seriously curtailed the space which ought to have been used for the comfort of members ; with a pretentious amateur about the construction of Big Ben ; and with Pugin, who was engaged to superintend the woodwork and other details, and who boldly claimed the entire credit of the design. A committee of experts was appointed to consider the progress of the work, and cranks, in and out of the House, snarled and grunted, and tried only too successfully to make the poor man's life miserable. And to crown all, he was most unjustly accused of having exceeded his estimate, and Government deliberately swindled him out of his well-earned profits for twenty years' work by giving him a very insufficient lump sum, instead of the five per cent. to which he was entitled by the rules of his profession. In the end nearly three millions were expended, but the result from a pictorial point of view seems to me to be eminently satisfactory.

Architectural purists, headed by Ruskin, have called its style debased Gothic ; but to a humble observer of the beautiful, if not necessarily the true, I can fancy nothing more attractive than the long unbroken river front, the majestic Victoria Tower and the Clock Tower projecting themselves into the sky and borrowing from it the rosy tints of tender eve, or the delicate lemon reflection which used to console our tired eyes when we struggled home after an all-night sitting. Absolute conventionality of line and rigid adherence to antiquated authority have been responsible for a good deal of discomfort as well as dowdy plainness, and architects sometimes forget when they are carrying out their designs that it is not they but their clients who have to live in the houses which they construct. I heard the other day of a very eminent member of the profession who

made the dining-room windows of an important modern castle so high that only the top of one of the finest views in Scotland could be seen ; and when the owner remonstrated, he flatly refused to make any change. "I have my reputation to consider," he said. But when his bill had been paid and his obstinate back was turned, the refused alteration was made. And in spite of specialised dogmatism, I continue to believe, and will defend against all comers the opinion, that our Houses of Parliament will hold their own against the world.

Not a word, however, can be said against Westminster Hall. The simple grandeur of the old roof, whose rafters of Spanish chestnut have withstood the ravages of time for seven centuries, its majestic spaciousness, and the varied historic associations which seem to cluster round every foot-step, combine to make it unsurpassed from all points of view. In former times, but well within my own recollection, the Law Courts were placed alongside of and opened into it, and there was then a busy scene when counsel and clients and witnesses walked up and down, and mingled in democratic freedom with the sellers of oranges and ginger-beer and other light refreshments, who had, I believe, to be pensioned off when they were disestablished and disendowed.

About twenty-five years ago, after a good deal of wrangling, the centre of legal gravity was shifted to the Strand, and Grand Committee rooms were built on the vacant space, in one of which the abortive South African inquiry was held. Close alongside is the Crypt, a very beautiful and skilfully restored old chapel, in which the sittings of the House were held during the twelve years of waiting for the completion of the new building ; and adjoining we can see the wall which commemorates a story of useless folly and of useful bravery, when the bomb thrown by one of those criminal lunatics who disgrace the very

name of humanity was picked up and carried to a place of safety by a policeman, who paid the penalty of his courage in terribly shattered arms. In a little closet just round the corner we see the hiding-place of Guy Fawkes, where he was discovered and seized, skilfully concealed beneath a pile of faggots. To prevent any chance of a similar attempt being made, every hole and corner of the building, above and below, is carefully searched by a party of Beefeaters before the opening of the House.

I have never been able to understand why the Commons was deliberately built to hold barely half its members. No doubt there was a good deal of muddling and wrangling over the allocation of space, for Mr Reid took up much more room with his ventilation arrangements than was expected, and Barry's original plan was ruthlessly cut down on account of expense. And in those days, when railway facilities were in their infancy, if they were born at all, when knights of the shire were slow to move from their country seats, and when the exactions of constituents and the zeal of their members were not yet stimulated by an enterprising Press, the attendance on the green benches did not overflow the accommodation. If Sir Charles Barry could have seen the modern enthusiasm for Parliamentary attendance—how the new members sit in their seats, to use Mr Cole, our old cloak-room attendant's, phrase, "like clucking hens," and the inconvenience resulting from overcrowding when an important debate is on, as well as in the dining and reading rooms—he would have been more liberal in the matter of space. Every session, in my earlier days, there used to be a motion for some addition to our accommodation. Plans were hung up in the tea-room, impassioned speeches were delivered, and on one occasion the late Mr Mitchell Henry addressed the House from one of the side galleries, excusing himself for taking such an unprecedented course by the

effective statement that he could find no room down below. But nothing ever came of it, and I don't suppose anything ever will, for the overcrowding in the earlier part of the session diminishes as members grow slacker and drop their first-born enthusiasm for continuous attendance; and the ingenious "Lulu" Harcourt, best of all Commissioners of Works, has done a great deal for the comfort and convenience of members. One of the cleverest of his reforms is a plan by which the inordinate time formerly wasted in the division lobbies is now much reduced. These are dreary, stuffy places, where we packed as though in the waiting-rooms at French railway stations before the door to the platform has been opened. Electric fans have done something to improve the atmosphere, and nowadays, when we have given our vote, instead of wandering aimlessly about the Lobby until it is time to return to the House, we can return to the library or smoking or dining room and resume our book or cigar or chop.

Now let us, Asmodeus-like, take the roof off the M.P.'s house and see how he spends his day. He will probably be between the sheets when we look in, for he has had a late night, and believes, as I do, that it is always well, if possible, to have eight hours in bed. During that dreary time of stress and strain from 1880 to 1885, when we were fighting the Irish, when two o'clock was the average time for getting away, but when four was not uncommon, and an occasional all-night sitting added the zest of novelty to our proceedings, I am sure that I only avoided serious breakdown by rigidly enforcing this rule. Even if you cannot sleep all the time, you are at physical rest; your muscles are doing nothing, your heart is working half-time, and if, unlike little Peggy Primrose, you can make your mind lie down, you will turn out after your toilet refreshed for the labours of the coming day. Probably you have had something to eat or drink

before you left the House—a cup of soup or a sandwich, or a glass of milk, or a peg ; for an empty, like an over full, stomach is certain to keep you awake. Or you may prefer to wait till you get home, where your expectant spouse, if you have one, has not been nursing her wrath to keep it warm, but keeping her affection and curiosity in good repair by sitting up for you to hear your news. Bachelors may drop into their club, and even take a hand at bridge ; but this encroaches too much on the sleep hours, and it is best to go straight home and tumble in as quickly as you can. Some people, like Gladstone, emulating the hero of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, deposit their bundle of cares outside their bedroom door with the help of a novel, which takes off the strain of serious mental effort, and brings about an “exposition of sleep.”

Breakfast comes next, and I am not going to prescribe a specific menu, for individual fancy, and anything but the orders of the doctor, should be consulted, and the meal should be varied and deliberate, remembering the long fast you have gone through, and what lies before you. Letters and papers first claim your attention, and if you have been wise and avoided possible worry and overloading the vessels of your brain by not reading what had arrived the night before when you came in, you will have a pretty good pile of the former to go through. Important people, of course, have secretaries who sift the mass and refer what is necessary and personal to their chief ; but we will presume that our friend is just an ordinary member of the rank and file, and has to attend to these matters for himself.

We must not look over his shoulder to see what he is reading, but we may be quite certain that a part of his correspondence means either worry or expenditure. There are sure to be requests for places in the Gallery, a broad hint for teas on the Terrace. Some fond parent or pushing

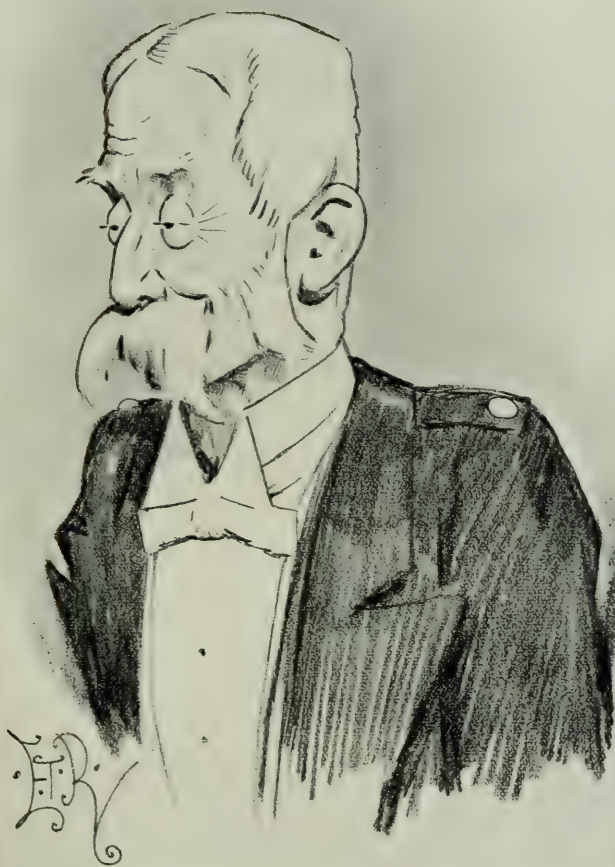
son wishes a billet or influence with a public department, or else a deputation has to be arranged, or an interview with a minister ; and then come applications for subscriptions to various worthy or bogus objects, as well as requests to open bazaars or flower shows ; or, if you have imprudently acquired a platform reputation, demands almost imperious in their insistence to speechify in various directions.

Perhaps a letter from some crank whose head, like that of Mr Dick, is mainly occupied by *une idée fixe*, and who intimates the withdrawal of his support if you do not place his fad in the forefront of your programme ; or a grave remonstrance from a perfectly well-meaning man against some vote you have given, or seeking support for some really worthy cause—and these have to be answered with all your available diplomacy and tact. And possibly, but much more rarely, someone will write to thank you for something that you have done, or said, and give you a commendatory pat on your cranium. Next comes a look at the papers, for you must keep your weather eye open to see what is going on in the world generally—perhaps to frame a question ; to see how the debate of last night looks in print ; perhaps most of all to discover how your speech fared at the hands of the reporters. You may be pleased to find that it takes a fairly prominent place in the columns, or your spirits may sink to zero when you see it boiled down to a few not over intelligible lines, with the principal points bluntly whittled down, and the literary flavour (as you fondly esteem it) evaporated to an unappetising essence ; and it is only when the local papers arrive, and you are raised proudly to verbatim rank, that you recover your lost equanimity.

A mere bachelor cannot usefully pry into the hidden mysteries of domestic life, but the married man no doubt has family affairs to settle before he pulls on his overcoat and steps away, or enters his car, and sets out for St Stephen's ;

for eleven o'clock is at hand, his committee is waiting for him, and it is a political if not a legal misdemeanour to be late. And there he sits till three; and formerly, if it was of vital importance to continue its operations after the Speaker had taken the chair, his formal consent had to be obtained. I believe that the old rigid rules have been relaxed.

The committee rooms have every possible fault. They are lofty and draughty, bad for sound, cold in winter, hot in summer, stuffy at all times, and with a quantity of unnecessary ornament which serves as a happy resting-place for dust and presumably microbes. We all remember the famous epidemic of influenza, which was brought from Sheffield by some of the witnesses, spread to the Committee, even invaded the august person of the chairman, and finally ran riot among the senatorial cohorts assembled in session down below. One very serious disadvantage of the mysterious construction of the House is the wretched accommodation for strangers. One of the greatest worries of membership is the constant demand by friends and constituents for seats in the Gallery. Now this only holds about thirty. The place for distinguished strangers alongside the Peers accommodates more; but some of this scanty space is specially reserved for judges and ambassadors, who drop in when they please. Then under the Gallery there are two or three narrow benches into which visitors are uncereemoniously bundled by the officials, and from which you are no less autocratically excluded to kick your heels in the outer Lobby when a division is called. These provide for a few more, and people who fancy their own social importance think themselves aggrieved unless they are put there. The principal worry of a member of Parliament consists in the difficulty of satisfying the very natural desire of his constituents to hear a debate. Demands shower upon him to



THE AUTHOR

From a special Caricature by Mr. E. T. Reed

find places for whole families, and it is difficult to persuade those you are obliged to refuse, that it is really impossible to gratify them. I was told that a farmer who came to interview me in the Lobby was so disgusted on being informed that he could not possibly get in that he voted against me, and persuaded four of his agricultural labourers to do the same. I can conceive nothing more irritating than to be called out of the House by a card, when an important debate is on, and you are tightly wedged into your seat in the middle of the bench. They are pretty narrow at any time, and seem doubly so when you are compelled to shove past a row of people, treading on their toes, and generally disturbing their equanimity just as they are keenly wishing to listen. And the Ladies' Gallery is a continual bone of contention. It only holds about twenty couples, places are balloted for a week in advance, and a member thinks himself phenomenally lucky if he draws them thrice in a session. So it can well be imagined how impossible it is to satisfy the yearning desire of your lady friends to sit in a stuffy little room, imprisoned behind a cage, bullied by the attendant, and craning your neck, if you happen to be in the second row, to catch the more or less mellifluous accents of the senators on to the top of whose heads you are looking down.

When officious friends are trying to condole with members, it is the regulation thing to say that the work must be trying, on account of the bad ventilation of the House. Now this is an entire delusion, as I can confidently assert, for I sat on two committees to consider the question. The air breathed inside is drawn from the Terrace, and the close proximity of a sluggish tidal river, whose receding waters occasionally disclose wide reaches of mud, can hardly be expected to furnish a specially bracing quality of air. I remember a scare which temporarily suspended the proceed-

ings when a specially noxious smell pervaded the House, and was brought under the notice of the Speaker by several members possessing peculiarly sensitive noses. Sir Henry Roscoe, chairman of a then sitting committee, was hastily summoned, and rushed off to discover the cause, when it was found that a barge heavily laden with a specially offensive manure was slowly making its way down the Thames, and spreading its fragrance around. Our relief was great when we discovered that the nuisance was purely temporary. Our atmospheric conditions are most carefully regulated ; in the heat of summer the air is carefully cooled by ice, and when outside London is groaning under the miseries of a fog, we enter our House and find that the air has been drawn through thick layers of cotton-wool, which have retained the pea-soup impurities and rendered it clean and respirable. The ventilation originally devised by Reid, and which gave rise to much acrimonious controversy, when I joined, was under the charge of the well-known Dr Percy, whose other claims to recognition consisted in the possession of an exceptional collection of water-colour drawings, some of which I acquired when they were sold at Christie's after his death. When our first committee was formed, we wished to find out about the drainage, but were disconcerted at being told that no plans were in the possession of the authorities, and that Sir Charles Barry had declined to give them up. So we had to find out everything for ourselves, and by a very ingeniously devised series of experiments, Professor Carnelly, then of Dundee, and later on, until his lamented death, occupant of the chemistry chair in Aberdeen, showed that we were breathing sewer gas.

After much inquiry, we adopted Shone's ejectors, which cut us off from the main sewer, with which we had previously been in direct communication, and the result has been entirely satisfactory. During one of our later committees,

when the germ scare was at its acutest, means were taken to test the amount of microbic life in the air of the House, during one of its sittings. An alarming number of these minute organisms were detected, but few were of pathogenic quality; and Sir Michael Foster, who very effectively addressed the House on the subject, was able to steady our minds by the assurance that the good microbes are far more numerous than the bad, and do their best to protect us from the inroads of our enemies.

Ministers' private rooms, where they do a good deal of official work during the sittings of the House, are often small and dreary, and placed in positions which seem almost inaccessible to people unprovided, like me, with the bump of locality; but they are quite essential to comfort and convenience, for there the occupants can receive small deputations, give audiences to members, and even entertain their friends. The late W. H. Smith, who, I believe, fed every one of his supporters once a year, used to give some of his dinners there; and I always gratefully remember the cheerful hospitality of my good friend Woodall, who, after one of his pleasant little refectations down below, used to lead us to his private den up a steep flight of steps, where we carried on our conviviality until disturbed by the division bell.

When I was a new member, my rawness almost amounted to soreness, and I felt nervously sensitive and helpless to do more than sit in my seat and listen to what was going on. But kind friends came to my aid, and first took me to the Sergeant-at-Arms' office and had my name put down for a locker. Like everything else in this strangely arranged House, there are not enough for all the members, but the possession of one is absolutely essential to comfort. It is a handy receptacle for letters and Parliamentary papers of all kinds, medicine bottles, cigar boxes, novels to wear away the tedious hours of doleful talk, many other things which

come into your hands suddenly and must be stored away somewhere. Next are the libraries, cosy rooms opening out of one another, with ample supplies of stationery, roaring fires, and comfortable armchairs where you may read and doze or meditate as befits your fancy. There is a fairly varied collection of books of a serious or instructive kind, for no lighter literature than magazines is admitted ; and if you are of an inquiring turn of mind you can browse through Hansard, or study precedents or constitutional questions among the dusty volumes of Journals, Blue Books, and other official papers which line the walls.

Of course, the two sides of the House itself are occupied by Ministerialists and the Opposition, the front row, called the "Bench" by its *habitués*, and the back rows where the rank and file sit and cheer their leaders. In the Lords there are seats where peers of cross-bench minds sit and criticise everybody and everything ; but in the Commons nothing of the kind exists, and above and below the gangway marks the only line of demarcation between the somewhat variegated sections of political thought which now split up the Lower House. We secure seats for the night by attending prayers and then placing a card in a little frame. Formerly we were obliged to lay our hat on our seat and remain in the precincts of the House, but this led to unseemly juggling with sham substitutes ; and Dr Tanner provided the *reductio ad absurdum* by coming down one day in a four-wheeled cab laden with decayed beavers that had garnished the brows of Hibernian patriots, and these he proceeded to distribute in the Irish quarter. Some other and better way was then seen to be needed. So we now place a card on our prospective seat at any hour, and it *in situ* becomes our property for the evening. There is no continuous fixity of tenure, save by courtesy rather than of right, in corner places usually inhabited by extinct volcanoes,

ex-Ministers who have passed the Chair and been dropped out of the sacred official circle. Very tenacious of this small remaining tag of dignity they usually are. The front benches never pray, because they get their sitting room provided without that formality, and it is only when they are crowded out on full-dress occasions that they condescend to mix with the common herd. Privy Councillors and the Lord Mayor, who belongs during his year of office to that august body, have a right to sit there, but they seldom use the privilege ; and retired Ministers are sometimes invited to sit beside their more actively employed brethren.

Questions are now on, and perhaps our member has one of his own, or he wishes to put a supplementary "arising out of the answer of the Right Honourable Gentleman," and in any case he wishes to attend to what is always the most interesting and sometimes the most important of the enemy's work ; debates follow, full dress, or *en robe de chambre* ; second reading speeches are being made on Bills ; and perhaps you wish to angle for the Speaker's eye, or the House is in Committee, and the irritating and often futile wrangles over matters of petty detail waste time and vex the soul of officials, and you may want to chip in, and this is really much your best chance. Then probably cards are sent in, and you have to go and interview someone, and probably try and get him or her into the House. Happy is he whose constituents live a long way off, for a member near London told me that in the course of an important debate he was called over twenty times by people who wished to get into the Gallery. The aroma of the cheering cup now assails the olfactory nerve, and you hie you to the tea-room, or drop down to the Terrace, to give a party of your own, or join someone else's, or to sit in frigid solitude or with one or two kindred spirits in your own special preserve.

The tea-room is an absurdly small place to hold the crowds who rush in when question time is over, driving the overworked waitresses almost to distraction, and worrying the members who wish to get back quickly to listen or to take part in the debate. I remember my old friend, Sir Guyer Hunter, an eminent retired Indian doctor, who implored the Speaker in pathetic accents to go back and reinstate an amendment of his which had been passed over when he was having his cup of tea. Needless to say, this was impossible. But he was by no means the first aspiring legislator who has lost his chance from not being on the spot when the opportunity came ; and if one wishes to make his mark in the House of Commons, he must scorn delights and live laborious days, watching for that turn of the tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. One element in Dizzy's great success was that he was always on the spot, ready to intervene when it was necessary, to inspire his followers by his presence, and to direct the currents of the political stream into channels best suited to his party.

The only interesting thing in the tea-room, besides the real China bohea and the buttered buns, is the quaint old table which was used by the clerks in the old House and was saved from the fire. It now serves the useful but prosaic function of supporting a vast urn, from which at times of stress and struggle members can help themselves. Strangers are not admitted here, but downstairs there is a dimly lighted and mysterious-looking vaulted chamber, where little groups may be seen in earnest confabulation, where the Hibernian patriot may imbibe his grog, and his canny colleague from North of the Tweed can sympathise with the woes of the crofters or discuss the prospects of Dis-establishment over a cup of Nonconformist tea or the more fiery fluid which finds a congenial welcome in the interior

of his more convivial friends. The smoking-room is a most amusing and democratic place, and there you can see the apparently fierce opponents of an hour ago in friendly talk over a cigar, and Liberal and Tory and Socialists and Home Rulers mixed up altogether in friendly talk, or perhaps a game of chess—for this can be played there, and an experts' battle is generally surrounded by a group of interested spectators watching the tussle. Bridge has not yet penetrated so far, though there are rumours of it within the precincts.

But it seems rather stuffy inside, and an adjournment to the Terrace is moved, and here you will find that you will spend many pleasant hours and give pleasure to your friends by entertaining them. And I don't think that there can be a prettier or more sparkling scene anywhere than can be seen here on a fine afternoon, when the sun is shining and lighting up the long, unbroken Gothic river-front of the place, and looking down on eight or nine hundred distinguished and beautiful or commonplace people sipping tea, munching our famous buttered buns, toying with strawberries and cream, or mixing the aroma of their Havanas with the freshness of the air. I am told that this is now somewhat played out as a social institution, and probably it reached high-water mark when the stern, unbending Radical stood proudly in the midst of his duchesses. For Mr Chamberlain on that occasion condescended to come into close social contact with leading feminine representatives of the once despised class who toil not, neither can they spin. I was fortunate to be a witness of the occasion, and the party, headed by the late Duchess of Teck, seemed to be getting on uncommonly well together and to be enjoying themselves thoroughly.

In spite of the defection of the "Smart Set," a tea on the Terrace is still regarded as an important element in social

life, and provincials more especially are anxious to be asked there ; and indeed I sometimes found the calls upon one's hospitality becoming almost oppressive, not on account of the expense, for what is called a "full tea" only costs one shilling, but because one often lost hearing good things in the House, and perhaps let slip a productive opportunity, because one was loafing out of doors instead of working within. The Terrace is mapped out into four sections. At one end, just under the Speaker's house, his wife gives charming little parties composed of the aristocracy of birth and intellect ; then comes the close preserve "for members only," where they may sit in peace and quiet far from the madding crowd, and there "Birmingham Joe" could often be seen cooling his hatless head and reading the *Westminster Gazette*. I wonder if he has made a collection of Gould's numerous and inimitable caricatures. Next we have the Commons' part, where large parties daily congregate, and where it is often difficult to get a table without previous arrangement. And last there is the Peers' end, which is very little used, for the "upper crust" legislators, like the typically domestic characters immortalised by the late J. L. Toole, "always go home to tea." Some attempts have been made by sour-faced and hearted Puritans to stop this innocent source of enjoyment, and some of them based their objection on a remark made by a working man : "Why don't you go inside and attend to your business." I should have thought that this captious critic might have seen that anything which improves the health of legislators and adds to their enjoyment would make them better fitted for their arduous duties. When the agitation was at its height, Speaker Gully called me one day up to the Cha. and asked my opinion, as an old and pretty well-known member, as to its abolition ; and I had much pleasure in giving my very decided opinion that it would be an unpopular thing to do,



THE DOCTOR AS AN INTERESTED LISTENER

Portrayed by Mr. Harry Furniss

for not only did it enable members to entertain their friends at trifling cost, but it was most convenient for the Whips, because it kept members within the precincts of the House at rather a critical time, and rendered comparatively harmless the snap divisions which are sometimes engineered before dinner. The only real grievance was that the staircase leading to the House was rather narrow, and sometimes, when members were hurrying up not to be too late for admission, they were blocked by a party of ample ladies with obstructive garments going the other way. I once told the Speaker how absurdly short the time was between the ringing of the bell and the closing of the door, and that a tragedy might happen at any moment by the sudden cessation of the cardiac functions of some plethoric member. Indeed, that actually happened to Ward Hunt when he hurried from his dinner at St Stephen's Club at the imperious summons to the lobby of duty. But the House is intensely conservative, and any suggestion of change falls upon deaf ears, and so nothing was done. Speaker Gully cleverly saw a way out of the difficulty, and ordered a new staircase for the exclusive use of members, which took off that pressure during tea-time that afforded the only real argument against our much-prized social institution. And so the Terrace was saved.

You may have your cigar there, or in that most social and democratic of all places, the smoking-room ; and you may remember that you have letters to write, blue books to skim, or to encounter that longest and most dreary of all forms of mental exercise, the attempt to find your way through the intricate mazes of a Bill. With this object you wend your way to the library and, sitting down resolutely at a table, begin to work. But it is impossible to do anything serious there : other people are trying their best in the same direction, but they too are restless and move about and, in

spite of the direction for silence, gossip or consult among themselves ; and you hear cheers and laughter from the adjoining Chamber, and an irresistible impulse draws you there to find out what is going on ; or the indicator on the wall shows that some good speaker or important person is "up," and you hurry in not to lose anything, and once there you probably remain until the still small voice of the minister of the interior reminds you that nature abhors a vacuum—that it is now dinner-time, and that the necessities of the body require that you should now go and feed at your own or someone else's expense.

In my earlier Parliamentary days there was a good deal of that kind of informal hospitality. "Come and dine to-night, just as you are. We shall get back quite in good time for the division," were welcome words frequently falling on the ear.

There is a story told of Harcourt, who, after congratulating a clever young member on his maiden speech, invited him to come and take pot-luck in Downing Street. But the reply was : "I've got no clothes."

"Never mind that : after such a speech I shall be glad to see you without any clothes at all."

Or perhaps the member wishes to go home and tell his wife and family how he got on, or a dinner-party may have been arranged in his honour outside. There used to be difficulties in the way formerly, for London distances are often great, and there were then no "taxi's," and sometimes on a crowded night it was even difficult to get a cab, and by the time you had dressed and reached your destination you were too apt to be late in arriving at the festive board. Nowadays, there are most comfortable cubicles where we can get into our dress suit leisurely, have our day clothes packed up by the attendant and placed in the hall or sent home by messenger. But this process has its inconvenience

too. I have heard of a member hearing the division bell ring when he was in a bath, and as he particularly wished to take part he hurried into a dressing-gown, and appeared in a ludicrous state of *deshabille*. And several times I have been surprised when struggling with my shirt, and obliged to rush upstairs clad in whatever articles of dress came most promptly to hand.

If you wish to leave the House when anything important is on, you must get a pair ; and as our friend possibly knows no one on the other side, he must trust to his *fides Achates*, or pick up someone hanging about the table waiting for the chance of making his escape. The names are then written down on the pair list, and it is a matter of honourable obligation to be back at the proper time. The Whips guard the door, and must have a tedious time ; and I am sure it is a thankless job, for they cannot enter the House to see what is going on, and they must keep wide awake lest anyone should slip through their fingers unnoticed. My old friend and brother officer, "Bill" Kensington, was once betrayed into using strong language by the demand made on him for £25, which a private member claimed as a debt. "How do you make that out?" said he, somewhat forcibly. "Oh, it was in this way. The other night you were asleep on your seat, and I sneaked out and went to the Aquarium. There I had my pocket picked of my watch ; and as, if you had been awake, you would have stopped me, I think I am entitled to claim its value under the circumstances." What the result was deponent sayeth not.

I cannot conceive more dreary work than being a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and it is reported that, when Arnold Morley was offered one of these posts, his father said : "My son is fit for something better than a door-keeper." And he was right, for he became Chief Whip and Postmaster-General, and was thoroughly efficient in both capacities.

In all probability the new member wishes to feed in the House, and a move is made to the dining-room. Formerly the catering was in the hands of the famous Bellamy, who has acquired historic fame from the apocryphal saying of the dying Pitt, that he thought he could eat one of Bellamy's pork pies. I doubt if this predilection was widely shared, for the scale of nourishment was narrow and restricted, it was roughly served, and the wines were dear ; and not the least of the advantages of the burning of old St Stephen's was that it led the way to better arrangements. Now everything is managed by a kitchen committee, seven in number, composed of practical men, who meet once a week to sample drinks, compose menus, and see that the kitchen is properly worked.

The chairman is generally a man of mark, and his position is one of importance. My old brother officer, smart and genial Mark Lockwood, held it most successfully for years ; but when the Liberals came in, believing that the office should go to the party in power, he patriotically resigned in favour of Sir Alfred Jacoby. This popular man now, alas ! has joined the majority, but he took a very serious view of the situation, and whether in his private room, looking over accounts and interviewing the cook, or wandering among the tables at dinner-time to see that all was going right, or reading his written answers in the House through a big magnifying glass, with an air of portentous importance, he was acknowledged to be the right man in the right place, and his premature removal caused unusual regret.

The committee receives a substantial subsidy, and as, of course, everything in the way of napery and table requisites is found, and no rent is paid, cheap food is the rule. Sufficient nourishment can be had for a shilling. A good square meal of soup, fish, and joint costs three shillings ; if you rise to five shillings, you get a wider selection of

plats ; and if your pecuniary resources encourage you to give the cook the wider latitude implied by seven-and-six or ten shillings, you may even invite the proud possessors of *chefs* without the faintest flicker of hesitation to partake of your hospitality—more especially if you can get a table in the Harcourt Room, filched by the able First Commissioner of Works from the Lords, a bright and well-decorated saloon, an invitation to which is so much appreciated that the application for accommodation must be made weeks in advance. Formerly ladies were entertained in dark and dismal underground cells suggestive of mediæval times and a possible adjournment to the scaffold, whilst male guests were allowed to mix with members in one of the rooms upstairs. This is always amusing, for you may see celebrities with their host feeding alongside ; and as you come in you are shown the Ministerial table, where King Arthur and his knights used to sit in the days of Tory prosperity, and where C.B. or Asquith ruled the roast over their lieutenants of Liberal persuasion. Our friend has a wide and varied list to choose from, and he will find the wines good and cheap, and excellent draught lager beer if he inclines to economy. I would advise him to avoid the joints, which are often sodden and tasteless, and to follow my lead in his selection—mutton broth, fried sole (which they do to perfection), a chop or steak, which is equally good and which is cooked under his eyes, some sweet, cheese, and whatever beverage suits his stomach or pocket. Excellent Beaune can be drunk quite economically, and quite drinkable port will not make serious inroads in your purse.

When I first joined the House, an adjournment was made for about twenty minutes to let the Speaker go out and have what was called his chop. Then came a longer break, when the proceedings were suspended for an hour and a half, from 7.30 to 9, to enable humble members to dine comfortably

outside. This did not work well—the time was not really long enough to enable us to get home, join the family dinner or that of some other person, and get back in time without a scramble. The Whips, too, found it difficult to collect their scattered flocks, and speakers, who could not get an innings at any other time, used to appreciate the opportunity afforded by the dinner hour of holding forth to an audience sometimes painfully restricted in number, but consoled by the reflection that the observations then made would receive as much attention from the press as though they had been spoken to a crowded House. Several times I have addressed an audience composed of one member besides the Speaker ; and although the effect was rather chilling, and I had some difficulty in holding the solitary of the green benches with my glittering eye, I pleased my constituents if not him, by losing temporarily at least the character of a dumb dog, and my observations appeared fully reported in the columns of the local press.

A further change has been made, and there is now no interval at all. Mr Speaker is supposed to sit from 3 to 12, but in reality he is relieved by his deputy, who takes his place when the order of debate allows, and who, although shorn of the dignity of wig and gown, manages to keep order and run the show with tact and smoothness.

In former days unwritten laws were sufficient to hold the Parliamentary machine in working order ; but when obstruction, invented by Jim Lowther (straightest and most honourable of politicians), and afterwards elevated to the dignity of a science by Parnell & Company, threatened to paralyse all business, it became necessary to frame a more precise code. The methods of the Hibernian patriots, carried out with such effect, were as follows :—One of them would get up, and in a speech of portentous length move the adjournment of the debate, and on this peg all the rest

would hang fervid orations of remarkable plausibility. When every one of them had spoken, and the division had been taken, the adjournment of the House was next gravely proposed, and the flood-gates of Celtic oratory were again flung open. And so it went on hour after hour and day after day, until it culminated in a sitting of about two days, ending with the most stirring *coup d'état* of modern times. As no human constitution but that of the unfortunate officers of the House could stand the continuous strain, we did our work in shifts, and on the final occasion I sat till eleven, and was timed to be back at nine next morning. When I came into the stuffy Chamber, littered with torn papers and peopled by weary legislators in dishevelled evening dress, that little imp of mischief, Biggar, was on his legs, croaking out, in his irritating monotone, dreary platitudes from a Blue Book. Suddenly the Speaker rose. The Hon. Member, who happened to have his back turned to the Chair, went on reading. Terrific shouts of "Order!" made him look round, and he resumed his seat with a snap. And then, with an air of indescribable dignity and decision, Speaker Brand announced that in his opinion the Bill had been sufficiently discussed, and he proceeded to put the question to the House, and we joyfully trooped into the division lobby, and the back of obstruction was broken. The Speaker's conduct was absolutely illegal, he acted on no authority but his own, but his rule was never challenged; and, soon after, the new procedure rules were brought in. Well do I remember the prolonged wrangles and the bitter recrimination, the doleful prophecies of disaster and ruin, with which—as usual—the inevitable harbingers of evil accompany any measures or acts of reform. But the regulations were passed without real difficulty, for everyone agreed that something must be done; and even their most determined opponents are now convinced that they have added

essentially to the dignity and decorum of the House, and to the health and comfort of its members.

They may be briefly summarised as follows :—When a Bill or an amendment has been sufficiently discussed, the Leader of the House, or someone else immediately concerned, can move the closure, and if this is agreed to, or carried by a vote, the division on the main question immediately follows. If an orator indulges in vain repetition he may be warned by the Speaker or Chairman, and, if he persists, can be ordered to resume his seat. Questions can no longer be spun out to an inordinate extent, but three-quarters of an hour is now devoted to verbal answers, and the thirst for information of the framers of the rest is slaked by printed replies. And so the string of supplementations and inconvenient interpellations to imperfectly informed ministers is largely checked. Formerly public business, parochial affairs, gas, water, railway bills, and the reports of private bills came on immediately after, and were frequently prolonged until up to and even beyond the dinner hour. All this now stands over until nine o'clock, and the worst of all forms for delaying routine work, the motion for the adjournment of the House, which may arise out of some unsatisfactory Ministerial answer, or to bring some matter of urgent public importance under the notice of the Legislature, does not come on till the same hour. This allows even the white-waistcoat dandies time to return to their duties. So the obstructionists are sorely put to it to play their game in an effective way, and are mostly restricted to objecting to Bills introduced under the ten-minutes rule, or after eleven. When the member in charge takes off his hat formally, or says a few words in introduction, perhaps half a dozen "I objects" are jerked over from the other side, and the Bill's chance of going further is over for the season. This is how local matters of the highest

importance are wantonly sacrificed to the querulousness of vindictive individuals or the inveterate loquacity of cranks.

Finally comes the real closure. The sonorous voice of the doorkeeper pronounces the welcome words, "Who goes home?" and you metaphorically, if not actually, reply, "I do," and so your active working day is at an end. It is now a case of "Stand not on the order of your going, but go at once," for in these days it is no longer necessary to make up little parties for mutual protection against the footpads and mohawks who used to infest the thoroughfares in what some people persist in calling "the good old days." There is an underground station approached by a covered way which is cheap and convenient, or the top of a bus home gives you fresh air and a look at night-lit London, which is always beautiful; and, except at times of great emergency—a sudden snowstorm or a prolonged big debate—you can generally get a cab without difficulty. Now "taxi's," come since I was an M.P., shorten the time between the adjournment of the debate and your own thankful ascent into bed.

CHAPTER XIII

BEFORE AND BEHIND PARLIAMENTARY SCENES

NOT the Emperor of all the Russias is a greater autocrat than the Speaker of the House of Commons, but he exercises his authority with tact and discretion, and hides the iron hand beneath a velvet glove. His position is not an easy one, and demands the exercise of dignity and knowledge, a rapid and almost intuitive power of decision, and sufficient knowledge of human nature to play upon the human chord ; whilst the work is laborious, often monotonous, and not overpaid. A good deal goes on behind the scenes when he is in consultation with the Clerks and with members who are needing advice and assistance, and when the curtain rises he must be in his place to assist at prayers, to ensure decorum at question time, to settle points of order which may suddenly arise, to call upon speakers in succession, and to remain glued to his chair, nominally, from three till twelve. There is now no interlude, the Speaker being relieved at intervals by deputies who have full powers up to a certain point. It will thus be seen what a heavy strain is put on a man's powers of endurance, and how impossible it is to continue to hold office beyond a moderate number of years. But there are compensations—a salary of £5000 a year, a handsome house, a peerage, and a pension of £4000 on retirement. From this, however, there are formidable deductions. Every member except the Irish and the Labourists, who scorn to wear the official garb of the per-

fidious Saxon, has to be fed once in three years, and custom ordains that the banquet should be what the provincial papers call sumptuous, and that the wines must be of the best. In addition there are levées, which every member, unless specially exempted, must attend, and evening parties, at which copious refreshments are provided and greedily consumed—not to mention private hospitality that must also eat into the not very lavish pecuniary resources provided by a grateful country.

In considering the amount of work thrown on the Speaker, we must not forget that, except during an autumn session, he gets about six months' holiday, and that when the House is in Committee its proceedings are controlled by the Chairman, who really has most complicated and difficult duties. He has to superintend the passing of Bills through the Committee stage, to decide at a moment's notice whether an amendment suddenly flung at his head fits into the scope of the Bill, interferes with no other amendments, and is not in any way out of order. I can imagine no greater demand made on the qualities of promptitude and rapid decision and clearness of thought and expression, whilst for the use of these invaluable helps to the conduct of public business the shabby salary of £2000 a year is paid—an amount which would be scorned by many a bank manager or commercial magnate in or out of the City.

I had the honour of serving under three Speakers, and held them all in the highest respect, admiration, and even awe. First came Brand, who, although, to use a classical phrase, "when taken apart from his clothes," he looked an ordinary mortal, if invested with his wig and gown became large and imposing, and stepped up to his chair with a majesty which at once defined his position. I have already referred to his autocratic but unquestioned action in damming the flood-gates of irresponsible Hibernian oratory,

and freeing the House from the intolerable tyranny of a gang of dreary obstructionists ; and I think he only made one real mistake, and that was, in response to some pedantic cranks, preventing Bradlaugh from taking the oath. His decision let loose the dogs of bigotry and superstition, and gave rise to a series of unseemly and futile conflicts which, I believe, practically set a seal on the useful career of a high-minded and honourable politician.

Next came Peel, who, although he had held subordinate office, was practically unknown when he was elected, and his lofty and commanding speech on accepting the dignity offered him was a revelation to the House. Some people thought his temper a "wee thing" fiery, but I never could see this, and his whole demeanour and conduct seemed to be saturated with majestic dignity. Most especially was this shown when he admonished at the Bar the railway directors who had been guilty of one of the most serious of Parliamentary offences, to wit, visiting with penalties some of their officials who had given unpalatable evidence before a committee. A very well known and liked member, M'Clure, whose frosted silver hair and turn for champagne of the O.P. (other people's) brand—for he preferred to taste at the expense of his friends—made him a well-known character, was inclined to treat the matter as a joke ; but he soon found out his mistake, for I never heard anything more terrible and scathing than the rebuke administered to him and his colleagues.

Third in succession was Gully, who was absolutely unknown when, by a kind of fluke, he had greatness thrust upon him. But he soon justified his election, and was liked and respected by all. Both by his personal and public appearance and by his likeable and genial nature, as well as the successful, firm, but elastic quality of his rulings, he soon acquired the affectionate regard of his flock.

Although I am honoured with Lowther's acquaintance, I have never sat under him ; but by common consent he has been a complete success, combining the virtues of personal presence and nimbleness of mind with a pretty wit, which often softens down asperities and rounds the corners of difficulty.

The Clerks are very useful people, and repositories of all essential knowledge. Sir Erskine May, who sat at the table when I first came in, wrote the standard book on procedure, and was succeeded by courteous and genial Sir Reginald Palgrave, who really did not wish to resign, but retired before his full time to give his successor a chance. And next came Sir Courtenay Ilbert, the hero of the Ilbert Bill, who worthily carries on the traditions of his predecessors.

About the most troublesome part of the Clerks' business is the editing of questions. It is strictly against regulation to insert anything personal or argumentative, and the Irish, with their keen love of disorder and their ingenuity, are always trying to evade the rules and slip in something illegal. Bitter are their lamentations and wild their demonstrations when the florid flowers of their rhetoric are snipped down to regulated proportion by official scissors. I was never able to join their protests, for I always found the authorities of the table impartial, just, helpful, and tactful, carrying out difficult duties in a pleasant and friendly way.

The Whips are indispensable functionaries, and may be compared to the guards and signalmen of the Parliamentary train. Tradition may assign the highest place to some by-gone celebrity whose conspicuous ability and tact linger in the memories of old members, but I never heard the crack of his whipcord, and my beau idéal was and is Marjoribanks, afterwards Lord Tweedmouth. He combined all the necessary qualities. He had a good level head well screwed on ; he was a man of the world, active, but not obtrusively

so, pleasant-mannered, well-born, rich, hospitable, never in a hurry, but always ready to stop and have a "crack," and advise, or warn, or help.

Now, before I go any further, let me say how absurd I think the old proverbial phrase, "*De mortuis*," etc. Its adoption would mean an end to all reliable history, and a general tendency to unveracity, which could not fail to sap national morality. Let the dead, after a decent interval, be judged exactly as the living, and take their share of praise and blame according to their deserts. So when I criticise the whipdom of Tom Ellis, I say not one word against the general character of a most charming and excellent man. No one could resist the influence of his personality, or fail to appreciate his high character and sterling ability. And it was not his fault that he was put into a position for which he was totally unsuited. When my dear old friend Asher, a pretty acute judge of human nature, heard of the appointment, he exclaimed in surprise: "Tom Ellis! If I had been asked to pick the man in the House of Commons least qualified for such a post, I would have named him." And in large measure I agreed with him. For our friend was neither rich nor well-born, and had no social position; and he had the fussy, impulsive nature peculiar to his countrymen, whom he was specially chosen to control, but who were never so much out of hand as under his leadership. For the disestablishment of the Welsh Church was then a burning question, and the members from the Principality, under the leadership of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, worried and harassed the Government at every turn, and at last brought about their downfall. I don't in the least blame them for this, although I believe they made a big tactical blunder, and would have attained their object in the same session by giving their leaders time and sympathetic assistance. Ellis would have made an admirable

Minister of Education, and indeed would have fitted comfortably into any other place rather than his own, where he always gave me the impression of a square man frictioning wearily in a round hole.

To bear out what I say, let me give two typical instances. It will be remembered that, when Lord Rosebery abruptly announced in an Edinburgh speech his resignation of office, he gave as the chief ostensible reason (although there were really others, more personal in character) that his Government had been beaten on the Address, which came about in this way :—An amendment had been moved, and some of the more ardent spirits, wishing to make the party what is vulgarly called “sit up,” determined to vote against the Government, and two of them, before passing into the hostile division lobby, asked the Chief Whip if there was any danger. He made no reply, but a word of warning would have kept them straight, and they went wrong unsuspectingly, and their votes turned the scale. The conspiracy, called (I think) by Harcourt “a dirty trick,” could never have succeeded against Tweedmouth.

It will be remembered that another Government was defeated on a vote in supply. C.B. stated, on the authority of Buller, the Adjutant-General, that the supply of cordite was sufficient for the needs of the Army, and the Opposition doubted their united words. When the question had been discussed for some time, things began to look fishy, and I asked Bryce, who had just come into the House, if there was any danger. “Yes,” he replied, “great danger”; whereupon I made the obvious suggestion, “Then why don’t you carry on the debate?” At that moment Tom Ellis came bustling in, the Speaker rose to put the question, and we were beaten by a small majority.

I have always bitterly lamented that I had not the pluck to get up and talk, for I could have done so to some effect.

I could have told the House that cordite was dangerously unstable, apt to resolve itself into its pristine elements and explode spontaneously ; that it would be a criminal act of folly to store it up in any quantity ; for it could be rapidly produced in several factories, that it was really in the experimental stage, and that its use rapidly deteriorated guns by eating out their interiors. I could thus have consumed the half-hour or so that elapsed before the dinner hour, when the Whips could have scoured the town and brought back the wanderers, and more especially the three Cabinet Ministers who were away unpaired. The fact, I believe, was that an astute and unscrupulous wire-puller on the other side, recalling his old classical days and the siege of Troy, had introduced, unknown to good, simple Tom Ellis, whose suspicions had not been roused, like those of outsiders, by the large number of men hanging about the House—a contingent of steady voters who had no difficulty in swamping our side. I was sitting just behind C.B. when the result was announced. He shut up his portfolio with a snap, and hurried out of the House, and although we surrounded him and begged and implored him not to resign, nothing would move him from his resolution. His word had been called in question, and it was impossible for him to go on—and perhaps his decision was a wise one, for our majority never rose above thirty, and often fell below three, and we were in a state of most depressing thralldom, chained continuously to the labouring oar, never knowing when the blow would fall which should put an end to our precarious existence.

I have often wondered whether we were not just a little “caught napping” on the Home Rule question. The result was most unexpected to me, and when I entered the division lobby I had no idea that we were to be so handsomely beaten. The whole history of this movement is intensely interesting to politicians, and an admirable account



THE G. O. M. BY PHIL MAY

of it will be found in Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. "Randolph's phrase is rather a sticking one, 'an old man in a hurry.'" I believe that the G.O.M. had been incubating in his mind for long the policy which burst so suddenly on his supporters, and the laying of the egg was announced in tones of triumph which found no echo in the breasts of some of his supporters. My impression is that, if he had gone more gradually to work, and had taken more fully into his confidence Bright and Chamberlain, and some of those who became his leading opponents, and if the Irish, with a want of tact amazing in a quick-witted people, had not upset their apple-cart time after time when it was nearing home, they would have been in enjoyment of Home Rule now. If they had not pursued the, to my mind, foolish policy of playing one party against another, and more especially arranging the disastrous election of, I think, 1884 or 1885, when Home Rule candidates were run against official Liberals, and in many cases succeeded in ousting them from their seats to make room for Tories or themselves, Home Rule would have come already; for thus was planted in those localities an undying hatred and distrust of the cause and its advocates. While memory lasts I will not lose the impression of that final scene, when the Opposition teller, unexpectedly to me, took his place on the right and read out the fatal numbers—how Randolph and his friends leaped on their seats, waving their hats and cheering frantically; such a scene will probably never be witnessed again. •

The Sergeant-at-Arms is essential to the dignity and decorum of the House, for he carries the "bauble" in the Speaker's procession, so beloved of provincials, makes the House by putting it in its place, and deals out admissions to the Gallery after five o'clock, and keeps order generally. Someone once asked an experienced member what would

happen if a member were named. "God only knows!" he replied. But it subsequently happened almost daily, and there is often a struggle among the Hibernian patriots to attain to this great object of ambition, which will ensure a good advertisement in the local press. Once when the Irish party were suspended *en bloc*, and refused to leave the House, they only yielded to what they called superior force; and when the gigantic O'Gorman was touched on the shoulder by frail old Gosset, one wondered what would have happened if any real resistance had been made. But they all departed peaceably when thus summoned, unlike the other occasion when the police had to be called, and the active resisters forcibly carried out, struggling and shouting "Privilege!" and singing patriotic songs—truly a degrading and humiliating sight.

Gosset used to have a smoking-room where members past and present used to forgather and woo Lady Nicotine and drink whisky, principally contributed by themselves. I was not an *habitué* of this convivial haunt, but was considered qualified for an invitation to the Mansion House when the Lord Mayor, Fowler, entertained the old Sergeant and his merry men in most Bohemian fashion; and I doubt whether the walls of the Long Parlour have before or since received such sounds of revelry, song, and good-fellowship as on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

The Bar merits its name, for it is really a substantial metal structure, which is drawn out on specially solemn occasions. The Sheriffs of London and Dublin are entitled to present petitions there, on the invitation of the Speaker, who thus addresses them: "Mr Sheriff, what have you there?" I have already referred to Speaker Peel's scathing rebuke to M'Clure and his fellow-directors, and also remember when two editors were placed there to answer for a breach of privilege.

But the most dramatic scene was furnished by Bradlaugh, who, facing a hostile assembly, with no one near to encourage or support him, gained the admiration and respect of all by a masterly display of fiery and convincing oratory.

The forces of intolerance and superstition and party spite had been effectively arrayed against him, and after a series of painful and strenuous scenes he eventually found himself at the Bar of the House, standing there literally at bay, and facing his accusers. He then delivered a most crushing and scathing condemnation of their proceedings, with all the driving power of a straightforward and honourable nature. His premature removal from political life was a serious loss to us, for he was a bulwark against the socialistic waves which often, but vainly, beat on our shores, and he will live in history as having given the death-blow to land nationalisation. When asked if he was in favour of it, he said : "No ; we can only do it in two ways—by buying the land or by stealing it : we cannot afford to buy it, and I am opposed to stealing it."

People sometimes get office in quite unexpected ways. Matthews was picked from outside by Randolph Churchill to strengthen the debating power of the Front Bench, and became Home Secretary within a few months of his entering the House. But he never caught on ; his method of speech, with his shrugs and grimaces, resembled those of a French dancing-master, and he came a terrible cropper over the Cass case, bringing down the Government with him. I don't suppose, when a respectable provincial banker from York entered the House, that he expected to become Mr Secretary Cross ; but he, on the contrary, was a conspicuous success, and administered the Home Office affairs with tact and ability.

A young Liberal peer not long ago secured a billet by a curious fluke. Some of his brother Irishmen sent him a

wire, as a practical joke, asking him to call on the Prime Minister when the Government was being formed. He duly presented himself at Downing Street, and first saw the private secretary, who, knowing nothing about the business, passed him on to his Chief. He also had heard nothing of the wire, but he gave the young fellow a cordial reception, and finding him to look capable and gentlemanlike, he said : " Well, now that you are here, you had better accept something," and gave him a minor post, which he has filled most efficiently.

Not so fortunate was my poor friend Summers, who, having been a junior Whip in one Government, found himself dropped out when the next was formed. He asked an influential friend to remonstrate with Mr Gladstone, when the great man replied : " Mr Summers ? I am afraid we forgot all about Mr Summers." So it is well to get someone to jog the memories of the dispensers of the loaves and fishes when the distribution is to be made, and I have known eager claimants enlist every kind of interest—smart ladies, personal friends, influential wire-pullers, who may be able to release purse-strings, and even to use threats if necessary.

A very good avenue from which to approach the Treasury bench is through a private secretaryship to a Minister. You thus get an insight into official work, and ingratiate yourself with your chief, who can do you a good turn when the chance comes.

Lord Morley not long ago committed himself to the statement, founded on the history of Burke, that books lead better to Parliamentary success than the apprenticeship of official life. With all deference to such a great authority, I respectfully dissent. Burke's turgid and inflated sentences and melodramatic style would not be stood nowadays, and honest John himself owes, I think, some of the unreadiness and want of go and Parliamentary dash which have just a

little marred his Parliamentary career to the literary habit, which makes him think more about style than of the necessity for immediate effect. All our prominent leaders have only reached the top of the ladder by laboriously negotiating every rung. One of the great drawbacks to office is that anyone placed in the Ministry must cut all connection with directorships of public companies, and indeed one Cabinet Minister told me that he was largely out of pocket by joining the Government. I forget who first instituted this self-denying ordinance—I think it was Lord Rosebery ; but it was C.B. who crystallised the case by a neat epigram, “that he did not wish the Front Bench to be a sty for guinea-pigs.”

The observation is often made by foolish and uninstructed people : “What is the use of all your talk ? is there any instance in which a speech ever turned a vote ?” Yes, certainly. I well remember when I was sitting, limp and flabby, in my armchair, convalescing from influenza, Causton, the Whip, burst into the room and said I absolutely must come to the House that evening, and vote on the Indian cotton question, for a hostile motion was to be moved by Sir Henry James, and defeat was almost certain. It would have been as much as my life was worth to stir out of the house, for I was as weak as a rat, and was in the subnormal condition when a chill would have been fatal. So I believe a pair was with difficulty secured, and next morning I took up the paper, with fear and trembling, to see the announcement of our downfall. But victory crowned the day after all, and Sir Henry Fowler’s powerful and convincing speech completely smashed the Opposition and secured a majority of at least sixty. And not very long afterwards he repeated the process in an opium debate, when he again carried off the honours of war. I remember also hearing Sir Lyon Playfair frustrate the knavish tricks of a pestilent army of

anti-vaccination cranks, whose plausible fallacies seemed formidable until they were countered and driven out of the field by clearly quoted statistics and unanswerable argument conveyed in terse and convincing language, delivered in a most attractive style, so that the population of the hostile lobby was reduced to microscopic dimensions. Lockwood, in the famous Briggs case, made a most masterly display of the forensic art, by giving striking prominence to the strong points and keeping the weak in the background, and so swaying the House in his favour that I don't think anyone could have gone into the lobby against him.

Another instance occurs to me. Brodrick was once making unsuccessful attempts to explain his foolish policy of four army corps, and was making little impression on an unconvinced House, and matters began to look threatening, when up jumped George Wyndham, then Under Secretary of War, and completely saved the situation. The threatening clouds faded away, and the sun of success shone out. Never in my recollection was there a more useful and successful bit of debating, greatly helped as it was by the handsome presence and persuasive manner of the speaker. Of course, Palmerston's four hours' speech in defending a shady Greek called Don Pacifico, and converting a hostile into a friendly House, has become historical. So have the times when Burke and Sheridan rose to the highest declamatory flights ; to quote Macaulay, "The energy and pathos of the great orator, Burke, extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the Gallery, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling-bottles

were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs Sheridan was carried out in a fit."

When Burke, at a later date, flung a dagger on the floor of the House at the close of his speech, the sublime must almost have jostled the ridiculous; and when Lord Brougham fell on his knees beside the Woolsack, and was unable to resume his seat unaided, and implored the noble Lords not to throw out the Reform Bill, it is a pity that "Toby" was not there to describe in his own inimitable way such a melodramatic performance.

When Macaulay sat down after the first of his Reform speeches, the Speaker sent for him and told him that in all his prolonged experience he had never seen the House in such a state of excitement. That, too, must have been a great moment when Sir Robert Peel spoke his farewell words: "It may be that I shall be sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. I trust my name will be remembered by those men with expressions of goodwill when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

And when Mr Bright, in his speech on the Crimean War, uttered the memorable phrase, "The Angel of Death is in the air; we can almost hear the beating of his wings," one of his friends remarked to him: "How near the sublime is to the ridiculous! What an anti-climax it would have been if you had said flapping instead of beating!"

And I shall never forget the overwhelming effect produced by the conclusion of Mr Gladstone's speech on the Home Rule Bill. The House was packed in every possible corner, and to accommodate members who had come down in unusual numbers, chairs were for the first and last time

placed on the floor of the House. Almost up to the last moment the issue was doubtful, and Mr Gladstone spoke with the air of profound belief in the policy which had taken such a firm hold on his reason and his sentiment. After an impassioned appeal to his hearers, and in a silence which might almost be felt, he wound up with these words : "Think, I beseech you, think well, think wisely, think not for the moment, but for the years that are to come, before you reject this Bill."

Some orators have acquired an undying reputation very easily. Single-speech Hamilton has become almost proverbial, for he only addressed the House once, and was so successful that he decided it was safest not to try again. Would that his modest ambition was as contagious as the influenza ! Fox, in his first session, spoke every night but one, and regretted that he had not spoken that night as well ; and Lord Althorp spoke forty times in one night. You will probably remember the old story about the man who was asked if he had ever spoken in public. "Only once," he replied.

"And what did you say ?"

"The only thing that could be said under the circumstances, *Not Guilty*."

Two-thirds of the House of Commons in the bygone days were appointed by peers or other influential persons. Every great nobleman had a number of seats at his unquestioned disposal. The Duke of Norfolk owned eleven members ; Lord Lonsdale, nine ; the Duke of Rutland owned six. Seventy members were returned by thirty-five places where there were hardly any voters at all. Old Sarum had two members, but not one solitary inhabitant. Gatton enjoyed the services of two representatives, whilst her electors were seven in number. The present owner of that fine place Gatton Park, my friend Sir Jeremiah Colman,

has given the following details of the way in which things were formerly managed there.

From the time of Henry VI. (1422-61) until the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, Gatton, with a population of 145, and on one occasion with but one elector, returned two members to Parliament. The town hall, marking the site of the borough, and in which the result of the election was announced, still stands in Gatton Park. On one occasion the proprietor himself took the chair, nominated himself, and, being seconded by his butler, declared himself duly elected. The expenses on these occasions can hardly be called excessive. Here is the bill in the possession of Sir Jeremiah Colman :—

The Right Honourable LORD MONSON
to THOMAS DYE.

1831. *The late Gatton Election.*

April 30.

Dinners	£3	4	0
Wine	10	10	0
Tobacco, etc.	0	7	0
Labourers' dinners	3	3	0
Ale, etc.	4	2	0
Bricklayers', etc., ale	1	2	0
	<hr/>		
	£22	8	0

Settled, THOS. DYE.

The Reform Bill swept away the rotten boroughs and gave representation to such large towns as Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester, which until then, strange to say, did not possess a single member. And the further amending measure of Sir Charles Dilke did a good deal towards redressing the anomalies and absurdities of the system which it partially, but perhaps insufficiently, superseded.

When my friends used to congratulate me on belonging

to the best club in London, my answer invariably used to be: "You may call it so, but in my opinion the entrance fee is far too high and the annual subscription extortionately heavy." Readers of history will remember the enormous sums paid by great county magnates, competing wildly against one another, and incurring bills to the extent of forty and fifty, or even a hundred thousand pounds, for the honour of sitting for a year or two in Parliament. The saddest case was that of Colonel Mure, who had to pay six or seven thousand pounds for his election, and who never had the chance of taking his seat. Things, of course, were done much more economically when I came in about the middle of 1880; but I remember an annual return of expenditure, in which the biggest bill had to be paid by my friend Mr, now Sir William, Agnew, who was mulcted in £8000 for the honour of representing one of the divisions of Manchester; and, as I mentioned, I had the misfortune of having to fight my first contest in the bad old days before Sir Henry James's great Magna Charta, the Corrupt Practices Act of 1881, gave a death-blow to bribery, and placed the scale of expenditure at a reasonable figure. The maximum expenditure, up to the legislation of 1911, was calculated on the number of voters; and here I may say in passing, without expressing any opinion on the justice of their cause, that the introduction of women to the franchise would probably double the electorate and inflict a heavy pecuniary fine on the unfortunate candidate. As matters stand now, in a borough you may spend £380, and an additional £30 for every 1000 electors above 2000. In a county £710 is the limit, with an additional £60 for every 1000 electors above 2000—the average in counties being from £1100 to £1200, and boroughs £400 to £500. Nursing a constituency is an expensive process, and may run to thousands a year if you are trying to turn

out a rich man. When any of my constituents used to play off my opponent against me, by pointing out that he had given so much to some particular charity, my answer was always the same : "Keep him a candidate as long as you can, for if he becomes your member he will probably be as mean as I am." And then I gave half his contribution. Sir Henry James, as he was then, tried to deal with this species of organised blackmail, but he found it impossible to do anything, and the member or candidate is only protected by common sense, impecuniosity, or custom. Some put their foot down and decline to subscribe to anything, pointing out, as Sir John Leng did with crushing effect, how demoralising it is for people who are starting cricket and football clubs—many of which, by the way, are purely bogus—to go round begging, hat in hand, instead of trusting to their own exertions and energy. Duncan M'Laren, about the shrewdest and biggest-headed man in Edinburgh, said : "I am a citizen of my native town, and in that capacity I felt myself obliged to contribute to certain things, and now that I am a member I will give nothing more." Of course, if you are an unmitigated carpet-bagger the difficulty of discrimination is increased, and in any case there are many useful and deserving objects in favour of which you may feel inclined to relax your purse-strings ; but it is well to let it be known that you are not to be regarded merely as a milch cow to be drained of nutritious material on any or all occasions.

CHAPTER XIV

PARLIAMENTARY PERSONALITIES

POPULARITY in the House is easily acquired, but as easily lost. It is something like the bloom on the peach, which vanishes at a touch, and all the King's horses and all the King's men cannot replace. So it behoves the novice to "gang warily," and either catch on at once in some daring or unexpected way, or remain calmly and quietly in his shell and only creep out on some favourable occasion. It is not bad policy to sit down on your hat, but the same operation performed on your neighbour's may give rise to strained relations ; and although the senators were mightily amused when Willis, Q.C., in the fervour of his oratory, with one bold sweep of his arm cleared the head of an unsuspecting colleague sitting below him of its covering, I doubt if the victim joined in the laugh with any real sincerity.

There is something very schoolboy-like about M.P.'s in session ; they are amused by absurdly feeble jokes, and a man's reputation may be made by a witticism which would be scornfully rejected by the comic papers, or even by an accidental slip of the tongue or casual phrase.

Mr Justice Ross, then member for Derry, still lives in the memory of his hearers because he spoke of T. P. O'Connor as the Honourable Member for Scotland Yard ; and in a debate on the Access to Mountains Bill I happened to remark that "I owned a mountain." My good friend "Toby" took this up and harped over and over again on the

somewhat worn-out string in his own inimitable fashion, and the traces of my casual observation are still occasionally to be found in journalistic pages, and hardly anyone comes to Finzean without wishing to see "Peter Hill," which I had in my mind when I spoke. Other stories flit through my mind as I write, but most of them are too personal, and depend so largely on the circumstances of the moment that the flavour would inevitably evaporate in the telling.

It is most important, when first addressing the House, not to be pompous or dictatorial or priggish. Any attempt to lecture or to assume the airs of a superior person is quite fatal, and if scant appreciation is shown of your earlier efforts, don't betray any resentment, but try to find out from yourself and others how to make a better impression next time. The late Sir Richard Temple imperilled his position by a foolish bit of temper. He rather injudiciously spoke twice immediately after taking his seat, and when the House became a little impatient the second time, he promptly moved the adjournment of the debate. When Mr Drage, a clever and pushing young fellow who beat Sir William Harcourt at a bye-election, and was just a "wee thing" swelled-headed as a not unnatural consequence, referred in his maiden speech to his late antagonist, who had meanwhile found his way back to the Front Bench, as a "monumental instance of inconsistency," even his own side was obliged to admit that he had made a mistake. Nor did the late Mr Seymour Keay fare much better. His first attempt at Parliamentary oratory was four times interrupted by the Speaker, who at last peremptorily ordered him to resume his seat for disregarding his authority. Some foolish person had told the new M.P. that it was good policy to get early into collision with the Speaker : his principal crime, in addition to his offence against discipline, being the free use of

Scriptural quotations, which the House dislikes even more than the scraps of Latin and Greek with which old-fashioned orators used to interlard their speeches. Next day "Toby" described this speech as "maidenly but not modest."

Chamberlain is fond of telling the story that, when he entered the House, he asked a friend of long standing if he could give him any hints. "Well," was the reply, "you have come in with an outside reputation which the House does not like; so if you could manage to break down a little in your first speech, the House would take it as a compliment, and it will do you good." I fear that, although the spirit might be willing, the flesh would be bound to have its way, and the most brilliant debater of modern times could hardly do less than recognise the importance of the new sphere for his oratory by giving it a taste of his very best. It is a Parliamentary offence to read a speech, but the Speaker only interferes when someone rises to order and draws his attention to it. In my long Parliamentary experience I only remember this being done three or four times, and the defence in each case was the same, that only full notes were being used. But the order is much more honoured in the breach than the observance. The late Mr M'Combie, who used to place his MS. in his hat and was once pulled up, replied, "There's a hantle o' them read their speeches"—and he was quite right. I remember a friend of mine calmly read his maiden speech from a typewritten copy.

Sir William Harcourt, one of the nimblest and most effective of debaters, spoilt the effect of his set harangues by writing them fully out and reading them in a stilted, sing-song time, slowly turning over the leaves like a sermon. Many other front and other men did the same; and, of course, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech introduc-

ing the Budget, which contains elaborate figures and epoch-making announcements, must be definitely committed to paper and formally communicated to the House. Naturally, it is well to make careful preparation, perhaps to write out the first attempt, and have fairly complete headings with which to reinforce the memory in case of disaster ; and if you trust solely to notes, follow John Bright's example and learn off some purple patches, also be careful to follow Wallace's advice and have a sentence ready to sit down upon. But it is well not to be in a great hurry to make a start. Lord Randolph Churchill saw out three sessions before he started ; John Morley sat watching and listening for months before he ventured to open his lips ; and there have been scores who from sheer funk never mustered up courage to address the assembly during their whole career. On the other hand, I have heard Irish members get up and talk with perfect fluency and self-possession a few hours after taking the oath ; and Healy, I believe, made his maiden speech the first night he entered the House, and was suspended immediately after.

Some of the queer customs of the House you will soon find out. For instance, if you pass between a member who is speaking and the Chair, you will be pulled up by frantic cries of "Order !" which seriously disconcert the equanimity of a novice. If you try to speak from behind the Bar, or keep your hat on when you rise, or read a book, or ostentatiously open letters, or quote from any publication but a Parliamentary paper, you will soon find out your mistake ; and I once saw Chamberlain reprimanded because he was reading extracts from a file of *The Times* which he held in his hand. It is quite out of order to eat anything on the sacred floor of the Second Chamber, although in the old days, before there was any proper refreshment department, I understand that nibbling at

sandwiches and other nutritious articles was tacitly sanctioned by authority. But I remember, during one of the all-night sittings, the late A. M. Sullivan brought in a bag of jam puffs, and proceeded to consume them with ostentatious deliberation; and when he was pulled up by the Chair, he replied: "I thought, Mr Playfair, that we were in Committee of Supply." Yet, apparently, you can drink anything you like. Mr Gladstone made an ingenious compromise between fluid and solid nourishment by slobbering out a sort of glutinous-looking material from a pomatum pot, the composition, as one of his sons told me, being egg, sherry, and ether, the volatile vapour of the last-named stimulant being not disagreeably recognised many benches off. Lord Palmerston was said to suck oranges; Balfour sips a reddish-brown fluid which might be either port or that other wine which we are told would be port if it could; and Lord Brougham's deep potations during his famous Reform speech were supposed to be responsible for the temporary paralysis which prevented him from rising from his knees to the Woolsack after his peroration. Wilberforce used to take what recent correspondents in *The British Medical Journal* tell us is far the best means for steadying nerves and arranging ideas during an oratorical effort—an opium pill.

Dress is no longer a difficult question, for apparently nowadays you may wear pretty much what you please. Straw hats, and every variety of dittos, will pass muster, and I was even told that two or three sessions ago the tropical state of the atmosphere invited a member to try the rather doubtful experiment of scribbling his letters in his shirt-sleeves. But formerly the sumptuary regulations were rather strict. "Joe" Cowen had to obtain the Speaker's leave before, in accordance with his doctor's orders, he appeared in a soft felt hat; and my late friend Colonel

Gourley told me that, when he was once wearing a short cut-away jacket, he was called up to the Chair and gently reproved. A tradition still perhaps lingers that a tall hat and frock-coat form the correct costume, and Keir Hardie, who arrived at the door of the House in a wagonette escorted by a brass band, found that socialistic and republican defiance of custom can be carried too far, and that it was desirable to replace the dirty little "deer-stalker," which used to surmount his independent brows, by the "bowler" that crowns the cranium of not less pushing members of the Labour Party.

Swords cannot be worn, except by the movers and seconders of the Address, who must appear in some kind of uniform, girt round with the appropriate lethal weapon. But when the Sheriffs appear to present petitions at the Bar they are disarmed. Well do I remember when my old friend Sir Alfred Jacoby, who was going to a City dinner, and took the somewhat unusual if not unprecedented course of sitting down on the green benches in full court dress, how disconcerted he was when the Sergeant-at-Arms tapped him on the shoulder, and told him to take off his sword. *Levée* dress is *de rigueur* when dining with the Speaker, and although a special banquet was once prepared for the Labourists who scorned to wear dress clothes, I do not fancy it was a success—at all events it has never been repeated. The members of that cult do not like to be treated differently from others, except politically, when they glory in their independent attitude; and although Keir Hardie was furious at not being invited to the Windsor garden party, he caused it to be known that he would not have gone if he had been asked.

The first thing to acquire when you enter public life is a thick skin. Join the order of the Pachydermata as soon as possible, for anything like sensitiveness or susceptibility to

pin-pricks will destroy your comfort and probably your usefulness. Year by year the opportunities of private members shrivel away, and the power of Cabinets and officialism grows and waxes stronger, and in the end back-bench people will be reduced to the position of the butcher who, after one of the overwhelming orations of his colleague, got up and stammered out feebly, "I say ditto to Mr Burke." Every kind of difficulty and obstruction is placed in the way of anyone who tries in an unofficial capacity to do his duty to his constituents. If you want to bring anything formally before the House by way of motion, or to introduce a Bill, or rather to get a second reading, you must ballot for your opportunity, and as a hundred or two are also trying their luck, your chance of success is very remote. And when, or if, you are successful in drawing the first place—and no other is of any use—it is quite on the cards that Government, with all the burglarious instincts of those in authority, will grab your day, or, unless you are working with their sanction, will try to count you out or do something to prevent you from making yourself inconvenient. You may put down a motion to reduce a Minister's salary, to draw attention to some grievance in his department; but some loquacious cranks will be ahead of you and talk at such length that the closure will have to be moved, to get the vote through within the financial year. If you move the adjournment of the House to consider some matter of urgent public importance, some Government hack will put down a blocking motion to the same effect, which will prevent yours from coming on, and any attempt to move a Bill afterwards is generally countered by a sharp cry, "I object!"

I once lost what might have been a grand opportunity through the too dexterous persuasion of the Whips. The present Duke of Sutherland asked me to put my name on a

Land Bill which was so advanced and Radical as to have frightened off other people. On looking it over, I found that it embodied principles which were afterwards passed in the Crofters Act, and which I saw were wise and just and would certainly have met the approval of my constituents. He was fortunate enough to get the first place on a Wednesday forenoon, and with a carefully prepared speech I went down ready to second him and cover myself with glory. But alas! for the best-laid schemes of mice and men. I arrived a few minutes late, and instead of finding my friend on his legs, he came to meet me in the Lobby, with the sad tale that the constituted authorities had put such pressure on him to withdraw his Bill, to make way for a very important one of their own, that he could not resist their blandishments, and the promise that another opportunity would be given him later on. As a much older Parliamentary hand, I knew what this meant, and it is hardly necessary to say that the eventual massacre of the innocents terminated the existence of our poor little ewe lamb.

Taking everything into consideration, I think the most serious Parliamentary worry is the great and increasing difficulty of getting an innings when you wish to speak. No part of the Speaker's or Chairman's duties is more responsible or probably worrying than the duty of deciding whom to call when a covey of intending speakers spring to their legs. The Gordian knot of difficulty is cut in the Lords by the Chancellor ignoring this part of his responsibilities altogether, and leaving the rival claimants to fight it out among themselves; and so the sight, more amusing than decorous, is not altogether uncommon in the Upper Chamber of two or even three noble Lords haranguing against one another, until the possessor of the most brazen tongue, or assurance, or general acceptance remains in possession of the field. But if the competition continues

and becomes inconvenient, it is then competent for anyone to move that either of the competing orators be heard, and even to take a division on the subject. In the Commons the occupant of either Chair is the sole arbiter, although it not infrequently happens that, out of a crowd of eager aspirants angling for the official eye, the House will shout out for one.

I have always been impressed with the conspicuous fairness of those who have the invidious duty of selection, and how people are called who have a right to be heard on some particular question. I remember an old friend of mine, a former chairman of committees, once chaffing me in the tea-room about an abortive attempt of mine to deliver myself of some great thoughts that were surging within me. "What did you mean by trying to speak on an Irish question; you were *not* called." But I found that, whenever I rose to talk about medical or scientific matters, I always received the opportunity of being heard, and invariably obtained a friendly and attentive hearing. My most unsuccessful effort was once when, in deference to the wishes of my constituents, I tried to intervene in a full-dress Irish debate. For two whole days I kept bobbing up: when one man sat down, I sprang into the air, with notes in my hand and words on my lips, but in vain. And when the third day came I renewed my ineffectual efforts until, about ten o'clock, one of the Whips came to me and said: "The Speaker thinks you have a very strong claim to be heard, if you will rise when the man now in possession sits down." My position was a painful one. It was the last night of the debate, and at any moment one of the big ironclads might come sailing in and engulf my poor little cockle-shell of a boat. And the speaker was prolix, and I thought he would never sit down. But at last he stopped, and the partly welcome, partly alarming sound, "Dr Farquharson,"

sounded into my somewhat dazed ears, and so I had to begin to address a House bored and wearied and clamouring for the division, before whom every possible argument and turn of thought and expression had been produced with exasperating iteration, and to make a dull and prosy oration to a thoroughly unsympathetic audience. No wonder that the journalistic criticism next day was : "Dr Farquharson's speech was sensible but dry, and no one seemed to care much about it." In which opinion I cordially concurred.

The theory is that the first person who catches the Speaker's eye is called, and up to a certain point this is the case. I have often seen the Speaker hesitate for a moment or two before he made up his mind, and once or twice I have seen him mistake a man's double for himself and announce the successful candidate by the wrong name. It must be tremendously hard for one who, like Gully, was brought out almost suddenly from a back bench, where he had sat for years, unnoticed and almost unknown, to be able to "spot" the winner out of a crowd of eager claimants for oratorical honours, and I often used to see him spending his odd moments in poring over the illustrated list of the members, and endeavouring to fix their faces in his mind for identification purposes. Complaints are sometimes made that bores and cranks, who are always wanting to talk, are called too often, to the exclusion of the quiet and retiring though worthy people, who seldom obtrude themselves. The reason perhaps is that the Speaker knows them better by sight, and also recognises the fact that, like a dose of medicine, they must be taken some time, and had better be got over sooner rather than later.

A custom has crept in lately of making up formal lists for formal debates, and the Whips help the Speaker to frame them. To show the pressure on the time of the House and the eager wish on the part of members to consume it, I may

mention the case of a friend of some standing, an exceptionally good speaker and a popular man, who rarely shoved himself forward. He himself told me his plaintive tale—how he had asked the Chairman if he had any chance of being able to “chip in” on one occasion, when he was particularly anxious to say a few words, and how depressed he felt when he was told : “I’m afraid not, for I have forty names down already”; and things are sure to get worse in the future. The art of public speaking is now widely cultivated, and constituents do not wish to be represented by dumb dogs, so that the struggle to be heard will get keener and keener. The greatest curse of Parliamentary life is the excessive prolixity of people who take too full advantage of the opportunity they have secured. I always sympathised with Major Rasch in his efforts to limit the length of speeches, and Asquith has shown an excellent example by condensing into half an hour of closely reasoned and admirably phrased utterance all that is necessary to be said on a particular subject, and indeed all that can be said—in sharp contrast with the vapid and washy orations which were sometimes pronounced from the front benches, and which were justly complained of by the rank and file, as making undue demands on the time which ought to be shared by them.

The most irritating thing that can possibly happen to a speaker is to be counted out. This once happened to me when I was seconding a motion of Cameron’s, and had got under way with what seemed to myself a rather promising speech, when up popped a leading obstructionist on the other side, who himself made continuous and wearisome exactions on the attention of the House, and called the Speaker’s attention to the fact that there were not forty members present. As the ringing of the bell did not summon the requisite number, the House and the country lost the valuable information which I was prepared to impart. I

remember my old friend Dr Lyons being bitterly disappointed in a similar way. After numerous efforts, he had secured the first place at nine o'clock, under the old regulations, for a motion "anent" the re-afforestation of Ireland, and the appointed hour found him planted on a corner seat, surrounded with blue books and with copious notes in his hand. But he had hardly uttered his preliminary sentence when one of his mischievous countrymen was also on his legs with the request that the Speaker would count the House, which he did only too effectually ; and my poor friend, gathering together his now useless material, sped sadly homewards. Another way in which ill-conditioned people can make themselves obnoxious is by spying strangers, and getting visitors turned out of the Gallery, and reporters out of theirs. A notorious instance of this happened when Mr Chaplin was going to bring forward an interesting motion in connection with horse-breeding and racing, and the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, with many of his fashionable friends, had come to hear him, when the fatal croak of that little imp Biggar was heard : strangers had been seen, and were promptly cleared away.

I remember rather an amusing incident when a member, who had got up to leave the House, was called on by the Speaker and placed in a most uncomfortable position ; but an obstructive combination, well known in former years, was also stamped out in the same way. A very common device was, and probably still is, to talk at inordinate length on some motion, for the purpose of keeping off something else lower down on the notice paper to which objection was taken. In order to let the Speaker think that there was a real wish on the part of the House to continue the debate, and therefore to keep off the closure, six or eight men would manage to jump up in a little clump at a given moment, with the view of one of them being called. But

when over and over again some speechless person who really had nothing to say, and had prepared nothing, was called upon to state his views, the custom fell into disuse, and the evident sense of the House is evoked to protect itself from prolix bores. This sense, which is perhaps allied to what has been called the sixth sense, common sense, used to be shown formerly in a much more evident way than now.

There is no more awe-inspiring place to speak in than the Commons, yet none more sympathetic and appreciative if anyone really has anything to say, and says it shortly and crisply, without any trace of superiority or priggish infallibility. So it is most difficult to understand why people are so desperately nervous when they get up to address it, especially for the first time, and why a man who is easy and fluent when he is sitting or walking about, stands and stutters and becomes incoherent and rambling when he rears himself into the correct posture, and why a carefully prepared speech, with an abundant crop of ideas, sometimes vanishes into space when the orator gets up to talk. I can never forget an agitating moment in Aberdeen, when the chairman of a great public meeting, whose ability and high social standing might have placed him above all nervous feeling, suddenly brought his remarks up short, and looked helplessly at his audience. It was one of the occasions when we seem to live days in a moment, and all wondered what was going to come next. After an agonising pause, and one or two attempts to pick up the scattered threads of memory, he got on the rails again, but the spirit was out of his discourse, and it came flatly to a close.

No doubt, too, some of my readers will remember the dinner given to Sir John Tenniel some years ago. The company was both numerous and distinguished. Mr Balfour presided in his happiest form, Mr Choate was fluent and

epigrammatic, and then came the guest's turn, and after a single word of acknowledgment he abruptly resumed his seat, and the situation was saved by Birrell, who happily remarked that this was just one of the occasions when silence was more golden than speech. I had an opportunity of talking the affair over with my friend, the veteran cartoonist, not long afterwards, and he told me what an excellent oration he had prepared, and how it had entirely vanished from his memory whenever he rose. He ought to have followed the example recorded somewhere of someone who found himself in a similar plight, and who, after vainly endeavouring to piece together the broken fragments of a forgotten speech, boldly took it out of his pocket and read it to his audience.

I have twice seen eminent actors, whose lives had necessarily been spent in talking to the public, so overcome with stage fright at Academy dinners as to be perfectly miserable before they got up, crumbling their bread, eating and drinking nothing, and returning monosyllabic replies to the remarks of their neighbours ; and yet this did not prevent them from making the most successful speeches of the evening. George Russell reports that Mr Gladstone, on being asked by Lord Coleridge, himself no mean performer with the tongue, if he ever felt nervous in speaking, replied, "In opening, often ; in reply, never." Lloyd-George, when he made his maiden speech, told a friend : "I tell you, I was in a state of misery. It is no figure of speech, but literally true, that my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and at first I could hardly get a word out."

Dizzy's famous breakdown is a matter of history, and when he had failed to catch the ear of the House, he abruptly wound up with the prophetic utterance : "A time will come when you must hear me."

I shall never forget my own sensations on one memor-

able occasion. It was a nine-o'clock meeting, under our old arrangements, and I was to second a motion of Cameron's about vaccination. I rose in a very small and irresponsive House eager for a count, and for a few moments I felt as though I could not possibly go on. The room seemed to whirl round, my tongue was dry and hard, my voice sounded hoarse and far away, and I had an irresistible impulse to sit down. But I thought, if I collapse utterly, I am done for ever, and may just as well retire into private life ; so I pulled myself vigorously together, and with the aid of stern resolution and pretty full notes I managed to struggle on to the end, which to me was a bitter one.

It is stated that John Bright grew painfully nervous in his later years, and I have often seen him sitting in his corner seat apparently ready for action, abruptly fold up his notes and leave the House because he had not the courage to rise and address it.

The great drawback of House of Commons speaking is its uncertainty. Front-bench men are called when they rise, and can therefore choose their own time for doing so ; but the humbler mortals who sit behind them must take their chance in the face of heavy competition, when the subject and themselves and the audience are getting exhausted—and when point after point have been filched from them, and even the very language which they intend to use is appropriated by others.

It is commonly said, and I think properly believed, that no one talks really well unless he feels some qualms of trepidation before he gets up, for this implies a due respect for his audience and an earnest wish to please and convince them. And the House of Commons is always specially sympathetic with anyone who shows the need of encouragement. But woe be to the impostor or wind-bag or talker for the sheer sake of talking ; to them no mercy is shown,

and in olden times loud and continuous shouts of "Agreed, agreed !" and "Divide, divide !" drowned their voices whenever they opened their lips. But nowadays far more efficient means are possessed by the authorities, and the closure can be moved, or the Speaker utters warnings against tedious and irrelevant repetition, or even orders the member to resume his seat. And in this way official decorum is maintained, and the waste of the precious time of the House is as much reduced as can be expected.

When I entered the House of Commons, I was urged by some of my friends to drop the "Doctor," but I steadily refused, because I knew perfectly well that a distinctive title is of great service in the House of Commons. I was always spoken of there familiarly, and sometimes affectionately, as "The Doctor," and eventually got a kind of position as an authority on matters medical, and even scientific—of which last I had, of course, only a feeble smattering. So, whenever I rose to speak on any of these subjects, I was invariably called. And then my professional services were frequently called into requisition. I remember what a sensation was caused when "Bobby" Spencer swallowed a toothpick ; and I was present when my old friend and brother officer, Colonel Legge, had his stroke ; and when an excellent and most useful man, Powell Williams, who was shabbily treated, being jolted out of the War Office by the Government whom he had well and faithfully served, was seized with fatal illness, he paid me a high compliment by asking that I might be sent for ; and I was almost literally "in " at poor Wallace's death. He had been speaking with his usual incisive vigour, when he suddenly faltered and fell forward and lost consciousness. John Burns shouldered him in a minute and carried him out to the Lobby, and when I returned from a party at Rosebery's I saw a little crowd surrounding something on the floor, and I went to

see what had happened. Then Priestley came up and asked me to join him in consultation, and we had no difficulty in diagnosing cerebral hæmorrhage. He retained some power of movement and muttered a few incoherent words, and we hoped that there might be the chance of a partial recovery. But evidently a fresh clot must have formed, for the coma soon deepened, and our poor friend died before he could reach the Westminster Hospital.

An even more dramatic, though happily much less serious, incident did much to establish my reputation. One evening I was urgently summoned to the servants' quarter to see one of the housemaids who was in a fit, and sure enough I found a girl lying on the floor and held down by four or five others, with whom she was violently struggling. I waved them all aside with the remark, "Don't take any notice of her; if she likes to knock herself about, that is her look-out, and does not concern us"—and she never moved again. Of course it was merely a fit of hysteria, on which sympathy is thrown away.

Rather a terrible scene was when a man sitting under the Gallery had an epileptic fit, and the question was how to get him out of the narrow space and what to do with him. But luckily everything went well, and he was much aggrieved because we would not allow him to appear next day in one of the committee rooms, whither he had been summoned as a witness.

Another dramatic episode recurs to my memory. John Bright had been entertained to dinner by the Eighty Club, and the success of the evening, rather imperilled by his lame and halting speech, was redeemed by the exceptionally brilliant way in which Asquith, then a young, unknown barrister, proposed his health. We then all adjourned to the House, where the perennial woes of the distressful country were, as usual, under consideration. In an unhappy

moment—and well do I remember the feeling of despair and dismay with which I heard it—one of the patriots accused Mr Bright, who was present, of being in his dotage. I think it must have been Sexton, whose intellectual arrogance would brook no contradiction or explanation ; for in a letter from Bright to “Toby,” quoted in Lucy’s *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*, the great tribune said he had been insulted by Sexton. And so, after many years of active advocacy of the claims of Ireland and sincere sympathy with her patriotic aspirations, a chance remark turned him round the wrong way, and threw back the cause of Home Rule for a quarter of a century. “What great events from trifling causes spring !”

Now for some personal characteristics : and let me begin with Gladstone, the greatest man among them all. What a lovable personality he was, we find out from Lord Morley’s great book ; but, dwelling habitually in the Olympian calm of the higher intellectual atmosphere, he excited in the minds of ordinary folk like myself feelings of awe mixed with profound admiration and respect. I hardly ever spoke to him, but once he called me to him behind the Speaker’s Chair, and I obeyed in fear and trembling, not knowing what was going to happen. But he soon put me at ease by cordial and appreciative admiration of my brother’s picture, “The Joyless Winter Day,” to which his attention had been directed by Sir William Agnew on his annual personally conducted tour of the Royal Academy the day before.

On another occasion I dined with him, and directed special attention to what he ate and drank. Everything was well done, and he took three glasses of champagne and two of port, and was in excellent form, chaffing Herbert about demoralising the household by smoking, and Malcolm M’Coll, who casually dropped in, and who had been yachting with some Swedish royalties, on his condescension

in coming down to visit such a humble individual as himself. He talked to me about Fasque, his nephew, Sir John, being one of my nearest neighbours, and was much interested to hear my diagnosis of the progressive and incurable disease which so sadly cut short Randolph Churchill's brilliant career. He attributed his own freshness and longevity to his gift of sleep, always getting seven hours and craving for more, and to his habit of never thinking about politics after he got into bed. I am told that the only time his slumbers were ever disturbed was during the anxious time when the fate of Gordon hung in the balance, and he was accused of having practically murdered a man who was usually looked upon as a high-minded and principled patriot, but whose real character has been effectively exposed by Lord Cromer in his great book on Egypt. I remember a brutal caricature, showing Gladstone in a box at the theatre, laughing uproariously, while the cold shade of the dead Gordon stood behind his chair. The fact being that his fast friends, the Dalhousies, seeing his depression and worry, asked him to accompany them to see an amusing play, and it was not till next morning that the tragedy of Khartoum was announced.

But the class of people who act on the principle enunciated by the old writer, "Calumniate long enough, and some of it will stick," go on repeating these worn-out and disproved falsehoods—in the same way as they prate about the so-called disgrace of Majuba—to the end of the chapter.

The G.O.M. was conspicuously wanting in some of those social arts which Dizzy possessed to perfection. He seldom knew his supporters, and sometimes surprised his more insignificant opponents by his cordial salutation when he entered the House. "Toby" tells us that Joe Cowen was alienated from the Liberal fold by lack of the recognition he expected, as an influential friend and supporter, when he

took his seat ; and the editor of an influential newspaper in the North was understood to date his sudden defection from the true faith from some social slight when he met Gladstone in a country house. It seems small and petty to consider these things, when we consider how fully his mind was taken up in the matters of state and how jealously guarded was every minute of time. When others were chattering and chaffing in the division lobbies, he sat with absorbed face at a table conducting his correspondence ; and it is a matter of history how, during the wild excitement of his Home Rule defeat, he calmly continued writing his letter to the Queen.

Putting Gladstone on one side, as in a class by himself, I suppose we must place Bright at the top. I never heard him in his best days, but I understand that the effect produced by his oratory, and most especially on public platforms, was quite overwhelming ; voice, appearance, manner, the general sense of moral elevation, and the strong but simple words in which his fine thoughts were clothed, made a blend no one has quite equalled since. And his famed colleague, Cobden, too, must have been a great power. The secret of his success, according to his biographer, Lord Morley, was his persuasiveness, what Dizzy called his sauciness.

As Morley puts it, "Cobden made his way to men's hearts by the mirror which they saw in him of simplicity, earnestness, and conviction, with a singular facility of expression. This facility consisted in a remarkable power of apt and homely illustration, and a curious ingenuity in framing the argument that happened to be wanted. Besides his skill in thus hitting on the right argument, Cobden had the oratorical art of presenting it in the way that made its admission to the understanding of a listener easy and undenied."

Lord Morley, who writes this, is himself a bit of an orator, and always seems to raise the debate or the public question to a high and serene atmosphere.

I did not know John Bright well, but he was a member of the Reform Club, where Frank Holl's fine portrait decorates our top landing ; and in the smoking-room, once or twice a week, he used to hold a kind of informal levée. Surrounded by a respectful circle performing the difficult acrobatic feat of "hanging on his lips," he talked at large *de omnibus rebus*, especially on the subject of Home Rule. Nothing is more surprising to anyone who has studied his past career, and more especially the splendid speeches in which he used to plead for justice to Ireland, than the intensity of bitterness with which he denounced the only practical proposal ever made to redress the balance between us. "Labby" used to draw him out beautifully, and when we saw the two alongside we were forcibly reminded of Landseer's picture of "Dignity and Impudence," or of a little sportive pug skipping round a big, severe mastiff and yapping at its heels. I only once met the great tribune at dinner, and was bitterly disappointed by the result. He was just beginning to talk when a stupid and bumptious Parliamentary agent opposite to him struck in with a harsh, brazen voice, and continued to jaw about nothing in particular, namely himself, until Bright, who was really a non-assertive man, shut up, and did not open his lips for the rest of the evening. He was a teetotaler, but liked a good cigar, and most afternoons he might be seen playing billiards, generally with his friends Wilfrid Lawson and Illingworth ; and of course it is well known that salmon-fishing was his real hobby. Attempts have lately been made by one of that irritating class of people who like to take the gilt off the gingerbread and strip heroes of their heroic properties, to show that he was a pure duffer and

hardly ever caught anything. My friend, Rupert Potter, who lent him the hospitality of his river every year, enables me to contradict this, and tells me that he was really an excellent performer with the rod, and his eldest son gives testimony to the same effect.

Labouchere was a very different personality, but intensely interesting and amusing, and the gaiety of the House of Commons suffered partial eclipse when he betook himself to Florence for good. It is understood that he wished for a ministerial post, and that he even volunteered to give up all connection with *Truth* (I mean the journal) if he could be accommodated with a portfolio. But I fear the journalistic instinct would have been too strong; and can we imagine the caustic and witty critic of Government, and fearless exposé of abuses, sitting meekly muzzled on the Front Bench with a peaceful air of official resignation, and only allowed to speak when he was spoken to, or receiving special permission to do so? Such a state of affairs was quite unthinkable, and in his quiet moments of reflection the then member for Northampton must have seen how utterly miserable he would have been chained to his official perch and eyeing wistfully the bench below the gangway, whence he used to delight us all with sparkling comments on things past and present and to come.

Probably some of my readers may remember the verses written and sung by Sir F. Bridge at a Coronation choir dinner :—

The Ministers and Members all
 Make game of truthful Labby,
 Though but for him, 'tis said they'd be
 A sleepy set, and flabby.
 And when their seven long years are out,
 They hope to bury Labby;
 Ah, then how peacefully he'll lie,
 But not in our Abbey.

Sam Smith, as they called him, was an interesting sort of man, with his long Piccadilly weepers, mournful face, and tears not only in his weak, piping voice, but almost literally in his eyes as well. He was a downright, good, honest soul ; and although on one occasion, after a speech of mine on the opium question, he said that no one holding such opinions had any right to a seat in the House of Commons, he made a handsome apology, and was always very hospitable to me in his fine old house, which once had the dubious honour of belonging to Judge Jeffreys.

He was the champion of many lost, some dying, and some living causes, and took under his paternal wing ballet-girls, habitual drunkards, and especially the victims of gambling. But wicked people said that there was no more intrepid operator on the Liverpool wheat market.

CHAPTER XV

SOME OF MY CONTEMPORARIES

LORD SALISBURY distinguished himself by saying that the people of England would appreciate a circus far more than parish councils, and I hope his digestion was in good order when he made a hearty meal of the assertion that local self-government would be a far more dangerous thing to give Ireland than Home Rule. I wish someone would make a collection of these little oratorical gems, popularly known as blazing indiscretions. I hardly dare to mention the name of his illustrious nephew, a truly versatile balancer on the political tight-rope, now laying various flattering unctions to his soul, then flirting with the suffrage, if not with the suffragists, or singing in the immortal strains of Captain Macheath, while Tariff Reform, alias Protection, takes his one arm, and Free Trade the other: "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!"; yet again chasing away our slumbers by scares of German invasion, or making our flesh creep by allying himself to the dismal lamentation of Beresford, Maxse, Blatchford and Co., over the supposed deficiency of our first line of defence. All this coated with a taking veneer of literary polish and philosophic doubt, and forced down the throats of his faithful followers with the luscious jam of personal charm, and the absolute conviction that he is indispensable to his party.

Goschen was a man of extraordinary ability, displayed

in a variety of Cabinet offices, and an incisive and interesting speaker, specially welcoming interruptions, which he always turned with disastrous effect against those who rashly made them. His guttural and rasping voice made him rather unpleasant to listen to, but his Budget speeches showed an unexpected vein of humour. Readers of "Toby's" *Sixty Years in the Wilderness* will find that he had ambitious leanings towards the Speakership, and was only prevented from vigorously pressing his claims by the adverse opinion of Mr Bowman about his eyes. This is just another illustration of the wish of many worthy people to do things for which they are physically unsuited. I believe that the late Mr Toole's great ambition was to act Hamlet ; and readers of the Bancrofts' interesting autobiography will remember the side-splitting scene when "Bob Romer," of Adelphi farce fame, undertook in an evil moment the character of Othello for his benefit. No one could possibly have been less cut out than George Joachim to fill the Chair with dignity. Although nothing annoyed him more than to be accused of Jewish descent, he possessed many of the characteristics of that able though not always popular race. His nose betrayed him, he had the flat feet and the hoarse voice of the Israelite, and his eyes served him so badly that even large text was distinguished with difficulty when applied closely to his face. Had he been elevated to the Chair, the House would have lost the admirable oratorical displays, so full of close argument and real eloquence and sparkling wit, with which he used to retain crowded benches from uprising to finish. Of his humour I remember a double instance. When Charles Wyndham returned to the Criterion, from a most successful engagement in Germany, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer took the chair at a dinner to welcome the wanderer. "Gentlemen," he began, "our friend has been on the Spree in Berlin,

and although he got an excellent reception there, that's no criterion."

Chamberlain, called "Joe" for short, whose, I hope, only temporary withdrawal from public life is a matter for sincere and universal regret, is greatly missed from the House, where his brilliant oratorical debating gifts were keenly appreciated. He is said to be a good hater, but he has many attached friends, who grapple him to their hearts with bands of steel. Whatever opinions we may hold about certain phases of his career, he will live in history, with the approbation of all, by two good things that he has done—first, to establish and foster the School of Preventive Medicine, which has done such splendid work ; and second, to have founded the Birmingham University, which has successfully taken and held its place among its rivals.

John Burns is a bright, breezy fellow, full of the *joie de vivre*, having borne in mind the old saying that the first requisite for success in life is to be a good animal. He is a conspicuous success at the Local Government Board, which might have been constructed specially for his advantage, and he is one of the most really cultivated men I know. When some superior person once asked him, "At which University were you educated?" he replied by a memorable phrase: "In the University of the World."

He meets you half way at once, and you feel instinctively that you must be his friend. For he is, in the best sense of the word, one of nature's gentlemen, a diligent Rambler through the picture galleries and museums of the Continent, on which, I am told, he spent a small legacy instead of on senseless extravagance. He is a glutton for work, but a gourmet in the way he presents its results to the House, which always fills up when he rises. For they are sure to hear something racy and epigrammatic, and perhaps a difficult and delicate question "presented" with

clearness and force, and a rich and copious vocabulary, which make his speeches irresistibly attractive and successful. He is the very type of vigorous and almost defiant vitality. And when he gets on his legs, let "Tay Pay," a good judge if there ever was one, describe the scene in a recent number of *M.A.P.* :—

"Now the House fills ; he is one of the speakers who can always be trusted to be interesting and exciting. He is the stormy petrel, who can always be relied on to unloose the tempest. This is not the only reason why Burns is so intensely interesting. You can never tell what he is going to say. Of all the laws, conventions, self-restraints, decorums, by which the average legislator, and still more the average and typical Minister, feels bound, John knows nothing. He is a law unto himself, uttering with startling, almost appalling frankness grim jokes, hard hits, sentences of interminable length, images of flamboyant colours, words which are the pure coinage of his own brain, a strange, tropically luxuriant tongue in which there are few dissyllables, but loud resounding and novel words unknown to the dictionary : such is the oratory of John Burns."

Bill Crooks is another remarkable figure, a stumpy, thick-set, cobby-looking man, whose oratorical powers are thus summed up by T.P. :—"Sometimes when I hear Bill speak, I seem to see a strange symbol, embodiment, epitome of the spirit of Cockaigne—the ready wit, the exuberant good-humour, the phlegm, the love of raillery, imperturbable equanimity. No figure is more popular on a London platform. There are few figures more popular in the House of Commons. And side by side with this great command of humour, this overflowing power of apt and humorous anecdote, Crooks has immense power of pathos. His voice, rich and deep and nervous, can tell a story of humble life so as to bring tears to the eyes."

Broadhurst, for a long time the only real representative of Labour, was a very likeable man, who was always proud to remember that as a working mason he had taken an active part in some alterations about Westminster Hall. Although very powerful outside, and indeed ranked by some as the best platform speaker in England, he never thoroughly got the ear of the House, and his speeches, loud and vehement as they often were, only commanded the attention due to his position and character, and never excited any enthusiasm. But, on the other hand, Burt, gentlest and most cultured (in the best sense) of human beings, when he made his too rare appearances in debate, was always listened to with rapt attention, for although he had but few physical advantages, and his northern tongue was so broad as to be sometimes almost unintelligible, he invariably seemed to rise to a high moral level, and occasionally to regions of true eloquence, which touched the heart while it convinced the reason.

The Irish members are clever fellows, with all the spontaneous exuberance of their race, and able to intervene at any notice, and at any length, and in any subject. Parnell, their leader until the melancholy tragedy which hurled him from his elevation, was a strange and, to my mind, a most unattractive person. He was cold and haughty and self-contained, kept his faithful subjects socially at arm's-length, and ruled with a rod of iron, which seemed to confirm rather than to weaken his ascendancy over them. He was no orator in the ordinary sense of the term, and when he came into the House, I am told that he could hardly frame twenty consecutive words ; but by dint of incessant practice he at last gained the power of expressing his ideas in a very clear and even forcible form. He rarely gave himself away, but I shall never forget, when first accused of writing the famous

Pigott letters, the concentrated fury and indignation with which he hissed out the words, "It's an infamous forgery."

My old friend Webster, M.P. for Aberdeen, as genial and kindly a soul as ever lived, meeting him in the Westminster Palace Hotel, said: "I am sure, Parnell, we all feel much sympathy with your aims and your cause." And turning on his heel, the Hibernian leader scornfully replied: "We prefer to have some practical proof of sympathy." Perhaps this chilling reception of a friendly overture may have had something to do with the determined opposition of my worthy colleague to the attempts of Mr Gladstone to satisfy the patriotic aspirations of that most depressing and worrying country.

I could not help liking Tanner, big, overgrown, mischievous schoolboy as he was, delighting in blocking and obstructing and making himself disagreeable all along the line. But he had the education of a gentleman, went from Winchester to the medical school in Dublin, where he did well, and then to Cork, where he acquired a good professional position. He had been away for some time, seeking health abroad, and when he returned to the House he was so thin and haggard that I hardly knew him. But he came up to me and said: "Farquharson, as an old friend, I wish you would come downstairs and listen to my chest." So we went to a dressing-room, and I put my ear over his lung, and to my horror found a cavity as big as my fist; and after that he came no more to the House, and died later in a nursing home.

John Redmond is undoubtedly an orator. He has a commanding presence, a fine voice, a dignified delivery, well-arranged matter expressed in finished and vigorous language, and an elevation of tone and apparent conviction which place him very high among contemporary speakers.

Healy is quite unsurpassed for incisive and brilliant

comment on previous speeches, and for a vein of acidulated sarcasm mixed with vigorous common sense and accurate knowledge of the subject under debate which have made him both feared and admired.

Sexton, a former member, had a wonderful command of polished and fluent phraseology which made him exceedingly pleasant to listen to, and I remember during one of the old-fashioned obstruction nights, when every Hibernian patriot was compelled to contribute something towards keeping the ball a-rolling and delaying the business of the country, he spoke for two hours so effectively that I was as absolutely chained to my seat as some of the suffragists to the ladies' grill; and when all was over I found that this prolonged and unbroken flow of oratory had not planted one single idea in my mind that I could really catch hold of.

John Dillon has his moments when he is really effective, and makes an impression by his deadly earnestness.

Mr Lloyd-George belongs to the small but eclectic circle of "born orators." A voice of singular sweetness and melody adds an indescribable charm to the concise form of his vigorous utterances. "It is a high compliment," writes so eminent an authority as Mr Massingham, "but save for Mr Gladstone, I recall no committee debater so good as Mr Lloyd-George." Interruption quickens and never disturbs the current of his ideas. He has all those qualities of quick repartee, of scathing invective, of logical analysis, and of caustic wit and humour which make up the necessary outfit of a great Parliamentary debater. Of his business capacity we have always been convinced by his successful management of the complicated affairs of the Board of Trade, and above all, he possesses a charm of manner and a gracious personality which win the friendship in private of the political foes he vituperates in public.

The account of the following amusing little Lloyd-George contretemps is sent me by a correspondent. It occurred at a Liberal meeting not a hundred miles from Redhill, Surrey. Mr Lloyd-George was speaking of the unfulfilled prophecies and promises of a certain statesman, and quite accidentally he stretched his arm right over the head of Sir Jeremiah Colman, one of the local pillars of Liberalism, who was sitting close to him on the platform. "We have had enough of these political Jeremiahs," he cried out. The audience rose to the joke, and laughed and clapped vociferously. And, perhaps for the first time in his life, the valiant Welshman stood completely nonplussed, for it was not until the meeting was over that he found out where the humour had come in.

The following story is perhaps better known, but I think it has not appeared in print. Mr Gladstone was staying near Norwich with Mr J. J. Colman, and the first evening he arrived in the drawing-room before dinner a little later than the others. "Oh," he said, "I see you are all mustered here." He told this to an old friend, with the strict injunction that it should not be made public, so sensitive was he not to be suspected of making a *mauvaise plaisanterie* at the expense of his host.

There is rather an amusing story related about Sam Smith. When he first came to London he told his friends that, as he did not approve of theatres, he had made inquiries about other places of amusement, and he had heard of a very nice sort of place called the "Aquarium," to which he could take his wife and family—the said music hall being one of decidedly doubtful respectability. My good friend's case was one of the most remarkable in the annals of the medical profession. He had been for a long time in declining health, and losing flesh rapidly, when good fortune placed him under the charge of Mr—now Professor—Caird of

Edinburgh. That skilful surgeon, after a difficult operation, caused him to recover complete health, living for years afterwards, and finally dying of something quite different.

Peter Rylands was a worthy, sturdy Radical, who thought that his long service and personal merits should have been rewarded with some kind of Government post, and he took means to have his disappointment conveyed to Gladstone. Herbert was the means of communication between them, and the G.O.M. gave an explanation of rare tact and humour, which was that he could not spare him from the non-official ranks, because he wanted a strong man below the gangway to keep the Radicals in order. On another occasion Rylands was giving an account of his stewardship to his constituents, and incidentally mentioned that he had asked some very large number of questions during the past session, and a voice from the crowd was heard to call out: "Why, what an ignorant old fool you must have been!"

Perhaps the most picturesque figure in my Parliamentary recollection was Cunninghame Graham, who, although a red-hot socialist, was an aristocrat to his finger-tips, and when riding his Arab in the Park had all the grand picturesque air of a Spanish Hidalgo. He used to own the beautiful property of Gartmore, and one morning, when he had taken a party of friends to shoot through his coverts, he had to draw them blank. Everything furred or feathered had disappeared, and the culprits made no secret of what they had done, for they had only carried out in practice the fulmination of the "Laird" against the game laws and the rights of property, and of course they got off scot free. I remember being present when the two prisoners, John Burns and Cunninghame Graham, were released, and received, as they justly deserved, a triumphant reception from the mob, which cheered them to the echo, and plied them with varied

articles of diet, Cunninghame Graham in particular, according to the papers, "eating all that was offered him." "This is better than skilly, Burns!" he called to his companion, who had helped him, by personal sacrifice, to vindicate the right of public meeting, and who has shown by his admirable work at the Local Government Board that a Cabinet Minister can be worth more than £500 a year.

For decorative personal appearance I would place the late Sir Henry Havelock-Allan very high. He had a beautiful figure, and it was as good as a liberal education to see him walk up the floor of the House. But he was a most embarrassing person, and you never quite knew what he would do next. One day I was entertaining some influential constituents at lunch when he sauntered up to my table, and I introduced him to my friends.

"I hope," he said, "that the Doctor is giving you a decent lunch"; and then, taking up a bottle of some modestly priced liquor which I had selected, he continued: "Don't be put off with stuff like this. We have plenty of good wine in our cellars, so see that you get it."

I did not venture to quarrel with a man of his athletic proportions, so I let him ramble on, and then explained to my guests that, although a man of great ability and learning, a little busy bee occasionally entered his bonnet and went buzzing round, the consequence of a wound sustained in the Crimea.

On another occasion he was talking in the House, and was interrupted by a most worthy colleague whose name suggested two nationalities, to neither of which he belonged; so he shouted with terrific vigour, "If that damned German Jew does not keep quiet, he will be taken out of the House in pieces." And then the Speaker had to interfere and pour oil on the troubled waters—not oil of vitriol, as someone once said about Harcourt.

Another decorative figure was that of the late Sir Robert Peel, possessing as he did what Gladstone called the finest voice he ever heard, reckless, *débonnaire* in appearance, with his buxom, well-groomed figure, hat rakishly cocked on one side of his fine head, and easy command of fluent, and latterly too free, speech. His reference to the silly "witches" of the Primrose League at Brighton must be fresh in many minds, but was too broad for quotation. What a strange contrast he was to the stern and splendid Speaker, who was sometimes obliged to repress from the Chair the exuberant oratorical excesses of his elder brother!

The House of Commons is rather like a public school, for friends are made, as a rule, when one first enters, and it is difficult to replace them when they die or retire, or are translated to what I fear may be hardly called a higher sphere of influence.

First and foremost I must put Causton, known as "Richard" to his familiar friends, and who, although I am sure he will make an excellent peer, puts his friends in some difficulty when they have to address him as "Southwark." That reminds me of Disraeli, who, when writing to his sister from a country house, and commenting on the guests, spoke of "Mr Secretary Cross, whom I always forget to call Sir Richard."

But I am sure the weight of the ermine will never crush the bright, breezy spirit of the man of sixty-six, who still plays cricket and lawn tennis, and shoots, and is up to every lark or bit of fun that may be going, and loves to photograph everything. As he flits about from country houses in varied parts of the United Kingdom, or presides at his hospitable board in Devonshire Place, we do not know which to admire the most, his light-hearted gaiety or the shrewd common sense and sterling ability, or the good and kind heart which makes us all run to him when we want help or advice.

Then Evans Williams, the impulsive Welshman, and Buzzard, whom we used to chaff as the Lord of the Castle when we stopped at his embattled gate in the small hours long ago, expecting to hear the sound of the warder's horn, or the clang of the drawbridge and portcullis, as the genial Q.C. stepped proudly across the moat. Then solid and sensible Agnew, supreme in art matters, who has lately joined the inevitable majority; and Armitstead, a sort of blend of Michael Angelo's Moses and an Assyrian potentate, every hair of whose exceptionally splendid beard seems to be tended with jealous and special care. He is, of course, best known as Gladstone's generous and well-beloved friend, of whom Lord Morley, a close intimate, writes: "Nobody ever showed him devotion more considerate, loyal, and unselfish, than did Mr Armitstead from about the close of the Parliament of 1880" (vol. iii. p. 463), and he did well, I think, in declining the peerage offered him by his great leader. But when C.B. took up the reins of power, his objection to joining the House of Lords was removed, and he is thoroughly happy there, and is one of the most regular attendants. He did more, I think, than anyone to keep the Party together by his constant and charming little dinners at his bijou residence in Cleveland Square, St James's; and Herbert Gladstone, who used to live with him, had the congenial duty of collecting the guests. It was there that Gladstone and Parnell met for the first time.

I once asked my friend if he had done anything in the way of Boswellising Gladstone. "No," he said, "I have not written a word, for I knew that the old man would not have talked so freely if he had suspected that there was 'a chiel among us takin' notes.'" And in that he displayed his invariable good sense and sound judgment.

Acting on Johnson's principle of keeping your friendships in continual repair, I have added to mine from time

to time, and I congratulate myself on having made Eugene Wason's acquaintance on board the P. & O. boat on the homeward journey from India. He sat upon me diligently three times a day for my whist errors, but I always came up smiling, and did not feel a bit flat, despite the weight of twenty-two stone. Having put his approbation to that severe test, I now take him to my heart in sincerest friendship. For he is a thoroughly good sort all round, true as can be made, upright and level-headed, an excellent platform speaker and beloved by his constituents. He occupied a unique position in the House as Chairman of the Scotch Liberal members, member of the Committee of Selection and of the Chairman's panel, so that he may occasionally occupy the Chair. And in the last Parliament he might be seen in a second seat next that sturdy, able, and honest Nonconformist Radical, the "earnest politician" John Ellis, just deceased, who clung with desperate tenacity to his corner, and had only two faults—that he took himself too seriously, and was a tee-totaller. "Eugene's" family are all worthy of him, for his wife is charming, and his sons and daughters are all that a father can desire. One of them is, alas! the widow of our dear departed John Crombie, whose humour and sagacity and real eloquence would have raised him high up on the political ladder had not ill-health and untimely death cut short his career. Campbell-Bannerman told me that in his opinion he was the best platform speaker he knew.

Joe Biggar was, take him for all in all, the most aggressive personality I ever came across. "Thrawn" in mind and body, an unsavoury blend of Quilp and Richard III., with a touch of his national "Leprechaun" thrown in, he deliberately made it his life's work to worry and annoy us all and delay public business.

Obstruction was invented by "Jim" Lowther in the old

days when cock-crowing and booing and lowing and cater-wauling behind the Speaker's Chair were an almost recognised part of the proceedings. But its modern and more scientific development was almost due to Parnell and his trusty lieutenant, Biggar, whose raucous croak, guttural articulation, and long forefinger adjoining a thumb casually hitched into his waistcoat arm-hole struck terror into the boldest heart when he rose in his place.

We all remember the farcical proceedings in "Joey's" breach of promise case—how he apparently gained the affections of his reluctant prospective bride by a pair of new boots, and how they knelt before the altar praying that the obstacle to their union might be removed; the obstacle being the somewhat substantial one of an already existing wife.

"Toby" gives a most graphic account of one of the performances of this notorious character. "'Joseph Gillies' on one occasion held the House of Commons at bay whilst in a husky voice he read to it extracts from a blue book. At a quarter to nine o'clock, the entertainment having commenced at five o'clock in the afternoon, his voice began to fail. The Speaker, rising to order, called attention to the Standing Order requiring members to address the Chair. 'And,' he added, 'the observations of the Honourable Gentleman have not for some time reached me.' 'Very well, sir,' said genial Joey B., ever willing to oblige, 'I will come closer.' Placing his blue book under his arm, picking up his glass of water, he stepped across the gangway, taking up a position conveniently near the hapless Speaker's left ear."

As "Toby" shrewdly points out, this scandalous disregard of all established custom and ordinary decency brought about our salvation, for rules of procedure were at once introduced and vigorously pressed forward, and the Biggar



THE LAIRD ON HIS MOUNTAIN

Caricature by Mr. E. T. Reed



of the future, if such a monstrosity can ever exist again, will require more than his ingenuity to worry and obstruct with the skill and success of that past master of the art.

Very different was Lawson, the genial, humorous, kindly, who was everyone's friend and was beloved by all. Whenever I saw him lunching at the Reform Club I made for his table, and always came away rewarded by three or four new stories ; for, great as his reputation as a raconteur was, I at least have never known him serve up partially cooked chestnuts for consumption. His wit was entirely spontaneous, and while it often flashed bright rays through the dark spaces of a dull debate, it neither wounded nor gave pain. My friend's luncheons could only have been digested by a stomach of ostrich-like capacity, and often consisted of such apparently incompatible ingredients as lobster, any dish with a specially rich sauce, sweets with copious cream, lemon squash, and strong coffee. And then his delight was to go upstairs for a game of billiards with his great chum, Illingworth. Like many teetotallers, he carefully selected any dish impregnated with spirit, and *baba au rhum* and brandied cherries were always eagerly consumed. This craving has a scientific basis, and goes to show that, in spite of the lucubrations of the cranks, whose intemperance has done so much to hamper and impede the movement to which they are devoted, alcohol seems to be a necessary ingredient of the human body. As sugar is split up chemically into it and carbonic acid, we see the reason why total abstainers clutch so greedily at anything sweet. I always used to tell Lawson how lucky it was that he never partook of stimulants, for, considering the uproarious nature of his animal spirits on water, he would probably have clean exploded or gone off his head under the influence of beer, whisky, or wine.

I hardly ever saw my friend but he reminded me of

Covent Garden. We were dining together one night, when he told me that he was going to take the chair at a meeting in the Opera House, and asked if I would like to come too. In an unguarded moment I agreed, and soon after found myself seated on the stage. Lawson had a voice of remarkable carrying *timbre* and could be heard anywhere, and Lady Henry Somerset made one of the most charming of speeches. Towards the end of the proceedings I was making my way outwards, when my exit was barred, and I was told that I must say something from the medical side in place of Sir B. W. Richardson, who had failed to attend. And so, five minutes later, I was on my legs addressing about six thousand people. I don't suppose many of them were much the wiser, but I hardly think I made a conspicuous fool of myself; and my dear friend kindly, if perhaps a shade mendaciously, reassured me on that point.

Curiously enough, much the same thing happened to me not long afterwards in Glasgow. After a gigantic temperance banquet, washed down with lemon squash and kola water, I seated myself in somewhat depressed fashion on the platform, wondering how I was to dispose of these varied meats without the little wine habitually taken for my stomach's sake, but consoled by finding that my name had no place on the programme. My satisfaction, however, was of short duration, for the meeting was about half over when an official crept behind my chair and whispered that I was again to accept the rôle of understudy without warning, and take up the parable of my old friend Herbert Paul, who had not turned up. If my opening had been premeditated, I should have been ashamed to record it here; but it was by pure accident that I began as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have been called upon with a suddenness which is quite 'appalling' to address you"; and, encouraged by a

hearty outburst of laughter, I blazed away to over four thousand people with perfect confidence.

One of the most racy characters who ever sat in the House of Commons was ——, a perfect type of the old-fashioned Irish county gentlemen, who now—fortunately or unfortunately—only survive in the pages of Lever and other contemporary novelists: hot-headed and tempered, hospitable up to and beyond his means, loud-voiced, intemperate in speech, and also unhappily in other ways. In a moment of oratorical exuberance, he once referred to a brother Hibernian as “the young sea-serpent,” and I think it was on the same evening he went back to the House not “disguised” in liquor, for there was no concealment of any kind, but spoiling for a row. He first made some sarcastic comments on the quality of my hat, and then, turning to one of my closest friends, he thus addressed him: “——, you look like a Jew, though you’re not one.” But the worst was reserved for another specially capable and industrious M.P., a man respected and admired on both sides of the House. “——,” said he, “you look as though you had been writing in the Library, and you’re a d——d bore, only no one has the pluck to say so but me.” Things were now growing rather warm, and as I for some mysterious reason was supposed to have some influence over him, I was commissioned to try and persuade him to go home. “Go home!” he replied; “you don’t know Biddy so well as I do.” On another occasion a fit of maudlin repentance came over him, and he asked me to write and tell his wife that he had decided never to touch another drop of intoxicating drink. Luckily for me, I had a good excuse for not interfering in matrimonial affairs, as my things were packed up, and in two or three hours I was about to start on an Indian tour.

The great fault I have to find with the occupants of our

Front Bench is that they are far too high and mighty, and take far too little notice of the humble rank and file who cheer their speeches, swell their majorities, and (occasionally) contribute hard cash to the Liberal cause. Dizzy was constantly in and about the House, dining and dozing, and pervading the division lobbies with his gracious smile and pleasant words of friendship, and grateful sympathy, and flattery, to members young and old.

Gladstone would stalk through with his head high in the air, thinking out some Homeric ode, or laboriously write letters until the bell rang. And it will hardly be believed that I sat twenty-five years in the House without exchanging a single word with two of the most important Cabinet Ministers. Moreover, there is not nearly enough hospitality shown. We lost a very influential man, who went over to what was then the majority because no one took any notice of him after he took his seat, whereas the other side plied him with food gratis, and social recognition. Things in that as well as in many other ways are far better done by our opponents.

One of the most interesting bits of my recollection is the memorable garden party given by the late Queen, to make up for the fatuous and insolent folly of some of the Jacks in office who surround the Throne, and do all they can, up to the full measure of their feeble intellects, to diminish its popularity. The Houses of Lords and Commons were summoned to Buckingham Palace to pay homage. So off we started, headed by the Speaker, who had unearthed a mysterious-looking coach, the previous existence of which was unsuspected, and threw back the minds of playgoers to the pantomime of Cinderella. When we reached Buckingham Palace, all was hurry and confusion; no one knew where to go or what to do. When the moment came to enter the presence of Royalty, the Speaker could not be found, and

after prolonged search he was unearthed sitting, or standing—for I don't think that a seat could be found—at the top of a lofty flight of steps. We all flowed in at his tail, but before the last got near the reception room, the first arrivals were streaming back; and as soon as we could find one of the headless officials, we were told that all was over, the Queen had gone away; it was hinted that the sooner we followed her example the better. Some of us saw in all this only the absolute genius for muddling possessed by Court officials, and which was never more conspicuously or successfully shown than at the last Coronation, whilst others detected a deeper and more sinister meaning—nothing more or less than a plot on the part of the smart “cringers,” as we used to call the Royal parasites, to snub the dowdy House of Commons. But this cannot have been so, for, greatly to our satisfaction, we found that the Lords were treated worse than ourselves. However, the political worm will turn at last. Questions were asked in the House, the whole affair came to the ears of the Queen, and she gave her stage managers a thorough good dressing down. And with the infinite tact and graceful courtesy which always distinguished her, she invited us all to the most delightful entertainment I ever remember. I don't think that even the redoubtable Keir Hardie had the chance of refusing. Nothing could have been more admirably arranged. Enormous marquees shrouded the best of light refreshments and oceans of excellent champagne. Forming up into lanes, we stood at attention while the Queen drove slowly along, stopping here and there, and having noteworthy people presented to her. There was a great hue and cry for Harcourt, who could not be found, and it was proposed to mark time with Frank Lockwood. “Who is Mr Frank Lockwood?” asked her most gracious Majesty, in painfully distinct tones. The picturesque William Allan, famous for his splendid presence and the

burly voice with which he denounced the Government boilers, came into that Presence, though he had been suspected of republican leanings. Hereafter no more enthusiastic Royalist trod the realm of Mother Earth.

Mabon was introduced, and I heard the Queen accost him in genial terms: "How are you, Mabon?" And several other carefully selected members were thus picked out for familiar recognition.

The abrupt withdrawal from public life of my old friend Buchanan, who had been so conspicuously successful at the India Office, was a great grief to me, and his recent death destroys my hope that he would return in a modified way to the scene of his useful activities, for the House can ill spare men of his stamp.

Christopher Sykes was a bit of a character, and his lanky figure and lugubrious face would have won him renown at a fancy ball, as the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. He was an intimate friend of Royalty, and paid the penalty of being admitted into the Smart Set by becoming the butt of practical jokers, and the feeder of the parasites who clustered round his well-spread board. One of these detestable attempts at humour consisted in drawing a rope across the staircase near his room, and then raising an alarm of fire. The poor victim, rushing out hurriedly, fell down head foremost and was seriously injured. Not having the honour of being a member of that select circle, I have never stayed in a country house with any of them, and so have been spared coming in contact with such dull and vulgar buffoonery. But I think I can venture to predict what would have happened if any of them had tried on their pranks with me.

One night, quite late, Christopher introduced a Crab and Lobster Bill by simply raising his hat—when up jumped member after member to protest against a measure of such

wide-reaching importance being introduced without a word of explanation. So the poor man had to get up and make a speech, for which he was totally unprepared, but which came off much better than might have been expected.

Under similar circumstances Jones Parry was called upon to satisfy the curiosity of the House about a measure dealing in some way with rooks, and he got out of it by saying that all he knew about rooks was that they were very good eating. There has been some controversy about another excellent *bon mot*. There was a rich and most philanthropic member called Thomasson, whose deafness compelled him to use an ear-trumpet; and Dizzy got the credit of looking down from the Peers' Gallery and seeing the poor man straining his hearing mechanically to follow the debate, whereupon he remarked that he never saw a man so little appreciative of his natural advantages. But it was really Lucy who put those witty words into Lord Beaconsfield's mouth.

An excellent joke, although perhaps not strictly a relevant one, was when someone, I forget who (I always put them down to "Toby," on the principle of the man in *Happy Thoughts* who always said, "Call it Sheridan"), referred to Lord Hartington, whose loquacity was not conspicuous during the early days of his leadership, as a *Lieder ohne Worte*.

So much has been written about the Fourth Party that I almost hesitate to say anything more, but they really were a most interesting group, and useful too, because they made their dull and formal leaders "sit up," and kept things going generally. Arthur Balfour always denies his formal membership, but this is a bit of his subtle dialectical metaphysics, because he invariably sat with them, spoke for them, and voted with them too, long before the time when he could be seen lying on the small of his back, with

his long legs stretched out towards the Table, on which his big feet reposed, and his face turned upwards in an attitude of philosophic doubt. Next came Randolph Churchill, with his alert figure somewhat hinged forward from the waist, and his busy hands pulling his moustache when they were not stroking down his chest and abdomen. The stout Henry Drummond Wolff, with his prominent spectacled eyes and imperial, was told off for Foreign Affairs, and was always hopping up and down like a jack-in-the-box to put some acutely inconvenient question ; and Sir John Gorst, lying comfortably backwards, passing his hand contemplatively over his beard, certainly supplied more than his fair share of the brains of the little party. They all rose to distinction afterwards, though in somewhat different degrees, and there was a certain amount of friction later on, when the loaves and fishes came to be served out ; but they owed much of their success to their continuous practice in debate and the process of baiting Ministers, which no doubt they copied from Dizzy. Sir Robert Peel used to writhe under the attacks of his unscrupulous Hebrew antagonist, and his replies were limp and feeble ; whilst poor Sir Stafford Northcote could make no head against the quartette. Only once the worm turned, though not very effectually, when he accused Randolph of being the “ bonnet of the Liberal Party.”

It is fortunate for these free-lances that their operations were not carried on under the leadership of Hicks-Beach or Gathorne-Hardy. People with double names—which they considered to be a sure sign of mediocrity—were overwhelmed with their contempt, and we may specially mention Sir Massy Lopes and Sclater Booth, two extinct volcanoes who formerly held office, and apparently considered it a matter of almost religious observance to talk on particular subjects. To them the words “ local government ” were like

rats to a dog, for whenever it was mentioned these two dull gentlemen were bound to get up and inflict long, dreary harangues on the House. Then there were Marshall and Snelgrove, so called, who were denounced on all possible occasions, and whom Randolph tried to bully out of the House. But they were too many for him. Mr Secretary Cross was another painstaking and efficient public servant, and although he once somewhat overstepped the line of decorum, after sampling the civic port not wisely but too well—and on such a sacred subject, too (*i.e.* the Bishops), as worthy John Talbot plaintively remarked—he was a decided success, and won the respect of the House. W. H. Smith, the best leader I ever knew, simply because he could not speak, was far too strong to be dislodged, and he remained unflinching at his post, doing his duty, as he repeatedly assured us, to his Queen and country until he fell on the field of battle, beloved and esteemed by all.

But Randolph Churchill was much more successful with poor Northcote, whom he tormented well-nigh to a fatal issue. With many distinguished and even great qualities, Churchill had grave defects too. He inherited to the full the untrustworthiness of his race; he was insolent, overbearing, impertinent, and disloyal, as well as often difficult to “do wi’”; and nothing in his son’s masterly biography is more skilful than the inimitable way in which he skated over thin ice, and both in the Iddesleigh and Jennings episodes apparently cleared his father’s reputation from all smirch and stain through two doubtful transactions. But his sad and sudden downfall practically at the threshold of a most brilliant career of promise and achievement deeply affected the House, and none more than his noble foe Gladstone, who expressed his regret in a beautiful letter to his widow.

I used to be sorry for poor Mr W. H. Smith, the most

likeable and respected of men, when he had to make a set speech. In spite of having the whole MSS. fully written out before, he hummed and hawed, stammered, and seemed to have some difficulty in reading what was plainly under his eyes ; and before he had completed his task, his voice, not very strong at the beginning, was almost reduced to a husky croak. His most successful oratorical performance was when, perched at the extreme edge of his seat, biding his time, he suddenly sprang up and exclaimed, "I move that the question be now put."

It is rather amusing to observe the personal characteristics of notable people, and I have collected a few from my own personal observation. Gladstone had a curious habit of scratching the bald top of his head with the thumbnail of his right hand, and he used abundant and vehement gesticulation while speaking. One of the curiosities of the House is the brass-bound box on the Clerks' table behind which the great man used to stand, for the lid is deeply indented by his ring.

The late Lord Goschen almost touched his nose with his notes, and he had two varieties of gesture : one was the forcible closing of the right hand as though he were squeezing an orange, the other the almost agonising placing of the right hand, palm-wise, over the region of the heart. Childers bobbed his big head and bushy beard up and down like a mandarin. The Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Percy, slowly buttoned and unbuttoned his coat throughout the progress of his harangue. T. P. O'Connor beats the air whilst his very effective rhetoric enchains the attention of the House. The late Sir George Campbell, whose voice was rather effectively described as like a corn-crake with a cold, used to jerk out his arm as though someone had pulled a string behind him ; and Dr Clark, a former crofter member, suddenly bent the upper half

of his body forward as if it were hinged by the waist. Asquith has an effective habit of punctuating the rhythm of his admirably constructed sentences by jerking his head forwards. Lloyd-George annoys the Chair by turning his back upon its occupant and the reporters' gallery, and leaning in a *dégagé* way on his elbow, addressing his below-the-gangway colleagues, among whom he used to disport himself in the days of greater freedom and less responsibility.

I never heard the late Mr Kavanagh speak, but I understand he was no mean performer, and his fine intellectual head and handsome torso-like bust would have made him a notable figure anywhere; but I once saw him in a Committee Room. There was a Bill under consideration in which I was interested, and I dropped in to see what was going on. One of the members attracted my attention, for he was sitting in an apparently very casual fashion with his arms in the pockets of his coat and a pen in his mouth. What was my surprise to see two little stumps slowly raised from his shoulders, and, seizing the pen, begin to write! and soon afterwards, when luncheon came in, he raised a glass of sherry and a sandwich to his lips in the same way. This wonderful man used to hunt and sketch in water-colours, and, in fact, do almost everything that anyone normally provided with the full allowance of limbs could attempt.

It will be remembered that the late Mr Fawcett, after a brief period of despair when he had lost his sight, was completely pulled together by a letter from his tutor, and resolved to lead his life as far as possible on the old lines; and so he boated and skated and hunted and fished, and so skilfully that he was often successful when sighted people had failed. The story of his early political days, so graphically told by Leslie Stephen, gives us an insight into a nature of extraordinary tenacity and perseverance,

and it does not surprise us to know what an admirable Minister he made. He introduced many reforms into the Post Office, and I have often heard him make long speeches bristling with elaborate argument and complicated figures. It was a great grief to learn that his unhappy misfortune must of necessity have interfered with his getting into the Cabinet.

The other two blind members were much less fortunate. Mr Macdonald, who came in on a great reputation as a speaker, did not justify it, for his turgid and diffuse style did not suit the House, and he soon disappeared; and Dr Robertson of Brighton, who became blind late in life, never grew accustomed to the new condition, for he could not even cut up his meat. Michael Davitt was the only one-armed man in the House.

Among other eccentricities connected with the House, let me mention that it was rumoured, though with what truth I know not, that an elector, as in Hogarth's picture, was temporarily enlarged from a lunatic asylum to enable him to record his vote; and I have seen a man wheeled through the division lobby in a bath chair, and another painfully hobbling a gouty foot along on crutches.

Campbell-Bannerman made an admirable leader, not only because everyone loved him, but because his tact, geniality, strong common sense and firmness showing through a soft and apparently pliable exterior, enabled him to meet every difficulty without causing any unfriendly feeling. His speeches were always admirable and beautiful in form and language, humorous where that was needed, and strong and convincing at all times. Witty and friendly, he concealed the iron hand under a velvet glove, and an easy-going and apparently lazy exterior masked successfully a resolution to have things his own way, which was excessively inconvenient to his opponents. He had many things to contend with. His

voice was thick and muffled, his speech halting and unready, and the copious notes of his admirably constructed sentences were held by a tremulous hand almost within smelling distance of his nose. Not only had he to bear the taunts and sneers of those who faced him, but disloyalty and indifference from those who should have been his friends. Yet he pursued his marked-out course with stately imperturbability, looking neither to the right nor to the left ; and after he had stamped out the futile and mischievous Liberal League, and a dangerous conspiracy on his own side to shelve him in the House of Lords, it was seen that he was not a man to be trifled with, and his power as a leader was recognised—and never more so than when, in spite of determined opposition and dismal predictions of evil, he erected the South African Commonwealth, which in its complete success is the proudest monument to his far-seeing sagacity.

Some of his phrases and epigrams were particularly happy. "Ulsteria" is one of the best, and so was his answer to a questioner in the House who had been asking how he reconciled the fact that some of his Government had broken the rule against the retention of directorships by remaining on the boards of tea companies. He explained that exceptions were made in favour of philanthropic concerns.—"Then do you call a tea company a philanthropic concern?"—"That depends on the tea."

He was very particular about all matters of social observance, and, following the example of Trevelyan, he made a point of answering all letters from members of Parliament in his own beautifully distinct handwriting. The last time I saw him was when he came to lunch on his way to Balmoral, and we spent a delightful two hours with him on a perfect summer day, and he talked freely and in a most informing and humorous way *de omnibus rebus*, giving experiences of previous visits to Balmoral, and telling how

one of the greatest worries of his official life was in the appointment of bishops. Lord Melbourne used to say that these gentlemen died on purpose to spite him, and our friend gave some most amusing sketches of his difficulties.

He used to be fond of chaffing Buchanan, for whom he had a great liking and admiration ; and when I used to stay with him at Belmont Castle, his fine place in Perthshire, I was amazed at the extent and variety of his knowledge, more especially about French châteaux, and all kinds of out-of-the-way things and places. He had a kennel of about thirty little bull-dogs, and once when I met him in Paris, accompanied by a member of the pack, he explained that he was there because his four-footed friend insisted on being taken to see the city of its birth.

He was not a great sportsman, though he used to shoot a little when I first knew him ; and I rather think he gave it up because he felt that the cruelty outweighed his interest in the sport. On one of my visits I took my kilt, by special invitation ; and as young Dingwall Fordyce, a smart and humorous young officer of the Greys, was similarly costumed, a fiddler was engaged, and we had some vigorous reels, which were immortalised in the following graphic verses by Sir Charles Cameron :—

THE BELMONT G.C.B.*

(A NOCTURNE IN C FLAT)

In the north-east end of Perthshire, near the ancient town of
Meigle,
The broad-based Belmont Castle lies—of truth a seat vice-regal ;
But my muse sings not its stone and lime, but its owner, as
you'll see,
A Right Honourable, hospitable, jolly G.C.B.

* Lest readers should cry fie upon my impudent temerity, In thus testing on a Statesman my poetical dexterity, I may say that not as poet, but as D.L., Bart., M.P., I have sung, not the Great Statesman, but the genial G.C.B.

And well I wot with helpmate he's exceptionally blest,
 For of hostesses Her Ladyship stands forth among the best—
 In "half a mo'" her guest's at ease—she's poured him out his tea,
 This kindly, worthy helpmeet of this jovial G.C.B.

Then the guests are well assorted—and you know that's half
 the fight,
 If you'd have a pleasant party, and want everything go right ;
 He selecteth youth and beauty, wit and wisdom,—you and me,
 Doth this tactful, genial, hospitable, jovial G.C.B.

And if at first a little shy the different people feel,
 He knows the way to shake them down—a lightsome eight-
 some reel,
 Half an hour of "weel-timed daffin'," makes all trace of stiffness
 flee
 From the roof-tree of the Castle of our jovial G.C.B.

Miss Ruxton down in Italy has never seen a kilt,
 So Finzean's laird, The Farquharson, has braced himself intill't,
 And he shows with sporran whisking, and skean-dhu on knee,
 How a Highland chief can foot it 'fore a jolly G.C.B.

And when the rest are breathless, there is always that Miss Mayne,
 Who cannot ever have enough—she just *must* dance again ;
 And Miss Helen, scarfed with tartan cut from kilt of F dash e,
 Makes the rafters ring, with Highland Fling, of our smiling G.C.B.

And even the Archdeacon was so smitten, he declares,
 That on going home that evening he forgot to say his prayers ;
 "Very strange ! the same thing happened to myself," remarked
 Sir C.,
 "Sev'ral times while on my visit to that jolly G.C.B."

And now to end my little song, and likewise to conclude,
 (For to keep the breakfast waiting any longer would be rude)
 Let's give our host three hearty cheers—his lady three times
 three—
 This Right Honourable, hospitable, jovial G.C.B.

CHARLES CAMERON,
 BELMONT CASTLE, Dec. 9, 1897.

I understand that this was the first, and perhaps the last, time on which the spacious hall of Belmont resounded to such revelry, and although the future Premier could not be induced to "tak the flur," he looked on with interest ; and another sympathetic spectator was her ladyship, his helpmeet in the best sense of the word, and a good and gracious lady, who was always a kind friend to me.

Harcourt was a bit of a Tartar in the House, and, if rumour speaks truly, in the Cabinet as well, but nothing could be more delightful than he was in private life. I used often to meet him under my dear old friend Armitstead's hospitable roof, and then in congenial society he was at his best ; without undue crowing or assertion, he was easily the cock of any company, and poured forth a rich and variegated flow of anecdote and recollection and repartee—"When Harcourt was capping the jokes of Delane." The only thing that annoyed me was when he set to work to abuse the cuisine of the Reform Club, in which we take just pride. For I don't think we have done anything to justify the assertion that we feed there like "ghouls." I believe that in his charming house of Malwood, the site of which malicious but mendacious people say he used his official position to obtain largely below its proper price, the Squire led an ideal country gentleman's life, and was beloved and respected by all who knew him. His son, familiarly known as "Lulu," is the most effective among a long list of efficient First Commissioners of Works, and if his health, which is none of the strongest, holds out, he is bound to rise to the highest positions in the State.

Lord Morley is regarded as cold and unapproachable, and his calm, thoughtful face and firmly compressed mouth give an impression of haughty indifference to the common herd, which I am sure he does not feel. For his intimates

—of whom, unhappily for myself, I am not one—say that he is a delightful and, above all, a sympathetic companion ; and both sides are in agreement that he has shown the highest qualities of statesmanship in his dealings with India.

CHAPTER XVI

HEALTH AND TEETOTALISM IN THE HOUSE

THE question of how Parliamentary life affects health is too large a one to be fully considered now ; but, in spite of its worries and vexations and disappointments, the dislocation of old habits, the formation of new, and the undoubted mental wear and tear involved in a conscientious performance of the duties involved, I should say that it is beneficial on the whole.

No doubt Pitt and Fox died early ; that great War Minister, Sydney Herbert, and the Duke of Newcastle were prematurely removed by diseases directly due to the responsibilities of their work ; and other examples of impaired vitality will naturally come to our memory. But against that we may place two octogenarian Premiers, and a large number of old and elderly men in and out of office, who seem to thrive on the difficulties and responsibilities of their life's work. The fact is that comparatively few people suffer from overwork, but that many are deteriorated in health and even die from not having enough to do. So that, when a man of sound constitution who has been leading a somewhat aimless and monotonous existence is suddenly faced by the varied interests and excitements of the House of Commons, he feels stimulated and braced up, and takes literally a fresh lease of life. And if the active business man chafes a little at first under the, to him, inexplicable delays and obstructions which clog the wheels of the

Parliamentary machine, and the busy lawyer feels the strain of the new demands upon his already overworked energies, they learn in time to recognise that it is sometimes well to "creep before you gang," and to adapt themselves to circumstances over which they have only a very limited control.

A succession of pin-prick Parliamentary disasters gives anyone from time to time what my old friend Sir David Wedderburn called "an acute attack of the Chiltern Hundreds." But after getting accustomed to being snubbed and pushed aside and sat upon, in the end, a man will thicken his hide into pachydermatous toughness and fight his way along through the crowd with manly composure.

It is well to have a hobby, if it is only the composing of frequently rejected magazine articles, the visiting of picture galleries, with possible dabbling in art, or the collecting of bits of china, real or false.

Exercise is of the highest importance, and rash mortals who have defied the laws of nature by the acquisition of purely sedentary habits, have learnt when it is too late that the penalty must be paid. Taste and pocket, alone or combined, will prescribe the particular form of physical exertion; and shooting or tennis, or pedalling on the "free-wheel," or various other games, will form an agreeable and healthful distraction. There is at present a boom in golf, and "golf jaw" has taken its place in the list of diseases caused by excessive muscular activity. I envy those who have fallen a victim to its fascination, for to me it is the most irritating and even exasperating of all sports; and I was very glad when the *Lancet* uttered some words of much-needed warning to over-tired and worried people, who tire and worry themselves a great deal more in vain efforts to acquire even a moderate proficiency in a game of such elusive and uncertain quality that even the hero of a

hundred fights will madden himself and disappoint his backers by some unsuspected fickle performance on the hundred and first.

As regards food, live well, but not too well. Let your meals be nourishing, deliberate, and regular, and washed down in moderation with the alcoholic stimulant that suits you best. For not only have we Biblical testimony that wine "maketh glad the heart of man," and that we should take a little for "our stomach's sake," but a "modest quencher" not only promotes innocent conviviality, but it soothes people and keeps them quiet, and restrains the restless activity of mind and body which wears away so many excellent people professing the teetotal creed.

Nothing interferes so much with Parliamentary success as too much addiction to social life. By this I don't mean to say a man should be an ascetic, and cut himself adrift from rubbing up against his fellow-beings who don't happen to be professional politicians; for it is a good thing to be seen about, to retain one's friends, and above all to follow Dr Johnson's advice and keep one's friendships in constant repair. To anyone who wishes to make a real career of politics, it is most important to be in constant attendance in the House, to seize opportunities which sometimes unexpectedly arise of taking part in its proceedings, to impress those in authority that you are a serious worker and anxious to help in various little ways that will soon become obvious. It often happens that, when a member is away dining or amusing himself outside, he misses an important speech or a critical division, or an amendment he wishes to propose on a Bill in Committee is passed over in his absence. And although eating your food in cheerful society is hygienically beneficial, it may be overdone, and my shrewd old friend, George Anderson, member for Glasgow, used to say: "It is not one's work, but dining out, that kills men."

I am not myself a smoker, and often used to regret that I was thereby practically debarred from the full enjoyment of the room consecrated to the worship of "Lady Nicotine." The soothing properties of tobacco are much valued by worried people, though I have sometimes suspected that it merely removes an artificial irritability excited by itself. But, however this may be, there is no doubt that smokers often suffer from excess, and I don't think the damage done to sight in a variety of ways is sufficiently appreciated. So it is well to be cautious in the use of what is a strong and probably a cumulative poison.

The "jaded Londoner," as journalists call him, is, of course, much refreshed by a little run into the country for the week-end, if he can do things quietly. For what can be a better sedative than to loaf quietly through fresh fields and pastures new in the leafy month of June, and to hear the birds sing and the trees rustle, and to drink in the delicious smells that greet the nose at every turn, and make up what to me, at least, is one of the chief charms of the country? But if you are merely going to exchange the noise and racket of city life for the bustle and scrimmage of a smart country visit—rushing down late on Saturday evening, eating vast dinners, wearing your best company manners, with your tailor's latest creation in coats, playing late bridge for higher stakes than you care to afford, shaken to pieces by long motor drives, which fill your clothes with dust and your lungs with petrol, and then off early on Monday morning to catch a train and pick up the threads of your London engagements,—there is no restfulness in this, and the week-ender, however hardened he may be, too often comes back to his work more than a little bit the worse for the change.

Above all, don't acquire a platform reputation, for you will find it a most dangerous possession. You will be continually pestered by Whips and fussy wire-pullers to go on

the stump at great expense, anxiety, wear and tear, and little compensating advantage to yourself. Gratitude is not kept largely in stock nowadays, and the arid triumphs of provincial meetings will not console you for leaving your comfortable quarters at home, and finding, perhaps, when you arrive that you are merely one of many others who are to speak, and have to come in at the tail-end of the meeting, when better-known and more forcible people have skimmed the cream off the subject and of the attention of the audience.

This is my last hint. If you have been a busy man, and have been accustomed to do things for yourself, you will be much depressed at first by the extreme difficulty of catching the eye of the presiding authority (a polite fiction in these days) and getting to what a private member can aspire outside the Treasury Bench—the right to sit in the chair of one of those important tribunals whose decisions invariably command the respect and concurrence of the public outside.

It is not merely the work of the House itself that tells on the constitution, but the incessant demands for work outside. Bazaars and flower-shows have to be opened, meetings have to be addressed for yourself and friends, consultations have to be held, letters have to be written on your own affairs or those of others. And these responsibilities naturally fall much more heavily on Front Bench men, whose every word is weighed and microscopically criticised by their opponents. Campbell-Bannerman told me that he felt the heavy outside duties press very severely on him, for his speeches were always carefully prepared and full of literary polish and epigrammatic finish; and his doctor warned him that he was five years older than he was twelve months ago. "And this," he said, "was why I wanted the Speakership."

Harcourt, the then leader of the House, objected, I

believe, to any rift within the Cabinet lute ; and it was lucky that he did so, for if our dear friend had been placed in the Chair, for which he was not altogether physically fitted, Parliament would have lost his firm and tactful leadership, and he himself would have missed the great opportunity of which he availed himself in such brilliant fashion. A man needs to be very strong to stand the work of a Departmental Chief, and those who succeed are really the survivals of the fittest. For just consider what kind of lives they have to lead. By one of those mysterious unwritten laws which govern the House of Commons, a Minister must remain until the attendant shouts, "Who goes home?" and as a general rule they must be constantly there throughout ; and nothing more exhausting can be conceived than spending the entire evening within the precincts, working and eating and dozing and working, and never changing its somewhat faded air. Next morning, barely refreshed by insufficient sleep and perhaps a trot through the Park, he must be at his office to read official correspondence and documents, sign papers, and interview officials and draft replies to the mass of too often superfluous and obstructive questions which descend in showers on his devoted head. And then off to the House to answer them, to take part in debate, to be ready when called on to man the Front Bench and come up smiling when needed ; and then once more from between the sheets emerge to begin the sometimes dreary routine once again.

Birrell, in a recent speech, gave a graphic account of his varied duties. "I am Home Secretary for Ireland, I am responsible for law and order, and, I am bound to say, for every crime, from whatever motive. I am President of the Irish Local Government Board. I am titular chief of the Board of Agriculture. I have to answer for the Lands and Estates Commissioners, who are doing the biggest job that

has ever been committed to the care of a Government Department. I am head of the Board of Education." I think we will agree with a remark made in conversation by Mr Gladstone, that "unless a man has a considerable gift for taking things as they come, he may make up his mind that political life will be a sheer torment to him. He must meet fortune in all its moods."

Bob Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, for some inscrutable reason least known to himself, was asked to preside at a Scottish banquet. On rising to make the speech of the evening, he began thus : "I am a Scotchman——" and the tumultuous cheering that followed prevented his going further. But the enthusiasm of the audience considerably cooled down when he proceeded, "Neither by birth nor by inclination." I can say that I am a teetotaller neither by heredity nor by inclination. My father partook sparingly of what very good people call intoxicants, for he was one of the old-fashioned sherry-drinkers, and throve on his nightly glass of grog ; and I, following his good example, have attained to a ripe old age by the help of (some people might say, in spite of) a long and consistent career of varied stimulation. Fanatics, of whom there are far too many in some useful public movements, tell us that every drop of drink is a slow poison, that the ranks of the drunkards are recruited by the moderate drinkers, that there is no place for fermented beverages either in health or disease, and that those who partake of them should be excluded from social or industrial life, and even debarred from the highest privileges of the Church.

If any of these well-intentioned but mischievous folk—from whom I cannot withhold a kind of sneaking respect—ask my reasons for partaking of a cheerful glass, my answer always is the same : "I drink because I like it" ; and then there is not another word to be said.

The Bible texts already quoted are a sore stumbling-block to the advanced temperance advocates : " Wine maketh glad the heart of man " (and anyone who has been at a teetotal banquet will appreciate the force of this observation), and, " Take a little wine for your stomach's sake." This is borne out by physiology as well as practice, for in tropical countries, where life is exhausting and the forces of nature flag a bit after a long day's work, a glass of sherry and bitters or vermouth is *de rigueur* before embarking on a heavy meal : as Lord Doorm says in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, when he tries to stimulate the flagging appetite of the imprisoned princess by pushing the wine up towards her and saying :—

Often I myself, before I well have drunken, scarce can eat.

From the experiments of Parkes and others it is established that a moderate dose of alcohol helps digestion, and I am also firmly of belief that it is entitled to be called a food, because, if it does not directly add to the available stock of nutritive material, it economises what already exists and makes it available for immediate use. This is not a medical treatise, so I will not go much further than to lay down a few simple rules for drinking.¹ First, with the trifling exception already noted, it is best not to partake of alcohol between meals, and to concentrate your drinking operations on dinner, when a definite quantity, not exceeding two ounces, and varied in quality, may be taken with benefit. Some people prefer hock, the gouty take light Moselles, cider is popular with the rheumatic, and all agree in liking a good glass of port when the time comes to draw the cloth (a forgotten custom) and put on the walnuts and the wine. Whisky is, on the whole, the most popular drink. It is clean and wholesome, and, to most people, palatable, and

¹ *Vide* "The Case for Moderate Drinking," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

you know where you are with it, which is more than can be said for many of the cheaper wines. And then comes the glorious vintage of Champagne, creaming into your glass, winking at you from the brim with its beaded bubbles, and provoking an appreciative smile in return. What a change comes over the spirit of a dull dinner-party when the corks begin to pop, and the "fizz" to dash round the "torrent of the circulation, and feed the brain with ruddy blood, and whip up the heart into vivid and sympathetic action ! "

CHAPTER XVII

PERSONAL ASSOCIATIONS WITH THE HOUSE

I THINK that, on the whole, it is a good thing for the newly fledged M.P. to define his ambitions, and keep some particular goal steadily in view. If he is young and ambitious, fairly well off, and endowed with brains, he may aspire to office, and lay Mr Gladstone's view to heart. "The desire for office," he said, "is the desire of ardent minds for a larger space and scope within which to serve the country, and for access to the command of that powerful machinery for information and practice which the Public Departments supply." Lord Beaconsfield, too, once said in a letter to a friend of my own, "that what really made high office agreeable was the possession of unshared knowledge, and the amusement to be derived from the ignorant chatter of those among whom you move" (G. W. E. Russell, *Silhouettes*, p. 168). Sometimes the member won't be happy till he gets it ; but does the possession invariably fulfil expectation ? It will, I think, if he begins early enough, does not mind hard work, an occasional snub, and insufficient appreciation. As a general rule, a man is too old at forty. Of course there have been some brilliant exceptions to this, as in the case of Chamberlain, and Henry Fowler, and John Morley, and others ; but it must be remembered that these were exceptionally able and powerful men, who were bound to force their way to the front, and who had been carefully trained in municipal, public, and

literary work, and came to the House bearing a knapsack well stored with all-round equipment. The danger of accepting office, minor office, too late in life, is that younger and pushing men come treading on your heels, "sucking up" to Ministers, making themselves useful pecuniarily, socially, politically, and may eventually succeed in ousting you from your nest by the cuckoo policy, and pitch you clean overboard. You then fall back into retirement, with the brand of failure on your brow, to take a corner seat and expound your woes to anyone who will take the trouble to listen to you. If you take the official shilling, you will find your position not necessarily a bed of roses. You must work early and late at often dull routine and detail, supply fodder for your chief and not always get a bite yourself; you are an easy prey to cranks and faddists, whom you must warn off from the quarters sacred to the Cabinet Minister whom you serve; your holidays are cut short, you are perpetually on the stump, you are paid a wage which would be scorned by any successful professional man; and if you place any faith in ministerial or official gratitude, you deserve the fate that may not impossibly befall you, and no one will pay much attention to the sucked orange that is flung out by the roadside.

Bearing all this in mind, I decided when I entered the House to divest myself of all ambitions, and not to accept office, if I got the offer. It is easy to say that it is a case of sour grapes, and that I never got the chance of anything; and it is just possible that I might have yielded to temptation. Still, I can only state what is the unvarnished truth.

The life of the independent free-lance is, however, far happier than that of the Government hack who toils along in mole-like obscurity, can only speak when he gets leave, and is continually pestered both in and out of the House with applications for this and that and t'other, and even

when he gets his comparatively short holiday is pursued by bags and despatch-boxes filled with business to be done. There is plenty of useful and interesting work outside office—committees, various objects of social or national importance, political questions which you can specially study, and on which you may become recognised as an authority.

I don't want to say anything about my speeches in the House, for I am not enthusiastic about any of them, except one on the opium question, which greatly disturbed the minds of some of my best constituents, but which in a prophetic way foreshadowed in every respect the line taken by the Royal Commission a few years later. But I introduced two very important deputations—one to present a memorial, signed by 47,000 medical men, in favour of hygienic teaching in schools; the other even more representative, for it included the heads of all the universities from the medical side, as well as the most influential members of the medical profession, to demand from the War Office authorities substantial rank for army doctors, which has worked so well and without friction.

Stanhope was then the War Minister who granted this much-desired concession, and he was so impressed by the quality of the deputation that he calculated what the money value of it in lost fees might be.

Then I served on some influential committees—the Contagious Diseases Acts, Local Government, two on the ventilation of the House, Midwives Bill, Shop Hours Regulation Act, various sanitary and medical questions, and also the Committee of Selection; and in the last session before I left I had the signal honour of being unanimously elected to be the Chairman of the Scottish Liberal Party.

Among Bills of wide-reaching importance debated during my time, one of the most important was the Ground Game Act, originally called the Hares and Rabbits Bill.

This undoubtedly saved the game laws. When I first ascended the platform as candidate, and afterwards as member, I was always heckled about them. There was a strong feeling in favour of their abolition, and I got into discredit for speaking in their favour. So my relief was great when Government brought in a most sensible measure enabling farmers to kill by shooting, and within certain prescribed limits by trapping, four-footed beasts, sometimes called vermin, on their holdings ; and when this was reinforced by an admirable piece of legislation carried by Sir Charles Cameron, making shootings in the proprietor's hands equally assessable with those that are let, the defence was complete. For you have now only got to point out what a great relief to local rates shooting rents give, to obtain the unanimous assent of a meeting to the proposition that the game laws should be maintained. A great deal of ignorant and pernicious nonsense is talked on platforms by voluble stump orators, who know as much about county matters as the interior of the moon, to the effect that large tracts of land which might be profitably cultivated are deliberately handed over to game. The fact being that the mountains and glens over which so much sentimentality is expended are too remote and hard and sterile to grow anything of value ; and as sheep-farming on a large scale is now a matter of the past, these forests must either be devoted to grouse or deer or allowed to run to waste ; and grouse at all events do not in any way interfere with a moderate head of sheep.

Nor are keepers and stalkers the idle and useless lot of people the valuable orators of the Park and socialistic gatherings describe. My friend, the late lamented Sir John Kinloch, very pluckily rose in his place in the House after one of these stupid and ignorant attacks, and, speaking as the Scottish laird, defended with his unequalled authority a class who are doing far more useful work than the paid

agents and professional stumpers who claim an exclusive right to speak in the name of labour. I would recommend people who pretend to denounce the economic conditions of the Highlands to study the report of the Deer Forest Commission, which knocks the bottom clean out of much of their pernicious nonsense. A most useful measure passed easily during my political career was the Agricultural Holdings Act, which for the first time gave compensation to the tenant for his unexhausted improvements. Bitterly fought by our opponents, who pose when it is safe and convenient as the friends of the farmer, on the good old-fashioned principle of, "Codlin is your friend, not Short," it fell short of what they wished, or we expected. But I am not without hopes that some day we may stiffen it up a bit and make it really as useful as it ought to be. I remember the keen disappointment I felt when my attempts to speak on either of the two days' debate proved unsuccessful. I jumped up repeatedly like a jack-in-the-box, only to find someone else called in front of me, and all the obvious platitudes I had stored up in my memory used and re-used *ad nauseam*. It was not only a disappointment but an injury to me professionally, for my constituents, who were pretty advanced on the question, expected me to voice their views, and were by no means satisfied with their member when he crept humbly back as a dumb dog with his tail between his legs.

The Crofters Act has been a conspicuous success, and has been tactfully administered by the commission of which Sheriff Brand was the first honoured and successful chairman. The boons of fixity of tenure and fair rents have made new men of them, have increased their self-respect, stimulated their energies, and given them heart to build their houses and farm their land skilfully, and become industrious and useful members of society, paying their

rents honestly and holding up their heads high before the world.

An excellent bit of work, called grandmotherly by some opponents of progress, was the Children's Bill, so skilfully piloted through the House by my late lamented friend J. W. Crombie. And the same venerable relative did another good stroke of business for the little ones by a legal enactment against juvenile smoking. Whatever we may say for or against the wooing of the Lady Nicotine by the grown-ups, there is not the least possible shadow of doubt that it does infinite harm to the rising generation, stunting their physical, moral, and intellectual growth, and making them altogether inferior specimens of the human race. The working of this excellent Act has its humorous side. Plant, one of the most successful jockeys, and a married man with a large family, is himself somewhat diminutive in stature, and on applying at a shop for some cigarettes was met by respectful but firm refusal, on the plea that the law prevented them from being sold to anyone under sixteen.

Now, to vary the monotony of the scene, let me have a good grumble or two. First, to re-accentuate what I have hinted at before, how disheartening it is to attempt to do anything in the House of Commons, tightly swathed as it is in official and antiquarian red tape! You wish to bring in a Bill or a motion, and with that object you ballot for a place in one of the few and rapidly diminishing days allotted to private members. Considering that your zeal for legislative activity is shared by perhaps a couple of hundred of your colleagues, your chances of success are somewhat remote. And here let me add by way of parenthesis what an interesting study it would be for someone to run through the private Bills submitted to the House, and see in what a Utopia—somewhat dashed, perhaps, by great-grandmotherly superintendence of all your domestic affairs—

we would live in if they were all placed on the Statute Book. Well, let us suppose that fortune has befriended you, and that you have drawn first place. Then your difficulties begin. Every crank in the House comes begging and imploring you to adopt his particular fad, and use your opportunity to advocate its claims. But you probably have some pet scheme of your own, and you get an expert to frame a Bill in the usual unintelligible way, or you prepare an elaborate speech to lay your ideas before a spell-bound legislature. If you fail in getting a front place, there is no use in occupying the back row ; for it is only by the most unexpected fluke—which, however, usually happens when you are absent—that you can get an oratorical look-in. Your only chance will be to get your first reading after questions or at eleven o'clock, and then you will always find some Irish patriot or obstructionist in the moral or pecuniary pay of the Government, ready and only too willing to stab your little William to the heart by the removal of his hat from his more or less intellectual brows, and the abrupt snapping out of the fatal words, "I object" ; and entreaty and appeals are absolutely thrown away upon this variety of the Mammalia.

But we now see the expectant and exultant member enjoying the proud consciousness that he has secured a definite position from which to instruct and, happily, to amuse his colleagues, and he proudly seats himself on the green benches ready for action. But there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. The foaming goblet, with beaded bubbles winking at him confidentially at the brim, may yet be dashed from his hand and prematurely emptied of its contents. Government, with the burglarious instinct encouraged by a long course of predatory action, bags his day, or persuades him by artful cajolery and insinuating persuasion to make way for some epoch-making measure

of their own ; or a count is moved some time during his speech, and he has to shuffle his papers together and carry his crestfallen mind and body home ; or if his proposals are unpopular, its opponents will develop enthusiastic and hitherto unsuspected interest in the measures coming immediately before, and will talk on them at inordinate length to keep off his. And in the end it is probably talked out by some glib obstructionist, working skilfully within the limits of the closure. And even if it skilfully dodges through these rocks and quicksands, there is still danger ahead. You have to get your third reading, and then go to the Lords, from whose strangling embrace and asphyxiating atmosphere it emerges, an anæmic, feeble, emaciated shadow of its former self. And when, or if, it finally becomes law, it will be found something very different from the plump, healthy child that entered the legislative chamber weeks or months before. And this, coupled with the enormous difficulty of sitting and hearing when you want to speak, combines to chill down the ardour of the budding politician, who entered the lethal chamber with high hopes and legitimate ambitions.

Some humble outsiders have to fall back on the Estimates, when we can announce motions for the reduction of a vote, or of the Minister's salary, to get the desired chance. But here again the fates may be against us. Nothing will ever persuade any Government to put down the votes in their proper order. To suit their own convenience, or that of some influential supporter, or, most absurdly of all, of some opponent, they introduce into this class of business an element of uncertainty which is profoundly unsatisfactory. So when you come down to the House primed for the attack, expecting vote 1 to come on, you will find that it has been changed to vote 2 or 3 or 7, and no one can tell you why ; and when it does come on, you will find that someone has

got in front of you, or that one of those deadly crankish bores who visit all public assemblies has talked at such inordinate and unnecessary length on some quite insignificant matter that the whole vote has to be closed, and you are left out in the cold. Then all you have to fall back on is getting an occasional and unreported word on a Grand Committee, if you have the luck, in these pushing and competing days, to be put on one; and eventually you sit down with a discouraged and unnoticed air, feeling too insignificant to be feared if you try to make yourself nasty, and too commonplace even to get any social or professional recognition if you do your humble but honestly level best to help the ship of the State or the Parliamentary train along into the harbour or the station where it will find the triumph of appreciation which only seldom comes your way.

Among the numerous obstacles blocking the path of the member who is a tenderfoot, or an old Parliamentary hand, the worst is, not knowing when you are going to be called, or whether you will be called at all. Front Bench people, who take up far too much time and are frequently bores, must always get precedence; and corner men and Privy Councillors, I fancy, have a prior claim. But what most of all has absolutely ruined the old straightforward and simple way of doing things in the House, is the formation of those little cliques or groups of variegated political views who hang together in separate organisations, with Whips and funds and rooms if they can get them. When the Labour Party, and the Independent Labour Party, and the Nationalists, and the All-for-Irelandists, and the Welsh, and the Scotch, and the Suffragists, and the Protectionists, and other circles of cranks, if they can succeed in getting in, have been invited in succession to contribute an item to the oratorical menu, it will be seen that there was not much room left for a simple member of the Liberal Party like myself.

But, in my humble opinion, the greatest grievance of all is the way in which old members are treated in the House of Commons. When I go to the "other place" I am treated with almost deferential courtesy, and invited to stand on the steps of the Throne and listen to the debates. When I cross the Lobby and try to enter the Chamber where I sat for twenty-five years, I am treated as a mere outsider. I am shoved about with the autocratic air of undisputed authority only possessed in full perfection by the officials at St Stephen's. If I wish to look inside, I must go hat in hand to a sitting member, and ask him to help me. And if I dare to set foot in the entrance sacred to the elect, I am abruptly pulled up and told that I am breaking the law. But worse is to come, and what I am about to relate is about the most complete display of pure Bumbledom and tactless priggery that has ever come under my notice in a long public life. After the death of our lamented Sovereign, I thought that I might claim the right, as an old member and a member of his late Majesty's Privy Council, to pass through the House of Commons to view the lying in state. I made my request in respectful terms, and was met by a flat refusal. I then appealed to the Office of Works, and my friend "Lulu" Harcourt sent me a friendly and sympathetic letter, admitting my grievance, but saying that he was powerless to help, because all the arrangements had been taken out of his hands by a committee—one which to me seemed fairly irresponsible.

Repulsed in this absolutely unconscionable manner, and unable to obtain redress from the willing official who had been directly appointed by the Commons to manage the parks and public buildings, and whose functions were thus unconstitutionally usurped, the only alternative was to stand for four hours in damp, bleak weather, and at last see the historical scene, which I hold I had an absolute right to see in the more legitimate way.

And then, when I applied for leave to see the funeral procession, I was given a ticket for the Horse Guards Parade, where, in company with other discontented Privy Councillors who had just performed, or were about to perform, their constitutional function of appointing the new King, we walked about, vainly endeavouring to see what was going on through a jungle of parasols and matinee hats and females perched on chairs. I don't think I am likely to forget the snubbing I received on that mournful occasion.

Now, having relieved myself by giving vent to what has long sat uneasy on my mind, I feel bound to follow it up by one political confession. There can be no harm at this time of day in averring that the Home Rule Bill placed me in a most awkward position. The subject was quite new to us all, and we had not the faintest notion what it was all about until we heard Gladstone's epoch-making speech ; and even then, clear though the exposition was, it was impossible to take it all in at once. The text was not placed in our hands for some days afterwards, and in three weeks we had to make up our minds what to do. It was said that only three people really understood the Irish Land Bill—Gladstone, Law, the Irish Attorney-General, and Healy—and it took a clear head and diligent application to master the intricacies of its successor. Some never did, or even made the attempt, and many of them went down a steep place and were engulfed in the waves of Liberal Unionism. The faithful like myself, who remained in the fold, were at first a little perturbed by the magnitude of the issues involved ; but personally I never had any difficulty in making up my mind, and plumped “bald-headed ” for the Bill and nothing but the Bill. The thing that most surprised me was its moderation, and the way that it was accepted by the Irish people. It was hemmed round by restrictions and barbed-wire fences on every side. Foreign and fiscal policy was not

to be touched, no armies or navies could be raised—in fact, hardly anything was conceded but a sop to national aspiration and sentiment—and the Irish members were to be excluded from the Imperial Parliament. This and the Land Bill, which was almost universally condemned, were the rocks on which the measure ultimately split. I am almost ashamed to confess that I was largely influenced in my support by the comfortable assurance that we were to get rid of the voluble Irish patriots who had worried and obstructed us at every turn, talking out the Bills that they could not block, arranging for a division every night at the dinner-hour of seven-thirty, keeping up a gloomy social isolation, and using terms of the most virulent and insulting abuse against all who ventured to oppose them. But this clause, which they enthusiastically accepted because, as their leaders said, Ireland was too small a country to produce a double set of members of equal calibre, and it would not do to send men of inferior capacity to St Stephen's, of course really spelt Separation, and a serious infringement of the good old-fashioned Liberal principle that there should be no taxation without representation. But the retention of the members in full, too full, strength—for Ireland is absurdly over-staffed politically—used to put me on the horns of a serious dilemma, and leave me at the mercy of hecklers. When the controversy was at its height, one of these acute cross-examiners was sure to get up and ask me the following question: "Is it fair that the Irish, whose domestic affairs have been withdrawn from the consideration of the Imperial Parliament, should be allowed to come there in numbers sufficient to disturb the balance of parties and interfere in their meddlesome and irritating way with ours?" "It would puzzle the wit of man," said Gladstone, "to devise an effective remedy"; and certainly his in-and-out proposal was a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Irish have been described as people who don't know what they want, but who won't be happy till they get it ; but in this case they have a perception, though perhaps not an over clear one, of what will satisfy their nationality.

I suspect they will lose a great deal more than they will gain when the concession is made to them ; and I believe, as I predicted from the beginning, that it will eventually be given by the Tories, who, having swallowed with a gulp their old convictions and digested them with a wry face, have granted numerous concessions to the party holding the balance of power which were formerly denounced as predatory and confiscatory.

The only way to appease the hecklers will be by granting what good old Sir John Leng first called "Home Rule all round"—practically a wide extension of local government, to which we in Scotland have already effectually contributed, and which will relieve the laborious Parliamentary machine of a deal of dull drudgery that clogs the wheels and wastes valuable time which might be much more profitably spent.

Most important is the disposition of the really limited hours which the House has at its disposal for fairly important matters, in contradistinction to those wasted on polemical party debates and personal explanations. A great deal of time should be devoted to the consideration of supply, and to the suppression of the cranks who wish to air their own views or hear their own voices, and who, with an absolute disregard of all sense of proportion, consume hour after hour in futile or mischievous academic debates on their special fads, on which they discourse at inordinate length, with the result that, when the guillotine falls, millions of public money are voted without a single word of debate—and by the relegation of what we may call the pump and drain questions to the localities which understand them best,

much time and money will be saved, and the Imperial Assembly set comparatively free to do its Imperial work. Is this a hopeless dream? I think not, for things are rapidly moving in that direction; and in spite of the obscure rumblings of obstructive Ulster, and the inevitable opposition of the stormy petrel of debate, William O'Brien, John Redmond, the only real statesman among them all, we believe, at last will sail with a straight keel into the wished-for haven of refuge and repose. The removal of the Irish from the House of Commons would eclipse the gaiety of nations and make us sadly dull and cloudy; for, however we may be angry and worried with them collectively, individually they are with few exceptions jolly good fellows, straight, honourable, and clean-handed; and after all, we must remember that they are only playing their game—playing it badly, I think; but they hold a different opinion, and go straight to their goal without fear or favour, or regard to this party or to that.

What English member could have done this? I was dining one night at the House, and my friend, that most interesting and cultivated man Swift MacNeill, was a fellow-guest. A charming lady who sat next him expressed a strong desire to see a row in the House. "Nothing easier," replied the redoubtable Irish patriot; "I'll get up one for you." So no sooner said than done. When dinner was over, he sprang up from his seat and defied the Speaker, or did something else disorderly, and then the fat was in the fire, and there was the scene so dear to journalists, and a suspension, not by the neck happily, but for a day or two, which gave our good friend a much-needed holiday, and elevated the inquisitive lady to the seventh heaven of delight.

The Germans have lately built a new home for the Reichstag in Unter den Linden, and it is no doubt as

complete as money and commerce can make it. But a strong Socialist element tends to make matters uncomfortable, and the Kaiser's policy of sitting on the safety-valve must bring about an explosion some day. The French Assembly is very inferior to ours; its senators are often noisy and turbulent, and the necessity for mounting on the Tribune before speaking tends to encourage the frothy kind of melodramatic declamation.

The American House of Representatives can hardly be an ideal place from the point of view of Parliamentary procedure. There are deep galleries holding 2500 strangers. Each member has a revolving chair with a desk in front, and behind is a railing shutting off an open space, where M.P.'s and visitors meet and talk and drink and smoke. My old friend Bryce, in his classical book, thus describes the scene:—"When you enter, your first impression is of noise and turmoil, a noise like that of short sharp waves in a Highland loch, fretting under a squall against a rocky shore. The raising and dropping of desk lids, the scratching of pens, the clapping of hands to catch the pages, keen little boys who race along the gangways, the pattering of feet, the hum of talking on the floor and in the galleries, make up a din over which the Speaker, with the sharp taps of his hammer, or the orators' shrill throats find it hard to make themselves audible. Often three or four members are on their legs at once, each shouting to catch the Speaker's attention. 'Speaking in the House,' says an American writer, 'is like trying to address the people in the Broadway buses from the kerbstone in front of Astor House. Set speeches are sent direct to the reporters, after a small part has been read to the House, and then copies are struck off and circulated.'"

So, badly off as we are in many respects, life is well worth living in the House, and everyone who has been turned out,

and even some of those who have voluntarily retired, recognising the strange and somewhat weird fascination of the place, scheme to get back. From time to time are seen in the Lobby unseated ex-members revisiting the "glimpses of the moon," worrying Whips and pestering wire-pullers in their eager desire to be reinstated on the green benches and to resume their old work.

CHAPTER XVIII

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS

IT is only now, after four years' resting on my oars in a quiet backwater, that I am beginning to shake off the feelings of mingled awe and respect with which I used to contemplate Speakers and other lofty people. The awe has evaporated, the respect remains; and I can accost them, perhaps not so freely as ordinary mortals, but still without the somewhat stilted formality which it seemed necessary to assume in former days. And there are other minor officials whose position also seems to raise them a little above the ordinary man in the street. Every afternoon, about three o'clock, there is a little ceremony dear to the heart and eyes of the ordinary spectator, and not devoid of interest even to the *blasé* member. I refer to the Speaker's procession. First appears the Sergeant-at-Arms, well groomed, in court dress, and carrying the mace, the emblem of authority without which the House cannot be made, and which was hailed with such scant courtesy by Oliver Cromwell. Next, the Speaker "comes at last," neither "timid," nor "stepping fast," but walking with the bold, confident gait of one who knows that he is the boss. His tails are held up by the train-bearer, and then follows his late secretary, "Ted" Gully, a handsome young man, faultlessly attired in whatever happens to be the fashion at the moment, and walking with a dignity which does not seem to impress his friends, who sometimes mix with the crowd and try to catch his eye. But the

principal feature of the whole affair, I used to think, was the stentorian tones of the policeman, who makes the welkin ring with his stentorian tones as he calls out, "Hats off, strangers!" He possesses one of the three finest voices I have heard, the second being the mounted horseman who used to announce the performers in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and the third Spurgeon, who without effort dropped his words into the ears of the remotest among the eight thousand hearers who crowded into the Tabernacle Sunday after Sunday.

Mr Cove, the attendant in the cloak-room, was a quaint little person, with a keen eye to the main chance. One of my friends told me he said to him once that he would like to send him some game. "If it's all the same to you, sir," was the reply, "I had rather have it in money."

It is still a great pleasure for me to go down to the House, for I always get the most cordial salutations, not only from my old colleagues, but from all the official staff, policemen, doorkeepers, even the one-legged shoeblack, eager to grasp me by the hand and express their regret that I am no longer among them.

One great change made since I left the House is the exclusion of ladies from the minor lobby, thereby eclipsing the gaiety of nations, and taking away much of the sparkle which used to relieve the drab monotony of Parliamentary life about the dinner hour. And I think that since a female, with a total disregard of decency and good manners, and the honourable holding to an implied obligation, tried to force her way into the House, they are not allowed the much-cherished opportunity of standing on the little seat behind the door and looking straight into the Chamber.

Since the vagaries of the suffragettes attained their present proportions, female visitors are not permitted to go beyond St Stephen's Hall, a quaint and cheerless place, where

depressed little groups cluster round the pedestals of the statues until their hosts come to take them to the Harcourt Room.

The police, badly treated as they have too often been by unsexed viragos, who bite and spit and scratch and kick in their efforts to show how fit they are to enter public life, sometimes get a little fun too. I was once waiting with others my summons to dinner, and got into talk with a friendly "peeler" whom I used to know in the old days.

"Have you had much to do with the ladies?" I asked.

"Oh yes, lots; and I tell my old woman that some day I will come home with two of them hanging round my neck. 'If you do,' she answered, 'I'll take the poker to them.'"

And I heard another authentic story. A suffragette of the middle class was being carried out by a policeman, and when she was set down she said:

"I've had a *foine roide*."

"Come back soon again, dearie," was the reply.

Popularity is a queer thing, and difficult to define or explain. We should need a Thackeray, or a Lamb, or a Sydney Smith to do justice to such a many-sided subject, and I will not make the attempt. But is it too "high falutin" to compare it to the bloom on the peach or the plum, placed there by Nature's hand, and readily rubbed off and not easily replaced? To many people it comes naturally, some acquire it more or less perfectly by practice or example, whilst others never obtain more than a sight of the promised land. We have all known excellent folk, apparently cut out for success in public life—rich, able, full of the most admirable sentiments and able to express them plausibly—who never could get within sniffable distance of the green benches; whilst others, their inferiors in every way, romped in the first time of asking. What is the reason?

Can this be the explanation? Some years ago, I was asking one of the admitted leaders of the Bar why a mutual friend of ours, full of humour and eloquence, and a charming fellow all round, was not more successful in his profession.

"Oh," he replied, "he has not got the method."

So it comes to this : some folks full of good intentions, and many other excellent things as well, never seem to succeed according to their deserts, and are comparative failures in spite of all their conscientious efforts to succeed. Perhaps it is a want of that individuality on which the Prime Minister discoursed so pleasantly not long ago in Edinburgh, or of personality, one of the greatest of God's gifts to man, or an absence of that personal charm which sometimes grips us towards quite plain women, and even in the direction of male scamps and scapegraces, whom prudence tells us to avoid. Personal popularity is of enormous value in the Commons, where some men never used to get a proper hearing. I say used, because formerly, before the days of closure and procedure rules, the evident sense of the House could be expressed by cries of "Agreed, agreed, agreed!" and "Divide, divide, divide!" which were not checked by the Speaker, who regarded them as the legitimate expression of popular feeling. Warton, the leading obstructionist of his day, who made the best he could of a husky voice and a red pocket-handkerchief and a snuff-packed nose, was never listened to even by his own side; and Handal Cosham, great on platforms, with his rough-and-ready speech and Scriptural quotations, was always howled down when he rose; and Thorold Rogers, another voluntarily disrobed priest, a man of racy humour and real, if somewhat caustic, eloquence, met with no better fate. It requires a deal of tact and diplomacy to steer a Bill, more especially if it contains much contentious matter, through

the House of Commons. Harcourt used to tell, with justifiable pride, that he passed his famous death duties, assuredly not beloved by all, without a single recourse to the closure; and although Lloyd-George has been assailed with an almost unprecedented malignity of invective by people who are worthy not even to black his boots, but only to put them outside his room to be blacked by other people, I am told by those who are in the know, that nothing could exceed the skill and conciliatory tact with which he steered his difficult Finance Bill into the safe harbour of success; and my dear departed friend, the late J. W. Crombie, was equally successful when, in the face of much opposition, he placed his Children's Bill on the Statute Book.

I was reading the other day in my old friend Sir Herbert Maxwell's life of W. H. Smith that "Smith's leadership had proved successful beyond dispute." One afternoon, in the privacy of the smoking-room, a well-known member of the Opposition defined the source of this success. Addressing a supporter of the Government, he said wistfully: "You know you have an unfair advantage over us, for your fellows hate the Grand Old Man, but, confound it, who can help liking Old Morality?"

There are natural peculiarities, common to certain nationalities, which make for unpopularity, and might be corrected by careful study, if kind observers would only point them out. The rôle of the candid friend is not always a happy one, and the occupants of the Palace of Truth are apt to shiver a bit when the glass of the somewhat hastily constructed edifice comes tumbling about their ears. Shyness accounts for much variegated peculiarity of demeanour, and, "Oh, wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us, to see oursels as others see us!" Many of us would have much

happier lives if parents and schoolmasters, laying aside crankisms or theories of education, would unite in the production of a good, healthy animal alike in mind and body. Perhaps there was something in the absurdities of Mr Turveydrop after all. A wise person has said, "Manners maketh man," and it need not be beneath the notice even of a cultured university don to consider how to say a thing as well as what to say. Perhaps some may take this advice too literally, as witness the priggish development of what used to be called the Oxford manner, embodying the infallibility of youth and the apotheosis of sweetness and light. Not long after my day, in Edinburgh, a little society was formed for the cultivation of manner, and I knew two of its leading members quite intimately. My old and valued friend, Professor Rutherford, one of the best of good fellows, and *facile princeps* in his own line, adopted rather a curious formula. Half-closing his eyes, he looked down upon you through the partially veiled corners, puffed out his inflated chest, and addressed you in a "high Englishy" voice, as different from his ordinary tones as the minister's pulpit inflection from the more familiar tones in which he would accost you over the dinner table. Arthur Gamgee, a curious erratic genius, who fluttered like a physiological butterfly from place to place, without taking up his permanent abode anywhere, adopted a somewhat foreign style by shrugging his shoulders "in a Continental manner," and leading you to suppose that he was born on the banks of the Loire rather than in good "auld Reekie." Both these snatches of drama had their ludicrous side, but they were surely preferable to the halting and hangdog utterances of the boor, who not only calls a spade a spade, but sometimes (to use "Soapy Sam's" inimitable repartee) "a sanguinary shovel." At the same time, it is well to get over the feeling of *mauvaise honte* and reticence which compel the Scotchman

to take his heart from his sleeve and hide it where it can best escape observation and detection. It is not humbug, but true and kind sympathy, to tell someone who has done something that he has done it well, and your approval and appreciation will be of real service to a public man. I cannot understand people not applauding actors or singers, and we should do so, if for no higher reason than as a pecuniary investment, as they perform far better when they feel in touch with their audience. The well-known actor, Matheson Lang, has been complaining bitterly of the coldness of Scotch audiences, comparing them most unfavourably with those he met with abroad. And, to compare great things with small, I know that when I get a good reception at a meeting I can get on well ; and on the very few occasions when I have been congratulated on my speech, I feel "set up," and encouraged to do even better next time.

Two of my most darling ambitions have been gratified. It is a trite bit of morality to say that everything comes to him who can afford to wait ; but this is perfectly true in my case, for both of these good things fell in my way quite spontaneously, without any effort or suggestion on my part. First, I was made a railway director. I was never more astonished in my life than when my good old friend, Ferguson of Kinmundy, asked me to join the Board of the Great North of Scotland Railway, and I gladly accepted ; and I have had nothing but satisfaction and pleasure in sitting round the table with the leading commercial men and county gentlemen of Aberdeen, Glasgow, and Liverpool, headed by our honoured chairman, Sir David Stewart, and assisting in my small way, associated with their industrious and devoted work, to place our concern on the sound basis of prosperity so much appreciated by the travelling public.

Second, I received, still more to my gratification, an

invitation to "assist at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy"—the *raison d'être*, I fancy, being in this way. My friend, Walter Oules, R.A., came to me one day in dire distress, announcing that Tweedmouth, the promised chairman of the Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner, could not come on account of domestic bereavement, and asking me if I would take his place. I took some time to consider, for the occasion was a very important one, and I had no previous experience of that class of business. I am much more hardened now. But in the end I flashed off my rail into the "Aye" lobby, and managed, after careful preparation, to deliver a fairly effective speech: so much so, indeed, that the President, who sat alongside, told me in flattering terms that I had put the case so clearly that he would double his subscription—and several others followed his example. So next year I found myself seated at the hospitable table of the Royal Academy, in the most brilliant company, listening to the most eloquent speeches, "enjoying a' the comforts o' the Saut Market," and a little more, and full of the social prestige derived from the association of my name with the picked throng who gladly see themselves within the walls of Burlington House.

It is very interesting for me to recall, if not necessary for those who have bought or borrowed this book, to read about some occasions on which I was invited to join the majority, and when I was happily able to decline such excellent opportunities of doing so. First, I was very nearly poisoned by an overdose of laudanum in my infantile days. Of course, I remember nothing about it; but gratitude to good old Dr Ormond, who saved my life, springs eternal in my breast. Next came the occasion when I tried to qualify as a member of the Aeroplane Club by my sensational dive over the stairs. If I had landed on my

cranium instead of my side, nothing could have saved me from a fractured skull or a broken neck. And third, one of my brothers and myself were firing off an old cannon, when it burst, and I found myself lying half-stunned on the ground. My right arm and feet were stiff and sore, and it turned out that a mass of metal bigger than my fist had become detached from the breech and struck me on what was perhaps the safest part of my body, the deltoid muscle. If it had turned its attentions in almost any other direction, I should not now be alive to tell the tale.

Perhaps the most providential escape of all happened about sixty years ago, when we were travelling by rail. All of a sudden our train stopped, and we walked along the line to see what had happened. Barely two hundred yards off, we saw a most terrible sight—rails running over a yawning chasm where a bridge formerly had been. And next day's paper told us that during a fierce storm of wind and rain, almost unequalled since the Flood, three or four bridges had been washed away, and an enormous deal of damage done to property, though luckily none to life. I have already mentioned our runaway rush from Ascot, and another carriage accident in India nearly terminated my career. It was, if I remember rightly, in Benares, and the horses of a victoria in which I was sitting with two friends became restless and bolted. The reins broke, the driver fell from the box and broke his arm, my companions jumped out one by one : what was I to do ? There was a moment of agonised reflection, and I made up my mind to follow their example, making the fateful plunge with all the resolution I could command. I was dashed to the ground, but escaped with a bruised hip ; and in a very short time the machine pulled up on coming into contact with a cart : recalling the tragic fate of the Duc d'Orléans, who was killed under precisely similar circumstances, and whose

accidental death changed the entire current of French history.

Once we were all nearly poisoned at Finzean by ptomaine-infected grouse pie ; and when, as a little boy, I was knocked down and bitten by a dog, there was a terror lest it might have been mad—and there was no Pasteur in those days. But luckily nothing came of it, and the period of incubation is now all over.

A fall from a pony which had bolted down a narrow road and rounded a corner rather abruptly caused a wound in my groin of somewhat an ugly nature ; and it is entirely due to luck or a kind providence that I am not now hobbling on a cork leg. For once at a shoot a smart society sportsman, so called, noted for his reckless audacity, cut a six-inch width of heather about a foot from my right leg ; but with this exception I have been extremely lucky, and have never either peppered anyone, or been peppered by anyone else.

Caricatures have often played a great part in public life. The inimitable "Contested Election" series of Hogarth are packed with tragedy and comedy and farce, and Gilray's contributions produced an effect which is somewhat hard to understand. To the dispassionate observer, freed from the glamour of the moment, they seem coarse and often indecent, and the humour and the artistic merit are sometimes hard to discover. But it is quite evident that they exercised a great influence, were eagerly looked forward to, keenly criticised ; and prominent statesmen, and even the King, winced under their lash.

The *Vanity Fair* cartoons acquired a great reputation in the days of Pellegrini, who had a real genius for that class of work, because they dived deep into the character of the man, with just enough of exaggeration to give piquancy ; and "Ape" ably carried on the same tradition. It became quite

an object of social ambition to figure in its pages, for, as Lord Granville neatly put it, "there is only one worse thing than being in *Vanity Fair*, and that is, not to be in it." George Cruikshank did not do much political caricaturing, but he illustrated the *Year Book* and finished the illustrations to those free denunciations of the so-called "first gentleman in Europe," George IV., which procured twelve months' imprisonment for the unfortunate editor, W. M. Hone.

We all know and appreciate "Punch," and admire the skilful way in which he shoots folly as it flies, and denounces humbug and imposture, and makes fun of snobbery, without political bias or social rancour. The pictures are not the least part of its attraction, and Tenniel, the great draughtsman whose weekly cartoons were so admirably and suggestively varied, will be remembered, among other achievements, by his splendid drawing of Bismarck as the pilot leaving the ship. But he can hardly be regarded as a caricaturist, and his pictures of members of the House were merely portraits, and not always very characteristic ones. Harry Furness, on the contrary, could hit off the humorous side of anyone to a nicety, and his illustrations of Lucy's inimitable sketches of Parliamentary life were always eagerly looked for. Usually the victims of his pencil appreciated the parodies of their personal appearance, and were even flattered at the notoriety they attained by being thus specially selected for notice. But now and then my friend just stepped beyond the limits of strict decorum, and produced portraits which gave offence. Sir Richard Temple, I know, was annoyed by the continual prominence given to his bandy legs and generally grotesque appearance; and Swift MacNeill, most excitable of mortals, was so enraged at an undoubtedly cruel version of his good-humoured and thoroughly Irish face, that he rushed up to the artist in the Lobby, and gave him a mild blow on the shoulder, constituting what he called

a technical assault. E. T. Reed has an admirable faculty for the delineation of character; and Phil May, with his consummately dexterous knack of transferring to paper the essentials of the human form in a few bold lines, produced some clever things, though his talent did not seem to run in political grooves, but found its appropriate nourishment in the farce and serio-comic tragedy which obtains dramatic expression in the short and simple annals of the poor.

Higher than any of these I place Sir Carruthers Gould, who has been well described by Lord Rosebery as the most valuable asset of the Liberal party. To a considerable amount of technical skill, which improves and develops year by year, he adds great natural humour, unflagging ingenuity of invention, and an altogether unprecedented faculty for diving into the very heart of a political question, and converting what he has found there into what can only be called an inspiration, far more valuable than many a set speech. Whilst his inimitable drawings are packed with compact argument, and bristle with sharp and telling points, they never wound, nor overstep the limits of good taste and gentlemanly feeling. So they are popular alike with friend and foe; and whenever Chamberlain appeared on the Terrace to take the air and smoke his cigar, he was seldom without a copy of the *Westminster* in his hand, which he scanned eagerly through his familiar eyeglass.

I used to be constantly asked the question, Who is the best speaker in the House?

George Russell tells how he once put to his uncle, Lord John, one of the most experienced of Parliamentarians, this same interrogation. The answer was, "Lord Plunket"; and he gave as his reason that, while Plunket had the national gift of fluency, brilliant imagination, and ready wit very highly developed, they were all adjunct to his strong, cool, inflexible

argument. How curiously history repeats itself ! His son David, a personal friend of mine, and to whom I gave his last pair before he was transferred to what some people, at all events, call a higher sphere of usefulness, I would place very high in the ranks. He had great natural advantages ; a tall, handsome figure, surmounted by a well-shaped head and expressive features, and a rich and effectively modulated voice, aided by a slight stammer, gave every chance to his rich and copious language and nicely balanced argument. I always remember that one speech he made on some Irish question was quite one of the best I ever heard. But in my opinion—and I don't think I was far wrong—Gladstone towered head and shoulders above them all. I made a point of hearing every speech he made during our mutual membership, and I find it difficult to give adequate expression to the effect of a massive and acute intellect and overwhelming voice, and a vocabulary rich, varied, and appropriate.

One of the greatest intellectual efforts I remember was made by Sir Edward Clarke. Gladstone had spoken in some debate with overwhelming force, and had so overawed the House that none ventured to follow ; and the Speaker was just rising to put the question, when the keen little barrister jumped up. Without a note or the slightest sign of preparation, he traversed the whole line of his formidable opponent's argument, and made a most effective reply. "Labby" always filled the House, for he was witty, audacious, and bristling with sharp and shrewd points ; and Birrell, who has developed into such a prominent and successful Cabinet Minister, is always welcome for the combination of wit and wisdom which has added to the richness of our mother tongue by the coinage of the word "Birrelling." Sir Wilfrid Lawson was a genuine humourist, and, to follow the words of the man in the play, who said, "Many of my best impromptus took me at least a fortnight to prepare," some

of his witticisms may have been thought by some to smell too much of the lamp ; but never mind that—they always made the House laugh, and the genial, kind-hearted, and high-minded English gentleman was always welcome, inside the House or out.

Randolph Churchill, from many points of view, was a great man, and if the comprehensive and advanced Budget, sterilised by his disastrous resignation, but faithfully recorded in the brilliant pages of his son's book, had seen the light, he would have been handed down to posterity as a great financier too. As it was, he had at all times complete command of the ear of the House, and in his palmy days he was more in demand than anyone else for the platform. His son Winston can only be described by one word. He is a genius. Not only a most sparkling, convincing speaker, who, I am told, has about the best House of Commons manner of anyone on the green benches, but he is a capable man of affairs, and as brilliant with his pen as with his tongue. If his health holds good, he is almost bound to rise to the top of the tree. But he has a formidable competitor in Lloyd-George.

Walter Long—"Walter too Long," as "Labby" calls him—is polished both mentally and physically, and the handsome ruddy head and face of the country gentleman, fresh from the stables and the hunting-field, almost mask a very quick and shrewd mind and an extreme and satisfying volubility, which directs itself nimbly in every needed direction ; and he scolds his opponents with vigour and effect, but with so much good-nature that the sting is extracted after the wound is made.

Bonar Law is logical and plausible, and can carry on a sustained and plausible argument without a trace of note. Chaplin is quite one of the old school, and his deliberate and rounded periods and stilted and pompous delivery are

quite vestiges of the past. But everyone likes him, and he is always listened to with attention and respect.

Runciman, among the younger men, always holds his hearers by his quiet and persuasive reasoning ; and I am told that Herbert Samuel, who has greatly developed since I left the House, is now a real power there. Everyone likes to hear Colonel Seely, not only because of his brave and high character, but because of his bright, cheery style of oratory.

Asquith has every physical advantage—a deep, sonorous voice, an earnest and impressive manner, and an inimitable debating faculty, in which he eyes the weak points of an opponent and seizes them with small mercy ; and he deserves some special thanks for his gift of compression. Formerly no Cabinet Minister thought he had discharged his duty unless he spoke for an hour : our present Premier says all that he wishes to say, and all that can be said on the subject, in twenty minutes, or at the most half an hour.

Few of the House speakers can equal—it would be almost hopeless to excel—"Tay Pay," as his many friends delight to call him, for he has all the Irish faculty for success : a fine voice, a rich and copious vocabulary, and the debating power which enables him at a moment's notice to follow opponents with damaging success, have made him a real power.

EPILOGUE

IT is now about time to call a halt and to release my readers, gentle and otherwise, from their kind and, I hope, appreciative attention. And I too am just "a wee thing" tired of myself, and a bit out of breath with the scamper we have had together along the broad highroad and pleasant bypaths leading from the place where I was born, in the leafy month of June seventy-four years ago.

I have enjoyed writing this book, opening up cells of long-forgotten memory, mourning over those comrades who have fallen by the way, and perhaps sighing now and then over a lost opportunity. On the whole, I am fairly content with my stocktaking ; and if my life has not been a brilliant success, it has not been a conspicuous failure, and I, at all events, have derived a good deal of fun out of it.

So, with my best bow, I ring down the curtain, with these beautiful words of *envoi* from Robert Louis Stevenson's prayer :—

"The day returns, and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds, weary and content and undishonoured, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

INDEX

- Abercorn, Duke of, 95.
 Abernethy, 190.
 Agnew, Sir William, 137, 234, 253, 270.
 Agricultural Holdings Act, the, 303.
 Ainslie, Douglas, 25, 45.
 Ainslie, Miss, 13; and Robert Burns, 13, 45.
 Ainslie, Robert, 12.
 Alcohol, author on, 296; Biblical authority for, 297; Tennyson cited, 297; Parkes' experiments and conclusions, 297.
 Alison, Prof., 50.
 Allan, Sir William, artist, 39.
 Allan, William, M.P., 277.
 Allman, Prof., 48.
 Alpine climbers, distinguished, 133 *et seq.*
 Alps, the, 129 *et seq.*
 Althorp, Lord, 232.
 American House of Representatives, the, 313.
 Anæsthesia, first mention of, in the Bible, 52; the charms of, 52.
 Anæsthetics, discovery of, 51; Lady Paget's testimony to their value, 52.
 Armitstead, Mr, 270.
 Army corps (*cf.* Brodrick).
 Arnold, Sir Edwin, 122.
 Artists' Benevolent Fund Dinner, 322.
 Asquith, Rt. Hon. H. H., 283; and his condensed speeches, 246, 329.
 Austin, Sir Alfred, 122.
 Aytoun, 60.
 Balfour, Prof. John Hutton, 48.
 Balfour, Rt. Hon. A. J., 240, 259, 279 (*cf.* Fourth Party).
 Bancroft on Sir H. Irving, 73.
 Barrie, J. M., 32.
 Barry, Sir Charles, 193, 194, 202.
 Bayreuth, 135.
 Beaconsfield, Lord, on the desire for office, 299.
 Begbie, Warburton, 56.
 Bell, "Joe," the original of Sherlock Holmes, 59.
 Bennett, Prof., 49.
 Berlin, professors at, 104-105; the "Einzug" in, 105.
 Biblical authority for alcohol, 297.
 for anæsthetics, 52.
 Biggar, Joseph, 137, 215, 219, 247, 271, 272; "Toby" on, 272.
 Birmingham enfranchised by Reform Bill, 233.
 Birrell, A., 295.
 Birse, the ministers of, 164-165.
 Bishop, Sir Henry, 37.
 Bismarck, 105.
 Black, William, 32, 120.
 Blackie, 33, 59; his personality, 59.
 Blackwood, William, 21.
 Booth, Sclater, 280.
 Bough, Sam, 40.
 Boughton, George, 122.
 Bowmaker, Dr, 13; Burns on, 13, 14.
 Bradlaugh, Charles, 227; and land nationalisation, 227.
 Brand, H. W. B., Speaker of House of Commons, 219.
 Bridge, Sir Fredk., and Labouchere, 257.
 Briggs case, the, and Lockwood, 230.
 Bright, John, on the Crimean War, 231; his nerves, 250; oratory of, 255; and Home Rule, 256.
 British Medical Association, the, 115; author as secretary, 117; and president, 118.
British Medical Journal, the, 116, 117, 240.
 Broadhurst, H., 263.
 Brodrick and the army corps, 230.
 Brougham, Lord, 231, 240.
 Brown, Dr John, 33, 35, 38, 53, 54, 142; the northern Charles Lamb, 35.
 Browning, Robert, 121.

- Bryce, architect, 23.
 Bryce, Professor, on the American House of Representatives, 313.
 Buchanan, T. R., 278.
 Buckland, Frank, 93.
 Bucknill, Dr Sam, 25.
 Burke, E., 231; Macaulay on, 230.
 Burnett of Kemnay, 185.
 Burns, John, 251, 261; T. P. O'Connor on, 262; and Cunningham Graham, 267.
 Burns, Robert, his friendship and correspondence with Robert Ainslie, 12; visits the Ainslies, 13; his admiration for Miss Ainslie, 13, 14; a neat impromptu, 13.
 Burt, Thomas, 263.
 Byron, Lord, on the classics, 17.
 Caird, Prof., 266-267.
 Caledonian Club, 91.
 Cameron, Sir Charles, 286.
 Campbell-Bannerman, H., and the cordite vote, 223; as Leader of the House, 284; his personality, 284; his epigrams, 285; Sir Charles Cameron's verses on, 286; on work outside the House, 294.
 Campbell, Sir Geo., 282.
 Campbell, Thomas, on Mrs Siddons, 71.
 Candlish, Dr, 167.
 Canvassing, 190.
 Cargilfield and its founder, 24.
 Caricatures as aids to Parliamentary contests, 324-326.
 Cass case, the, 227.
 Causton, Richard, 268.
 Chalmers, 60.
 Chamberlain, Joseph, and the Duchesses, 207; a story of, 238; reprimanded in the House, 239; his oratory and work, 261.
 Chambers, Robert, 12, 14, 25, 32, 168.
 Chambers, William, 32.
 Chaplin, Henry, 328.
 Cheshire Cheese, the, 89.
 Chiene, Prof., 49.
 Childers, Hugh, 282.
 Children's Bill, the, 304, 319.
 Chloroform, 51.
 Christison, 55; a drug expert, 55.
 Church life in Scotland, 164; the Free Church and the U.P.'s, 165; the Robertson Smith case, 167; the old-fashioned Sunday, 169; Disruption of the Scotch Church, 165, 169, 172.
 Churchill, Lord Randolph, 225, 254, 280, 281, 328 (*cf.* Fourth Party).
 Churchill, Winston, 328.
 Clark, Dr, 282.
 Clark, Sir Andrew, 111; and W. E. Gladstone, 113.
 Clark, Sir Joseph, 183.
 Clarke, Sir Edward, 327.
 Clubs—
 Brooks's, 90.
 Caledonian, 91.
 Junior United Service, 90.
 National Liberal, 91.
 Reform, 90.
 Scottish Liberal, 91.
 Cobden, Richard, 255.
 Cock Tavern, the, 89.
 Cockburn, Lord, 61; prevents threatened vandalism, 62.
 Coldstreams, the, 86.
 Colman, Sir Jeremiah, 232, 233, 266.
 Combe, Dr Andrew, 30.
 Combe, George, phrenologist, 30.
 Commons, House of (*cf.* Parliament);
 Speakers of (*cf.* Brand, Gully, Lowther, Peel).
 Cooper, Robert, 40.
 Corelli, Marie, 122.
Cornhill Magazine, the, 34.
 Corporal punishment at Dublin, 96.
 Corrupt Practices Act of 1881, 191, 234, 235 (*cf.* James, Sir Henry).
 Cosham, Handel, 318.
 Cowan, John, 21.
 Cowen, "Joe," 240, 254.
 Crawford, Sir Donald, 74.
 Cricket, author's memories of, 66.
 Crimean War, John Bright on the, 231.
 Crofters Act, the, 243, 303.
 Crombie, J. W., 304, 319.
 Crombie, John, Campbell-Bannerman's opinion of, 271.
 Cromer, Lord, 254.
 Crooks, Will, 262.
 Cross, Sir Richard, 269, 281.
 Cross-cupping in the Army, 96.
 Dancing, 87, 163; the old and new styles, 75; regimental and other balls, 75.
 Davitt, Michael, 284.
 Davy, Sir Humphry, discovers laughing gas, 51.
 Desborough, Lord, 183.
 Dickens, Charles, 33; as lecturer, 68; as actor, 69.
 Dilke, Sir Charles, 233.
 Dillon, John, 265.

Disestablishment, the question of, 178.
 Disraeli, Benjamin, 249, 266, 269, 276,
 299 (*cf.* Beaconsfield).
 Donaldson, Professor, 37.
 Drage, Geoffrey, 237.
 Drama in Edinburgh, 71-74.
 Dresden, the Zoo at, 137.
 Drummond, James, 31.
 Dublin, 94; St Patrick's ball, 96.
 Duff House, 142.
 Dufferin, Lord, 46.
 Dukes, Dr, 104.
 Dunbar, 59.
 Duncan, A.R.A., 40.
 Duncan, Dr, 16.
 Duncan, John, 59.
 Duncan, Matthews, 9; and anæsthetics,
 51; migrates to London, 58.
 Dunedin, Lord, 74.
 Edinburgh, dancing in, 74.
 in bygone days, 41, 42.
 the "minibus" and the motor in,
 76.
 the social life of, 28; celebrities of,
 30 *et seq.*; the University, 45 *et seq.*
 the Theatre Royal, 72.
 Toole and Irving in, 73.
 Edinburgh Academy, the, 18; its
 founders, 18; head masters, 19, 20;
 notable scholars, 23.
 Edward VII., lying in state and funeral,
 308-309.
 Edwards, John, 57; immortalised in
 Robertson's poem, 57.
 Ellis, John, 271.
 Ellis, Tom, 222.
 Erichsen, Sir J. E., 177.
Essays and Reviews, 168.
 Ether, 51.
 Evans, now the site of the National
 Sporting Club, 78.
 Exhibition of 1851, the, 64.
 Farquharson, Dr Robert: birth, 8;
 parentage, 11; his father's hobby,
 11; his mother, 12; childhood, 14;
 childish ailments, 15; schooldays,
 17; a notable schoolfellow, 18; at
 the Edinburgh Academy, 18; his
 schoolmasters and schoolfellows, 20
et seq.; tragic death of his brother,
 25; lost opportunities, 25; his
 favourite poem, 26; "the three
 P's," 29; his father's friends, 30 *et*
seq.; chooses a profession, 44 *et*
seq.; his impressions of Edinburgh
 University, 44 *et seq.*; first tour

Farquharson, Dr Robert—*continued.*
 abroad, 63; dramatic, musical and
 Parisian memories, 63 *et seq.*; com-
 pletion of medical course: the
 Edinburgh system contrasted with
 that of London, 76; a licentiate of
 the College of Surgeons, 77; hospital
 work in Paris, 79; returns to Edin-
 burgh and is "capped," 83; ex-
 amination for the Army, 84; joins
 the Royal Artillery, 85; joins the
 Coldstreams, 86; on duty at the
 Tower, 86; life in London, 87 *et*
seq.; at Aldershot, 91; at Windsor,
 92; in Dublin, 94; a disagreeable
 duty, 96; medical officer to Rugby
 School, 100; surgeon to the Rifle
 Corps, 101; visits Berlin, 104; in
 Vienna, 106; at Rome, 108; sets
 up in practice in Brook Street,
 London, 110; president of the
 British Medical Association, 118;
 his public appointments, 118; in
 Switzerland, 129; Alpine climbing,
 129-134; at Ober Ammergau, 138;
 his father becomes Laird of Finzean,
 140; death of his father, 140;
 succeeds to Finzean, 140; his step-
 mother, 148; on "tips," 157; on
 Aberdeenshire people, 160; on the
 Free Church, 164; his first election,
 177 *et seq.*; prominent supporters,
 184 *et seq.*; M.P. for West Aber-
 deen, 188; takes his seat, 191;
 reminiscences of Parliamentary
 scenes, 218 *et seq.*; Parliamentary
 personalities, 236 *et seq.*; intervenes
 in an Irish debate, 244; professional
 services in the House, 251-252;
 dines with Gladstone, 253; some of
 his contemporaries, 259 *et seq.*;
 personal characteristics of notable
 people, 282; on health and teetotal-
 ism, 290; personal associations with
 the House of Commons, 299; on
 political ambition, 299; serves on
 influential committees, 301; on
 popularity, 317; on peculiarities
 which make for unpopularity, 319;
 a railway director, 321; chairman of
 the Artists' Benevolent Fund dinner,
 322; providential escapes from
 death, 322-324; on political carica-
 tures, 324-326; on Parliamentary
 orators, 327-329; Epilogue, 330.
 Farquharson, W. W., 79.
Father and Son, Gosse's, 3.
 Fawcett, Henry, 283.

- Fenian conspiracy, the, 95.
 Fergusson, Sir Wm., 98.
 Fettes, Mr, 23.
 Finlay, Lady, 37.
 Finlay, Sir R., 23.
 Finzean, 5, 39, 45, 123, 140 *et seq.* ;
 Rev. J. Robertson's sonnet on, 146 ;
 private theatricals at, 146 ; guests at,
 148 ; the shooting at, 148 ; Old
 Roby, the keeper, 152 ; his suc-
 cessor, Macdonald, 154 ; and "Peter
 Hill," 236-237.
 Food and health, 292.
 Football, 67.
 Forbes, Edward, 48.
 Forbes, Prof. James, 37.
 Fothergill, Dr Milner, 93.
 Fourth Party, the, 35, 279-280.
 Fowke, Francis, 115.
 Fowler, Sir H., 229.
 Fox, C. J., 232.
 Free Church and the U.P.'s (*cf.* Church
 life in Scotland).
 Freshfield, Douglas, 131.
 Funerals, Scottish, 161 ; Sir William
 Jenner on, 162.
 Furniss, Harry, 325.
 Gairdner, 56.
 Garibaldi, 115.
 Gattton Election, the, 233.
 German Reichstag, the, 312.
 Gilbert, Graham, 40.
 Gladstone, Herbert, 253, 267, 270.
 Gladstone, Sir John, of Fasque, 254.
 Gladstone, W. E., 113, 266, 276, 277,
 282, 299 ; and the Gordon episode,
 254 ; as orator, 327 ; and the Home
 Rule defeat, 255, 309 ; author dines
 with, 253 ; his charming personality,
 253 ; his appreciation of art, 253 ;
 his egg flip, 240 ; his letter of
 condolence to Lady R. Churchill,
 281 ; his peroration on the Home
 Rule Bill, 231-232 ; on the desire
 for office, 299.
 Gloag, Mr, 20.
 Golf, the costliness of, 66-67.
 Goodsir, 46, 49, 76.
 Gordon, General, death of, 254.
 Gordon, Sir Home, 5, 163.
 Gordon, Sir John Watson, 40.
 Gorst, Sir John, 280 (*cf.* Fourth Party).
 Goschen, G. J., 259 ; his humour, 260 ;
 personal characteristics, 282.
 Gosse, Mr Edmund, 3.
 Gould, Carruthers, 326.
 Gourley, Colonel, 240.
 Graham, Peter, 39.
 Graham, Tom, 39.
 Graham, Cunningham, 267 ; and John
 Burns, 267.
 Gramophone, the, forecasted by Ivory,
 69.
 "Gregory's Mixture," 17.
 Ground Game Act, the, 301.
 Gull, Sir W., 97, 114.
 Gully, W. C., Speaker of House of
 Commons, 220, 226.
 Guthrie, Dr, cited, 171.
 Guy's Hospital, 97 ; *Reports*, 97.
 Haldane, "Danny," 56.
 Haldane, Lord, 23.
 Hamilton, "Single-speech," 232, 239.
 Hannah, Mr (afterwards Canon), 20, 25.
 Hannay, James, 31.
 Harcourt, "Lulu," 197, 213, 288, 308.
 Harcourt, Sir William, 210, 238, 288,
 294.
 Hardie, Keir, and his "deer-stalker,"
 241.
 Hares and Rabbits Bill (*see* Ground
 Game Act).
 Hart, Ernest, 116.
 Hartington, Lord, 279.
 Harvey, Sir George, 39.
 Havelock-Allan, Sir H., 268.
 Head-dress in the Commons, 240.
 Health and teetotalism, 290.
 Healy, Mr, 239, 264.
 Hecklers and heckling, 181 *et seq.*
 Henley, W. E., 56.
 Henry, Mr Mitchell, addresses Parlia-
 ment from one of the side galleries,
 196.
 Higher Criticism, the, 168.
History of the Fairchild Family, the,
 124-127.
 Hockey, 67.
 Home, John, 168.
 "Home Rule all round," 311.
 Home Rule Bill, the, 309.
 Home Rule question, the, 224 ;
 Gladstone's speech on, 231.
 Horns, the, 36.
 Hullah, John, 37.
Humphrey Clinker, Smollett's, 12.
 Hunt, Ward, 209.
 Hunting, author's recollections of, 66.
 Hutchinson, Jonathan, 99.
 Ilbert, Sir Courtenay, 221.
 Indian Cotton Question, the, 229.
 Innes, Cosmo, 37.
 Intermediate state, the, 8.

- Irving, Sir Henry, 73; Bancroft's criticisms of, 73; author meets, 98.
 Ivory foretells the gramophone, 69.
- Jackson, Hughlings, 99.
 Jacoby, Sir Alfred, 212, 241.
 James, Sir Henry, and the Corrupt Practices Act, 191, 234, 235.
 Jenkin, Fleeming, 36; autobiography by R. L. Stevenson, 36.
 Jenner, Sir William, 99, 110-111, 162.
Joe Miller's Jest Book, 26.
- Kavanagh, Mr, 283.
 Kelland, Senior Wrangler, 60.
 Kemble, Fanny, 30.
 "Kettle-drums," Miss Maughan invents, 30.
 King's College, 97.
 Kinloch, Sir John, 302.
- Labouchere, Henry, 257, 327; Sir F. Bridge's lines on, 257.
 Labour Party, the, 241.
 Lambert, Mrs, 58.
 "Landlordism," 144.
 Land nationalisation (*cf.* Bradlaugh).
 Lang, Matheson, and Scotch audiences, 321.
 Lauder, Robert Scott, 38.
 Laughing-gas, discovery of, 51.
 Law, Bonar, 328.
 Law Courts, the old and new sites, 195.
 Lawn-tennis, 67.
 Lawson, James, 187.
 Lawson, Sir Wilfrid, 256, 273, 327; his teetotal proclivities, 273.
 Laycock, 50, 56.
 Lecturers, famous, 68.
 Lee, Principal, 42, 45.
 Leeds and the Reform Bill, 233.
 Legge, Colonel, 251.
 Legge, Provost, 187.
 Lehmann, 32.
 Lemon, Mark, as actor, 69.
 Leng, John, 311.
 Leopold, King, 115.
Life of Burns, Chambers's, 14.
 Lind, Jenny, 69-70.
 Lister, J. L., 54; the antiseptic treatment, 54.
 Littlejohn, David, 188.
 Lloyd-George, David, 183, 249, 265, 283, 328.
 Lockwood, Frank, 277.
 Lockwood, Mark, 212.
 London Hospital, the, 99.
- Long, Walter, 328.
 Lonsdale, Lord, 232.
 Lopes, Sir M., 280.
 Lowe, Robert, 296.
 Lowther, James (Speaker), 214, 271.
 Lubbock, Sir John, 134.
 Lucy, "Toby," 32, 236, 253, 254, 260, 272.
- "Mabon," 278.
 Macaulay and his Reform speech, 231.
 Macbeth, scene of his death, 147.
 M'Coll, Malcolm, 253.
 M'Combie, Mr, 238.
 M'Combie of Milton, 186.
 M'Dermott's celebrated song, 79.
 Macdonald, Mr, 284.
 Macdonald, Right Hon. Sir John, 21.
 M'Dougal, 60.
 Mackay, Eric, 122.
 Mackenzie, Capt., 36.
 M'Laren, Duncan, 11, 31, 235.
 MacNeill, Swift, 312, 325.
 MacWhirter, J. L., 39.
 Maissonneuve, 84.
 Manchester enfranchised by Reform Bill, 233.
 Marriages, Scottish, 161.
 Massingham, Mr, on Lloyd-George, 265.
 Matthews, Home Secretary, 227.
 Maughan, Miss, 30.
 Maxwell, Sir Herbert, *Life of W. H. Smith*, 319.
 May, Phil, 326.
 May, Sir Erskine, 221.
 Member of Parliament, life of a, 197 *et seq.*
 Meredith, George, 121.
 Meyer, the Christ of the Passion Play, 139.
 Mill, John Stuart, 17.
 Millais, J. E., 120.
 Mitchelson, Samuel, 12; Smollett a guest of, 12.
 Moncrieff, Sir Colin Scott, 21.
 Morley, Arnold, 211.
 Morley, John, 228, 239, 255, 256, 270, 288.
 Morris, Sir Lewis, 122.
 Munro, Surgeon-Major, 98.
 Mure, Col., 234.
- Nassington, Miss, 40.
 National Liberal Club, the, 91.
 National Sporting Club, the, 78.
 Nelson cited, 42.
 Newman, Cardinal, 3.

- Norfolk, Duke of, 232.
 North, Christopher, 60; his magnetic personality, 61; editor of *Blackwood*, 61.
 Northcote, Sir Stafford, and the Fourth Party, 280, 281.
 Oakley, 37.
 Ober Ammergau, the Passion Play at, 138.
 Obstruction in the House of Commons (*cf.* Biggar, Warton, and Fourth Party).
 O'Connor, T. P., 282, 329.
 Old Sarum, 232.
 Oliphant, Mrs., 120.
Olrig Grange, Smith's, 25.
 Opium question, the, author's attitude regarding, 301.
 Orchardson, W. Q., 10, 38, 122.
 Oules, Walter, R.A., 322.
 Paget, Lady, 52.
 Paget, Sir James, 114.
 Palgrave, Sir R., 221.
 Palmerston, Lord, 230, 240.
 Paris, author's first visit to, 63.
 Parkes, experiments of, regarding alcohol, 297.
 Parkinson, J. C., 32.
 Parliament: Houses destroyed by fire, 193; the new buildings, 194; accommodation, 196; ventilation of, 202; Dr Tanner's mode of securing seats, 204; the tea-room, 206; the smoking-room, 207; the Terrace, 207; "pairs," 211; the Whips, 211, 221; the dining-room, 212; the science of "obstruction" in, 214 *et seq.*, 271, 318; the Speaker, 217; the Clerks, 221; the Sergeant-at-Arms, 225; Parliamentary offences, 238; question of dress, 240; rules of the Commons, 239 *et seq.*; the count-out, 246; "spying strangers," 247; the fiasco of a Royal garden party and its sequel, 276-277; free lances in, 279; health and teetotalism in, 290 *et seq.*; author on office-seekers and Government hacks, 300; the difficulties of personal work, 304 *et seq.*; the Speaker's procession, 315.
 Parliamentary life and its effects on health, 290.
 Parnell, C. S., 214, 263.
 Parry, Jones, 278.
 Payn, James, 31, 120.
 Peel, A. W., Speaker of House of Commons, 220.
 Peel, Sir Robert, 231, 269, 280.
 Percy, Lord, 282.
 Perigal, Dr, 108.
 "Peter Hill" (*cf.* Finzean).
 Pettie, the artist, 39.
 Pillans, "Paltry," 59.
 Piorry, Mons., and his discovery, 84.
 Plant, the jockey, story concerning, 304.
 Playfair, Sir Lyon, and vaccination, 229.
 Plunket, Lord, 326.
 Porter, Mrs, 57; Henley's lines on, 58.
 Potts of Rugby, 24.
 Priestley, Lady, 33.
 Priestley, Sir William, 104.
Punch, 325 (*cf.* Lucy, "Toby").
 Queen's Prize, the first winner of the, 26.
Rab and His Friends, 35, 53 (*cf.* Brown, Dr John).
 Raeburn, 40.
 Rasch, Major, 246.
 Redmond, John, 264, 312.
 Reed, E. T., 326.
 Reform Bill, the, and Lord Brougham, 231; "rotten boroughs" and, 232.
 Reform Club, the, 90.
 Reid, General, 37.
 Reid, John, 50.
 Reid, Wemyss, 31.
 Rigby, Sir John, 183.
 Robertson, Dr, 284.
 Robertson, Rev. J., 146.
 Robinson, Sir John, 32.
 Rogers, Thorold, 318.
 Roller-skating, 67.
 Rome, author visits, 108-110.
 Rosebery, Lord, 223, 229.
 Ross family, the, 25-26.
 Ross, Mr Justice, 236.
 Ross's sketches of the author, 16.
 Rossetti cited, 5.
 Rotten boroughs (*cf.* Gaton Election and Reform Bill).
 Royal Artillery, the, 85.
 Royal College of Surgeons, 77.
 Royal Commission on Agriculture, the, 144.
 Rugby School and its Head, 100; the Debating Society, 101; the Rifle Corps, 101.
 Runciman, W., 329.
 Ruskin's lectures, 69.
 Russel of the *Scotsman*, 31.
 Russell, G. W. E.: *Social Silhouettes* cited, 299.

- Rutherford, Professor, 320.
 Rutland, Duke of, 232.
 Rylands, Peter, 267.
- Sala, G. A., 31.
 Scotch Church, Disruption of the, 165, 169, 172.
Scotsman, the, 31, 35.
 Scott, David, artist, 26.
 Scott, Sir Walter, 18, 19, 35, 39.
 Scottish funerals, 161.
 Scottish Liberal Club, the, 91.
 Scottish marriages, 161.
 Seely, Colonel, 329.
 Sellar, 59.
 Sexton, T., 253, 265.
 Shand, Sir C. F., 179.
 Sharpe, Charles Kirkpatrick, 33; described in the *Cornhill Magazine*, 34; a friend of Sir Walter Scott, 33, 35.
 Shaw, George Bernard, 3, 11.
 Shepherd, Dr, 118.
 Sherbrooke, Lord, 296.
 Sherwood, Mrs, 124-127.
 Siddons, Mrs, 70; a wonderful reception at Edinburgh, 70; Thomas Campbell's account of her Edinburgh appearance, 71.
 Simpson, and his discovery of chloroform, 51; his appearance, 52.
 Simpson, "Jimmie," 36.
Sixty Years in the Wilderness, 253, 260.
 Skirrow, Mrs, 121.
 Smith, Alexander, secretary of Edinburgh University, 61.
 Smith, Robertson, 167.
 Smith, Samuel, 258, 266.
 Smith, Walter, 25.
 Smith, W. H., 281, 282, 319.
 Smollett, Tobias, 12.
Social Silhouettes, Russell's, 299.
 Soubeiran of Paris, 51.
 Speakers of the House of Commons (*cf.* Parliament).
 Spence ("Dismal Jimmy"), 55.
 Spencer, Herbert, on success in life, 6.
 Stanhope and the opium question, 301.
 Stephen, Leslie, 134.
 Stevenson, R. L., 36; cited, 330.
 Stewart, Dr Patrick, 118.
 Stirling, 57.
 Strathnairn, Lord, 95.
 Struthers, "Johnnie," 47.
 Suffragettes, the, 88, 316-317.
 Sutherland, Duke of, 242.
 "Swedish Nightingale," the, 69.
- Swimming, 68.
 Switzerland, 129 *et seq.*
 Sykes, Christopher, 278.
 Syme, 52, 53; the surgical hero of *Rab and His Friends*, 53; a clinical lecture before the British Medical Association, 83; death of, 53.
- Tait, Archbishop, 23.
 Tait, Professor, 23.
 Talbot, the actor, 21.
 Talleyrand: a famous repartee, 3; cited, 169.
 Tanner, Dr, 204, 264.
 Teetotalism, author on, 296.
 Temple, Frederick, head master of Rugby, 100, 102, 103; Bishop of Exeter, 103; *Essays and Reviews*, 168.
 Temple, Sir Richard, 237, 325.
 Tenniel, Sir John, 248, 325.
 Tennyson, 120.
 Thackeray, 33; and schoolboys, 22; as lecturer, 68.
 Thompson, Sir Henry, 114.
 Tobacco, author on, 293.
 Tobacco and the Children's Bill, 304.
 "Toby" (*cf.* Lucy).
 Todd and his treatment of pneumonia, 98.
 Toole, J. L., 73, 98, 202.
 Tower of London, 86.
Traditions of Edinburgh, the, 32.
 Traill, 55.
 Traitors' Gate, the closing of the, 86.
 Tuke, Sir John Batty, 18.
 Tupper, Sir Charles, 11.
 Turner, Sir William, 57.
 Twain, Mark, cited, 11.
 Tweedie, Mrs Alec, 122.
 Tweedmouth, Lord, 221.
 Tyndall, John, 131.
- Under the Red Lamp*, Conan Doyle's, 49.
 University of Edinburgh, the, 45; the Lord Rectorships, 45; the University franchise, 45; the sessions, 45; the teaching staff, 46 *et seq.*; the extra-academical school of medicine, 56; the professors, 56 *et seq.*; its secretary, 61.
 U.P.'s *versus* Free Church (*cf.* Church Life in Scotland).
- Vance and his songs, 79.
Vanity Fair cartoons, 325.
Vestiges of Creation, the, 32, 168.
 Viardot, Madame, 82.
 Victoria, Queen, and the Laureateship, 122.

- Vienna, 106; the Allgemeine Krankenhaus, 106; Strauss's band, 107.
 Virchow, Rudolf, 104.
 Wagner, 135.
 Wallace's fatal seizure in the House of Commons, 251.
 Warton, Mr, 318.
 Wason, Eugene, 271.
 Watson, Patrick Heron, 59.
 Webster, Mr (M.P. for Aberdeen), 264.
 Week-ends, value and danger of, 293.
 Wellington, Duke of, cited, 119.
 Wells, Sir Spencer, 114.
 Westminster Hall, 193, 195; the lying-in-state of King Edward in, 308.
 Whips, the (*cf.* Parliament).
 Whymper, Edward, 134.
 Wilberforce, 240.
 Wilkie, David, 40.
 Williams, Archdeacon, 19.
 Williams, Evan, 270.
 Williams, Montagu, 73; suffers from cancer, 73; appointed police magistrate, 73; marriage, 74.
 Williams, Powell, 251.
 Willis, Mr, Q.C., 236.
 Wilson, George, 37-38, 52.
 Windsor, 92.
 Winslow, Dr Forbes, 87.
 Wolff, Rev. Dr, 35.
 Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond, 35, 280 (*cf.* Fourth Party).
 Wyndham, actor, 72.
 Wyndham, Charles, 260.
 Wyndham, George, 230.
 Zermatt, 132.

Some New & Recent Publications

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SCOTTISH NOVELIST.

By L. B. WALFORD, author of "Mr Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," etc. With Portraits and other Illustrations, about 320 pages, large demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

"A volume with a delightful appeal to youth as well as to age. Excellent reading, with many a scene gathered out of the past and many an anecdote."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"The lights and shadows of Scottish life and character sparkle on almost every page in picturesque description or piquant anecdote."—*Standard*.

THE TRUTH OF RELIGION. By RUDOLF

EUCKEN, awarded Nobel Prize, 1908; Senior Professor of Philosophy in the University of Jena. Now first translated into English from the Second and Revised Edition, with a special preface for this edition by the author. Translated by Rev. W. TUDOR JONES, Ph.D. (Jena), for some years a student under Professor Eucken. Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. Postage (Inland) 6d. extra.

BOOKS BY THE EDITOR OF THE HIBBERT JOURNAL.

THE ALCHEMY OF THOUGHT. By L. P.

JACKS, M.A., Dean of Manchester College, Oxford. Medium 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

"He is brilliant when he is attacking the formulæ and the dogmas of those thinkers who have built up systems without bringing them to that test which William James demanded—the test of experience, their workableness in actual life, their cash value among human assets."—*Daily News*.

MAD SHEPHERDS: And Other Human Studies.

With a Frontispiece Drawing by LESLIE BROOKE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

"It seems to contract, after you have read it, into an intense and powerful lyric . . . full of the spirit of poetry."—*The Times*.

THE SEASONS: An Anthology in Prose and Verse.

Selected by HELEN and LEWIS MELVILLE. Artistically bound in linen, 3s. 6d. net.

The list of names included is a sufficient guarantee of the thoroughness with which the compilers have done their work, including as it does the names of Shakespeare, Browning, Shelley, and Hood among the Old Masters, while Swinburne, Wilde, Michael Fairless, George Gissing, and Alfred Noyes are representative of the later school. This volume is designed for the busy man with literary tastes who has not time to wade through the works of many writers to find favourite passages for himself, but who is content to rely for his selections on the expert.

ROCK GARDENS: How to Make and Maintain

them. By LEWIS B. MEREDITH, with Introduction by F. W. MOORE, M.A., A.L.S. And an Alphabetical List of Plants suitable for the Rock Garden, with notes on the aspect and soil they require. Demy 8vo, with plates, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

"A thoroughly practical book."—*Times*.

"Mr Meredith writes with practical experience; his information is most explicit and detailed, and he goes into the whole question of site, construction, cultivation, and cost in a way which should make it possible for every reader of his work to make and maintain a successful rock garden. . . . A thrice-welcome book, practical, clear, and concise, and yet written on lines that satisfy the best canons of horticultural art."—*Ladies' Field*.

OBTAINABLE FROM ANY GOOD BOOKSELLER.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, 14 HENRIETTA STREET,
LONDON, W.C.

A SUMPTUOUS GIFT BOOK IN COLOURS.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY. By LAURENCE STERNE. With illustrations reproduced from water-colour drawings by EVERARD HOPKINS. Ordinary edition, crown 4to, 10s. 6d. net. Edition de luxe, demy 4to, 21s. net. Limited to 500 copies.

"This classic has been recreated in glowing colours by a superb edition. Mr Hopkins' illustrations are charmingly drawn, and in their delicate tinting they form a series of beautiful pictures."—*Scotsman*.

STERNE: A Study. By WALTER SICHEL. With portraits and "The Journal to Eliza." Demy 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d. net.

"On its matter alone it deserves a place. It is a sound, an admirable piece of criticism. . . . The book is sober, just, penetrating, illuminating."—*The Times*.

BRITAIN B.C. AS DESCRIBED IN CLASSICAL WRITINGS. With an Inquiry into the Positions of Cassiterides and Thule. By H. SHARPE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

"A painstaking contribution to the still obscure subject of Pre-Christian Britain."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE SOLILOQUIES OF ST AUGUSTINE.

Translated into English by ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND. With Notes and Introduction by the Translator. Small demy 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

The book which a great genius writes *con amore* is the book one cares to read, for whatever be its defects it has this pre-eminent merit: that more than another can, it reveals the author himself. The chief interest therefore of this remarkable fragment to most readers, aside from its religious importance, is mainly psychological and historical.

HOW TO BUILD AN AEROPLANE. By ROBERT PETIT. Translated from the French by T. O'B. HUBBARD and J. H. LEDEBOER. Containing nearly 100 illustrations and diagrams. 2s. 6d. net.

"Will be found of the greatest assistance by all who take an interest in the construction of flying machines."—*Royal Automobile Club Journal*.

WORKS BY HERBERT SPENCER.

CHEAP COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.

FIRST PRINCIPLES. Finally revised edition. Cloth, 2 vols. 1s. net per vol. Complete in 1 vol., 2s. net.

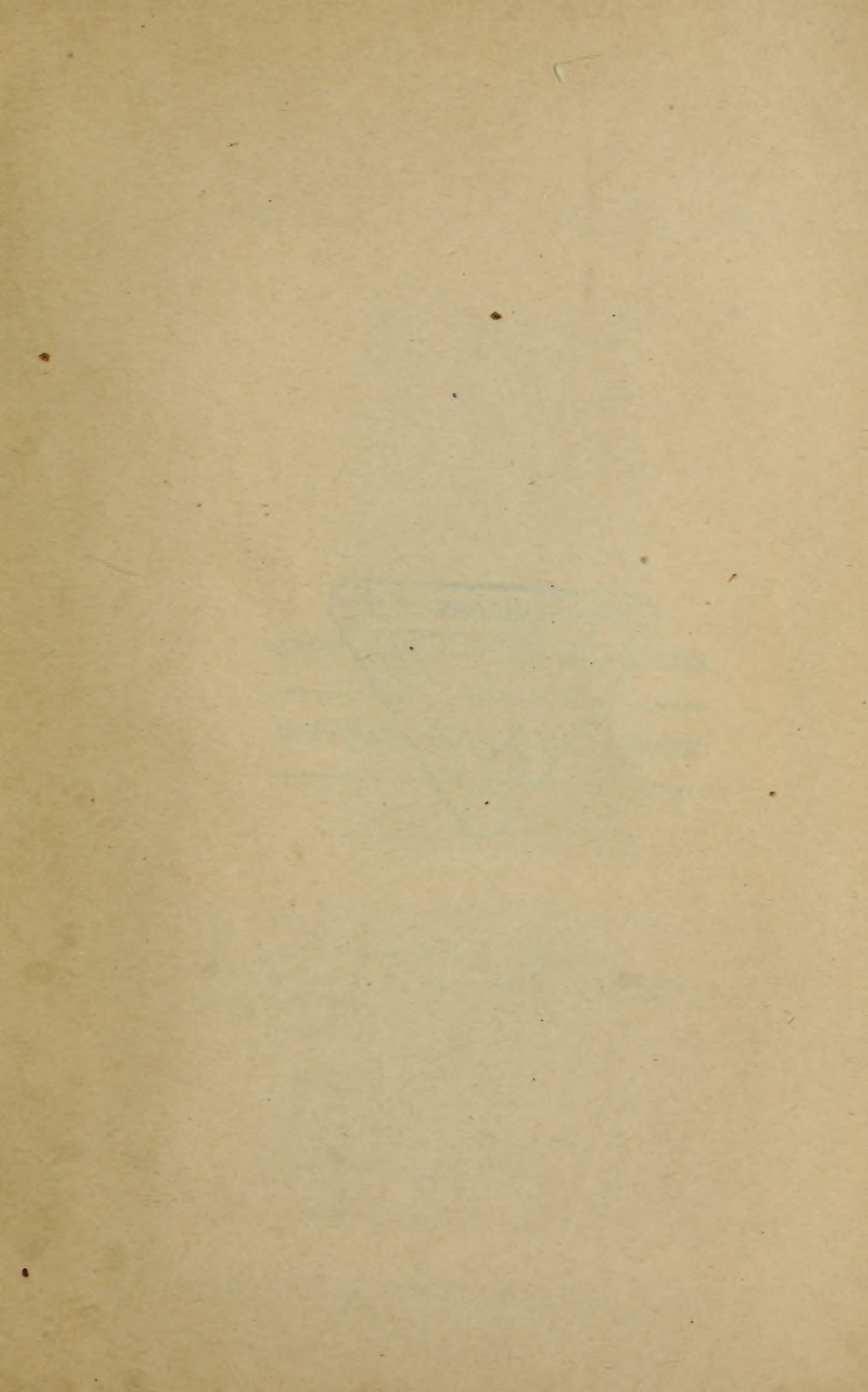
EDUCATION, Intellectual, Moral and Physical. With all the author's corrections made about a year before his decease. In cloth, 1s. net.

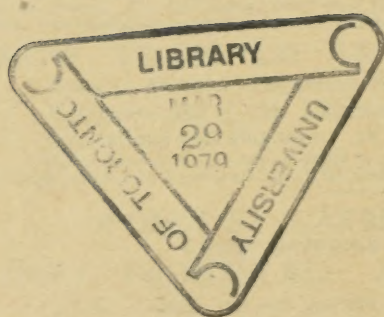
DATA OF ETHICS. Reset uniform with popular edition of "FIRST PRINCIPLES," cloth, 3s. net.

THE RING OF POPE XYSTUS. Together with the PROLOGUE OF RUFINUS. A remarkable collection of aphorisms and brief sayings in use among the Christian communities in the second century. Beautifully printed in black and red on hand-made paper, specially suitable for presentation. Cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

OBTAINABLE FROM ANY GOOD BOOKSELLER.

WILLIAMS AND NORGATE, 14 HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.





PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

DA
565
F3A3

Farquharson, Robert
In and out of Parliament

UTL AT DOWNSVIEW



D RANGE BAY SHLF POS ITEM C
39 14 23 11 04 011 2